THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JAN. 23, 1915 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

Below we have shown
Some of the Ingredients of

SNIDER'S CATSUP

FRIED OYSTER RECIPE

One pint large oysters; one-half cup flour; one-half cup milk; one-half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup; one-half teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, Catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs. Fry in sweet, fresh lard, butter or olive oil until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

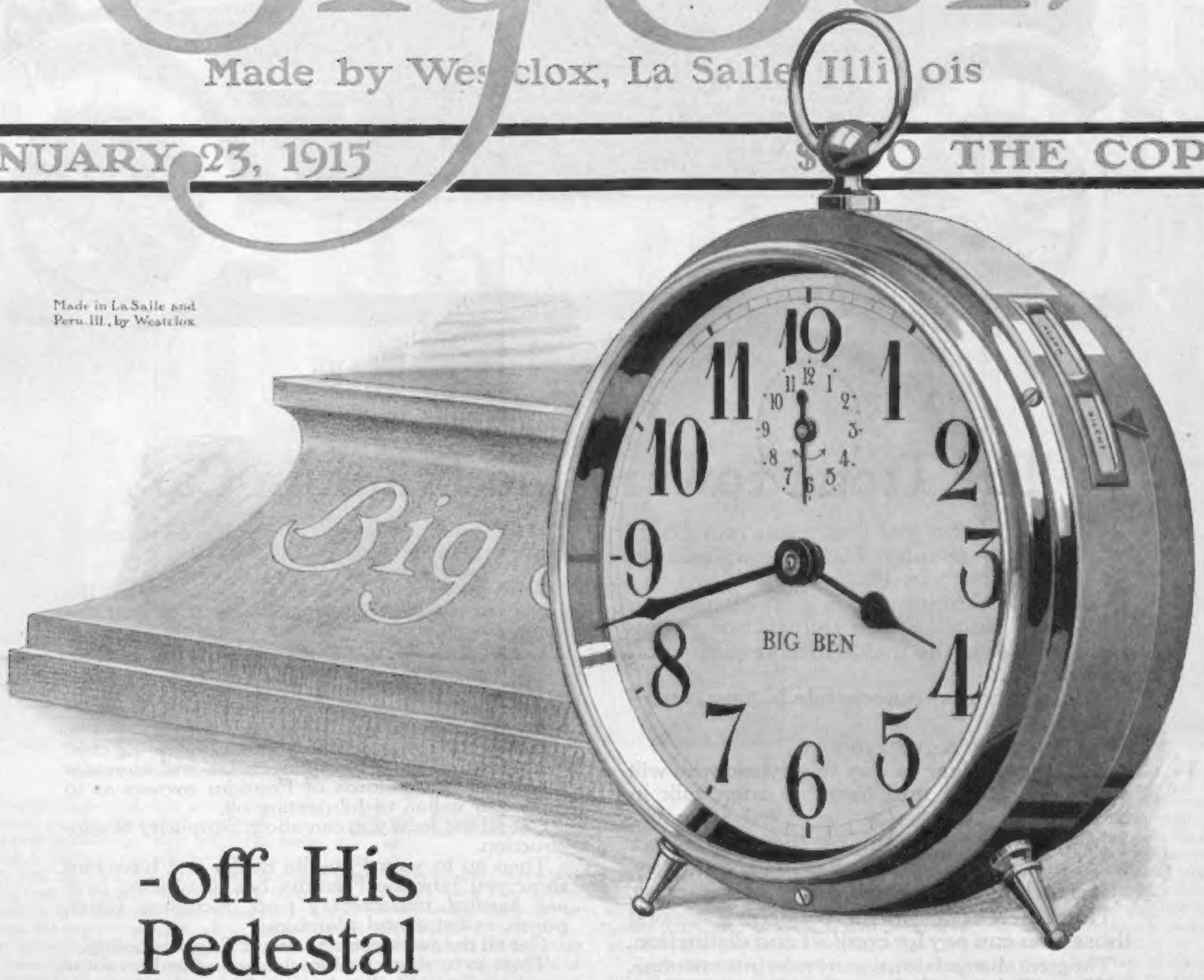
SNIDER'S CATSUP IN SCRAMBLED EGGS

A tablespoon of Snider's Catsup to every two eggs. Thoroughly heat the butter and Catsup in scrambling pan; then pour in the eggs and thoroughly scramble while cooking.

Big Ben

Made by Westclox, La Salle Illinois

JANUARY 23, 1915 $[illegible] THE COPY



Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

-off His Pedestal

TWENTY-THREE thousand retailers have placed him in the window upon a pedestal, but in three million homes he's just plain Big Ben—an honorary member of the family circle.

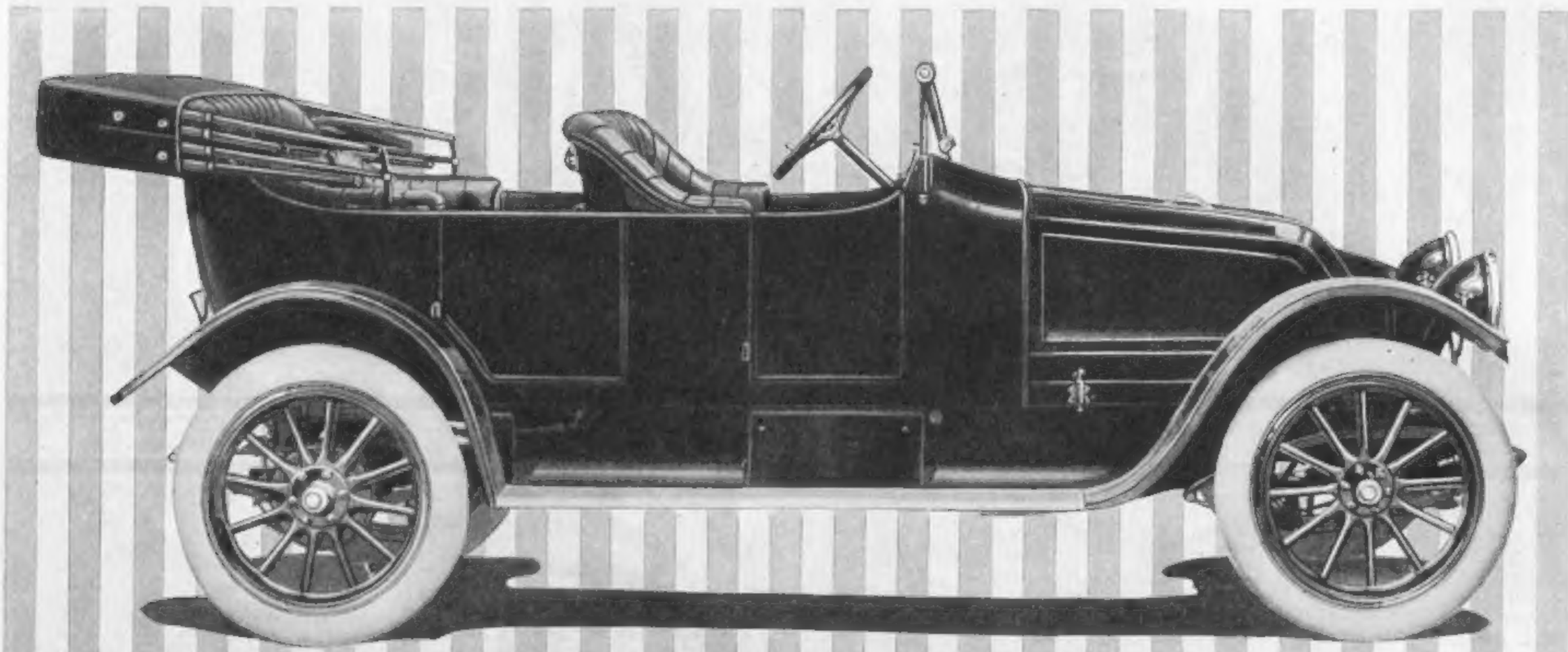
He rounds up these three million families for a happy breakfast party *together;* no stragglers—no cold wheat cakes—no scolding from mother when Big Ben regulates the morning habits.

Dad beats the first mail to the office, the kiddies beat the school bell, while mother and Big Ben get a hundred percent efficiency into the housework routine.

Let your jeweler work him out—off the pedestal and on the job—hear that cheerful ring which works with a straight five-minute call, or ten successive half-minute taps.

Big Ben stands seven inches tall—has big, easy-winding keys to protect your fingers, large black hands and numerals to make it easy to tell the time on dark, frosty mornings. His rate for home service is just the same for one year or ten; $2.50 in the States, $3.00 in Canada. If your jeweler hasn't him, address a money order to *Westclox, La Salle, Ill.*, and he'll come postpaid—direct to your front door.

OVER THREE MILLION IN OPERATION



The Trend toward the Franklin Car

ONE of the greatest retail merchants this country ever knew said in Chicago in 1905:

"When enough men own motor cars in the United States you will see a complete change in the things men require of an automobile."

That change in automobile buying is here today.

It is puzzling a great many.

But it is as clear as day to anyone who will study conditions and listen to men talk in the street.

Men—even the wealthiest men—no longer want an automobile as an expensive luxury.

It is no longer fashionable to burn up money.

Nor is there a craze for mere cheapness among those who can pay for comfort and distinction.

The great change is to measure *value* in terms of *use*.

What will the car do for me?

What is its cost of operation?

This has brought a remarkable increase in Franklin business.

An increase of more than 86 per cent. in 1914.

December, the dullest month of the year, Franklin dealers sold more Franklin cars than in any previous month in the biggest selling season.

More Franklin cars are sold than any other car at its price or at any higher price.

Here, at the beginning of 1915, Franklin dealers have more inquiries than ever before in the history of the company.

The Franklin has always been the *different* car. It has not changed to meet the new conditions.

It is fundamentally the same as it has been for fourteen years.

Its business has grown every year; but never so fast as in the last eighteen months.

The Franklin principle delivers what automobile buyers are looking for today.

Get all the facts you can on Tire expense.

Then go to your Franklin dealer and learn the *actual records* of the average mileage of Franklin owners over a period of four years.

Get all the facts you can about Gasoline consumption.

Then go to your Franklin dealer and let him prove to you that the Franklin luxurious six cylinder 30 h. p. car *costs less to run* than the cheapest car made.

Get all the facts you can about Lubricating cost.

Then go to your Franklin dealer and compare them with the records of Franklin owners as to miles per gallon of lubricating oil.

Get all the facts you can about Simplicity of construction.

Then go to your Franklin dealer and have him show you how the Franklin has eliminated over *one hundred* unnecessary *parts*, including water, pump, radiator and plumbing.

Get all the facts you can about Engine cooling.

Then go to your Franklin dealer and let him show you how Franklin direct-air-cooling makes it possible to run the Franklin 365 days in the year (in the coldest winter and the hottest summer weather) without *freezing* or *boiling*—without the slightest cooling trouble; and how on September 24, 1914, 116 Franklin cars, in 116 parts of the country, ran *100 miles each on low gear* without stopping the engine.

Get all the facts you can about Weight.

Then go to your Franklin dealer and inquire about Franklin balance and *scientific light-weight* in relation to rough and muddy roads and easy riding.

Buying an automobile is an important transaction. Don't buy hastily. Don't buy on impression. Rely on facts—on performance.

First cost is not everything. Real economy is simple construction that avoids car troubles, and low operating cost that avoids the constant drain of expenses.

Somewhere there is a car that is quite the best car for you.

It may be the Franklin. But wherever it is, find it.

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SOME BEES IN A HURRY

The Amazing Revival of Republicanism Set the Prognosticators to Working on Rosters of Republicans Who Might Benefit by the Recrudescence

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE entomology of boydom asserts that bumblebees are biggest when they are born. Maturer entomology may assert the same thing, or may not; but, whether or no, there is no denying that the entomology of politics is correct when it claims—as it does—that presidential bees are biggest when they are born. Also, the time when they appear most frequently is immediately after a party has had encouragement at the polls—or an individual has been encouraged, which amounts to the same thing.

As I remember my insectological investigations of years ago, there is some considerable ceremony attending the birth of a bumblebee, as undoubtedly there is a modicum of danger in being in the neighborhood at the time; but in the case of a presidential bee there is neither ceremony nor danger.

It is a simple and a harmless operation: There comes an election. Here and there men ride in in impressive manners.

The next night, after the political reporters have discussed the causes and the effects, and cleared away the smoke of battle, the exigencies of copy production demand a new slant; and busy typewriters, in various parts of the country—especially at Washington—pick up these favored and favorite sons who have won handily and slate them as presidential possibilities.

That is the outward and visible expression of the inward and egoistic hope of those mentioned; and it likewise is the first audible buzz of the bee. After that the bee buzzes continuously; but only in rare instances does the buzzer summon the man with the bee to the front office for preferment. However, it is a pleasant and an innocuous recreation for the bee disclosers and, in some instances but not many, the discoverers; albeit a large proportion of those who get the bee never are beeless thereafter.

"Among those prominently mentioned," clatters the political writer on his machine; and then he takes to himself the characteristics of prominence and does the mentioning. The person thus prominently mentioned never fails to ascribe real prominence to the allusion; and thus are many ambitions blasted and thus do many hopes decay.

Still, it is an interesting diversion and inoffensive. We have no man on our Democratic list who is averse to appearing on such a list, and many men who eagerly maneuver to land thereon. The presidential bee is a curious and a persistent insect. Once it infests the bonnet of an otherwise sane politician or statesman or leading citizen, that bonnet is never thereafter untenanted by that bee. And the mentions get to be matters of typewriter habit. Once in a man, it stays in for a long time.

To be sure, the mentioner knows full well that most of those he mentions have not a chance on earth; but they add a simulation of expert knowledge to the list, for there may be—may be—reasons for this designation disclosed only to the person who puts them in the covey he collects.

The recent election was a made-to-order affair so far as the propagation of bees was concerned. It happened midway between a combat at the polls that was unique, wherein a once powerful party was disastrously defeated, and a coming combat, where the midway event was prophetic of a sort of return to vigor by the almost defunct contender of two years before.

Naturally the amazing revival of Republicanism set the prognosticators to working on rosters of Republicans who might benefit by the recrudescence. They catalogued them numerously. They reached back into the dun past and they grabbed from the golden future. Few escaped. Inasmuch as the Republicans had come back—to a degree, at least—they unwrapped the mummies and they unswathed the babes.

There was small speculation as to the Democrats. The Democratic nomination in 1916 is reasonably determined now. But here was a situation wherein the third party seemed to have suffered elimination, and where the old party—the Republicans—had showed not only determination, but dash, decision and dilation. It had expanded. It returned as a contender. Wherefore it must be supplied with candidates. To that end the results were raked up, and some of the niches in the Hall of Former Fame were visited and the effigies therein taken down and dusted off. It was a wide, catholic, comprehensive mention, predicated on the enthusiasms of the moment and the necessities for something to write about.

Nevertheless, most of the possibilities took it seriously, and still do, even though most of the politicians did not. On a situation of this kind the politicians are open-minded persons. They want to win; and, though they ordinarily prefer to win with their own individual, they will try to win with any individual. It is quite likely the people will have some say in selecting the next candidate for President offered by the Republicans, but that will not prevent the politicians from shrewdly casting about and trying to influence public sentiment here and there. A politician cannot create, in any large way, a public sentiment; but he can accelerate or retard it if it exists.

Suppose, for example, a man should leap in front for the presidential nomination, because of a favorable public sentiment, and that man should not be regarded with favor by the organization—the machine—in Pennsylvania. The many hundreds of individuals in that machine, acting by order, could retard that favorable sentiment by the simple process of continuously circulating about in their own localities and spreading derogatory reports. They could not start a man by spreading good reports, but they could help to keep him going once he started, and they could help stop a man.

Notwithstanding the fact that the public, because of primaries, will have a hand in determining the coming candidate, the politicians have been for a long time considering the qualifications required. In the old days as soon as one election was over the bosses began planning for the next one; but this time it is different. The old days are gone, and the character and characteristics of the candidate will be determined between now and the summer of 1916 as demanded by the events to come.

What is past, so far as the Republican party is concerned, is water over the dam. Mr. Barnes and Mr. Crane and Mr. Penrose, and all the rest of them, have their eyes glued

on the future. That they may not be powerful will not keep them from trying to be, and at present they are in entirely receptive frames of mind. They are waiting for something to turn up—hoping they may be able to turn it up themselves, but not so sure they can, and certain of only one thing, which is that they will declare themselves in on whatever does turn up.

Hence these bees are in a hurry, but that does not detract from the interest in their buzzing. That being the case, let us pass to a good-tempered consideration of these *pronto* persons who have been prominently mentioned and who are glad of it. The selections fall easily into two classes, of whom there are three worth comment in the first class, and four in the second. The first three may be known as Residuary Legatees and the others as Heirs Apparent. That all seven are willing is strenuously asserted by their sponsors. To be sure, one or two of them have protested; but that is mere modesty. The fact is they all have the bee, and the bee has them.

The Residuary Legatees are Charles Evans Hughes, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; William Edgar Borah, senator from Idaho; and Albert Baird Cummins, senator from Iowa. These are men whose past performances legitimately entitle them to mention as possible candidates for the presidency on the Republican ticket in 1916—now that it has been established there will be a Republican ticket at that time.

Mr. Justice Hughes potentially has been a nominee for president by the Republican party since he actually became governor of New York in 1907. There never has been a time since then when, asked about candidates, certain people have not said: "Well, Hughes is a good man." This was so in 1908, and it was so in 1912, in both of which years Mr. Taft was nominated by the Republicans.

It's a Long, Long Way to 1916

THERE was a movement against Mr. Taft in 1908, engineered by a combination the reporters called the Allies; and it had for its object the defeat of the nomination of Mr. Taft by virtue of various favorite-son movements in various parts of the country. The hope was to get enough favorite-son delegates to make a combination possible that would defeat Taft for the nomination. There was nothing particularly against Taft save that he was the candidate of President Roosevelt; but what the patriots who engineered the Allies' spasm in our politics had against President Roosevelt was considerable.

Fairbanks and Cannon and Knox, and some others, were in this as favorite sons, and always there was talk of Hughes. He was then governor of New York and had displayed a commendable sense of independence of thought and action, as well as a certain discreet progressivism. Indeed he seemed to be excellent presidential timber; but he remained in the log, for the strength of President Roosevelt pushed Taft through, and Taft was expeditiously elected, and Hughes was reëlected governor of New York at the same time.

Before Hughes completed his term as governor he was named for an associate justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States by President Taft, and resigned the governorship in October, 1910, to go on that bench. Notwithstanding this his name was frequently canvassed in 1912 as a compromise candidate between Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt; and there was the usual comment of "Well, Hughes is a good man." Nothing came of this, of course—that is, nothing came of it so far as Hughes was concerned. What came of it in connection with Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt need not be discussed here.

However, the name of Hughes lingered and lingers. He had left the governorship and had taken a place on the Supreme Bench, where he was supposed to be remote from politics and probably is. Personally it is quite likely Mr. Justice Hughes is in no way concerned in any movement to get himself out in front, or in any mention of himself that is made. He may be willing or he may not be. I have no information as to that.

The fact is, the name Hughes has a certain tang to it that makes it pleasant to the political palates of some men who have more or less to do with Republican politics. A further fact is, he established a reputation for a sort of sane radicalism of action when he was governor, kept clear enough of factions, attended to his business discreetly, and thus secured that most-to-be-desired attribute of the candidate, either personal or promoted—availability.

Mr. Justice Hughes is comparatively young—he was born in 1862—and he has a national reputation. He has had executive experience; and he is universally held to be of sufficient independence of action and thought, as well as advanced enough in his thinking, to make him worthy of serious consideration. So far as his record is to be considered, that is made.

He is now a judge, and in no position personally to add a single political laurel to his wreath. It may be that he has put this ambition—if he ever had it—behind him; for certainly the position of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has most attractive features, and many of them. Whether or not, in this present contingency we find Mr. Justice Hughes exceedingly prominent among the prominently mentioned. And this is not only newspaper stuff, but in various parts of the country men are going about and "talking" Hughes.

Talking a man is a feature of our politics that has wide vogue. In some way—mysterious enough, but effective—word is passed to talk a man. Soon thereafter you find the talk beginning. In a county seat a county chairman or a leading politician will edge into a group where politics is discussed and at the proper moment give the reasons for the faith that is in him concerning the man he has been told to talk. Recently I happened to go about a bit in some Middle Western States. I found them talking Hughes. By them I mean men who are more or less directly in touch with other men who themselves hold Republican responsibilities—or think they do, which tots up one way the same as it tots up the other.

Now I do not know who started this, nor is that essential. It may be that the Justice is being used without his knowledge to sound out sentiment, for there was discussion of other candidates also; but when I arrived in the city of New York, and when I stopped here and there in cities in New York, I heard the same Hughes talk. Nothing at all may come of it. It is a long way to 1916—a long, long way to go. Still the men, especially in New York, who were talking Hughes do not often talk except as they are told to talk or as they are telling others to talk; so it may be put down that some one has, or some set of ones have, Hughes in mind, aside from the desultory conversation of minor politicians that always comes in circumstances similar to those prevailing at present.

The thing works the other way round also. Often enough you will find a man is not being talked but is being knocked. There is a certain section of this country, for example, where about this time three or four thousand men, each of some importance in his community and of some local political repute, will be inserting themselves into political conversations and making statements inimical to one of our leading Democrats. All this goes on wholly independent of newspaper comment and is a really subtle method of influencing public opinion. The object is to try to get a sort of psychological reaction, or action, as the case may be; and sometimes it works. The average voter follows where he is led.

It is a well-marked attribute of the human mind that it readily absorbs statements of this kind, and as readily distributes them as original deductions soon afterward. We all try to be wise; and inasmuch as most of us have very little to be wise about of our own conception, we endeavor to be wise through the medium of communicated ideas and precepts. If you make a statement to the ordinary man, and that statement seems to him to have elements of information or understanding or novelty or rationality, he repeats the same statement when he gets an opportunity—not as your statement, but as his. The sages have been remarking on the prevalence of human vanity for some thousands of years.

Bees With a Progressive Buzz

WHEREFORE, as they are talking Hughes it means that somebody is thinking of Hughes, canvassing Hughes, feeling out with Hughes. Nothing may come of it. It has so fallen out that when it comes to making a list of possibilities for the Republican nomination in 1916, which has acquired merit since the election day just past, the most important person seems to be Hughes. The timber in him seems of the better quality. He sort of looms. There has been a marked falling-off of the production of Republicans of presidential size during the past few years. Hughes might have done in 1908 and he might have done in 1912. Since then his availability has not slackened, unless, indeed, he considers himself fixed for life on the bench—as he is, provided he wants to be.

Mr. Justice Hughes may have ideas on this subject. He may be receptive or he may be conceptive. He may be objective or he may be subjective. Those are not the points at issue. Whether he was willing or whether he was not, some kind friends have supplied him with a bee—a good, lively, buzziferous bee; and he will hear much more of the buzz of it than he hears now before he hears less, provided he does not swat it rather soon.

And why should he swat it? He occupies a most dignified position. Being a Justice of the Supreme Court he cannot be expected to do anything actively for the furtherance of any movement having himself as an object of political preferment; but as a Justice of the Supreme Court there is nothing to prevent others from keeping the bee buzzing, and it is quite likely that even the ears of so great a jurist may not find the sound unmusical.

The only prognosticator who entered the wide field of prophecy after the election, when naming eligibles for the Republican nomination in 1916 was a popular and prevalent pastime, and who did not confine himself almost exclusively to progressives or near-progressives—not in a party sense, but as to thought, principle and action—was Senator Ollie M. James, of Kentucky; and he is a Democrat. The senator gave it as his opinion that the logical candidates for the 1916 distinction are Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, for president, and Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois, for vice-president, each of whom was largely vindicated at the polls, and each of whom is most rigidly standpat.

Among the other list makers there seemed to be an accepted opinion that the man named by the Republicans must be of known, even though sane, radicalism. Apparently he must have his face toward the morning instead of against the wall. And that opinion is justified by the facts. Every person knows that if the Republicans expect to get anywhere at all they must recognize the trend of the times and the political necessities based on and demanded by the temper of the people.

Hence, apart from the senator from Kentucky, nearly every bee set to buzzing buzzed a progressive buzz. Though it is quite true that some bees buzzed more progressively than others, it is also true that all bees buzzed that way—some of them sedately, to be sure, but sufficiently for all that.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the basic principle of the Republican leaders at present is to be as radical as necessary. They do not know yet how radical they may have to be; but they are preparing to fill any order for progressivism that may be given to them by the people. They want to win; and, though they have higher hopes for publication than they have for private use, they think there may be a chance, especially if those returned three million Bull Moosers stay returned. Hence they are canvassing, along with Mr. Justice Hughes, the claims of two others, who have at least near-radical tendencies. I refer to Senator Borah and to Senator Cummins.

Back in the Grand Old Party

AS STATED, what happened in 1912 is water over the dam so far as 1916 and the Republicans are concerned. Any and all erring brethren are welcome to come back, and no questions will be asked. Now this identical, pulsating present is what concerns those who have the destinies of the Grand Old Party in charge. To be sure, neither Senator Borah nor Senator Cummins strayed very far afield; but, whether they did or not, each of them is at this juncture snugly housed in the Republican party, and firmly committed to the theory that the right way to reform a political organization is from within rather than from without.

Both have records as progressives. Both have protested against old methods. Both have experience of public life to stay them, and both are men of wide repute. Senator Cummins made his record in Iowa, long before Borah entered public life; and Borah has been quite conspicuously of the look-forward-not-backward type since he came to the Senate. When the Republicans had their post mortem in Washington, in 1913, Senator Borah was active in the movement to sit steady and regenerate the old party as Republicans rather than to join outside movements. That, too, was the recognized attitude of Senator Cummins, and both have displayed it in the Senate and elsewhere since that time.

I do not suppose it would be fair to say that either Senator Borah or Senator Cummins is, as yet, an active candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1916; but no confidence is violated by the statement that each of them would be glad to have it. Nothing will be done by either to discourage that preferment. They are, as it were, watchfully waiting. It is not probable either will be found doing anything to discourage such discussion of their availability as will enhance those delectable advantages—not, of course, that either is campaigning for the place, but that receptivity is the politician's first law.

Both are of high repute in the Senate as able lawyers, excellent legislators and advanced thinkers. Each is an experienced politician and each knows how to preserve his equilibrium. So far as availability goes, Borah has the advantage of youth and Cummins the advantage of experience. They may differ as to methods, but, at the bottom, each is about the same sort of Progressive Republican that the other is. It is not probable they would be far apart on any constructive program for the Republicans, no matter what personal embroideries they might put on that program. Of all the congressional lot, they have legitimate claims on the Republicans, in these present circumstances, for adequate consideration in 1916.

There are others, to be sure, of the politically older ones; but these three are, so far, the three that deserve as much serious consideration as it is necessary to give at this time. They have all, more or less, been in the talk of men in the past. Hughes was a suggestion in 1908 and in 1912, and Cummins has had his presidential boosters ever since he was governor of Iowa and broke the railroad machine there. Many people considered Borah the logical solution of the difficulties in 1912. These are the Residuary Legatees.

From these we come to the newer headliners—the Heirs Apparent—the men on whom the spotlight has just been turned. If so be the Republicans had continued in disaster during 1914, instead of perking up as they did,

(Continued on Page 35)

CAMPHOR, LTD.—By Maximilian Foster

THE hostess, having glanced about her briefly, pushed her chair back from the table; and at the signal, the stir among the other guests, Hoppy Deane broke off abruptly in the middle of what he was saying. It was not much, of course. It was "just something or other," as Hoppy himself, in his shy, bashful way, would have termed it; but at the same time Hoppy had put into the speech a good deal of impulsive eloquence.

Evidently the slender splendid vision at his side thought so too. At all events, she was gazing at Hoppy, her lips parted, her eyes lighting with a gleam of interest and amusement—when all at once she gasped. Hoppy, in the midst of his speech, had darted under the dinner table.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the girl. "Whatever are you doing?"

Partly hidden by the damask, only his neat slippered feet could be seen; but emerging presently, Hoppy looked up at her, his face crimson with confusion.

"It's a habit," he explained. "I always do it at a dinner. I was looking for your gloves."

The girl, however, had both her gloves in her hand; and after a stare she broke abruptly into a rippling little tinkle of amusement.

"Really? I wondered whether you hadn't dashed under the table for a sample!"

Hoppy gaped.

"A—a what?" he stammered.

His vision gleamed at him again, her eyes dancing.

"You don't mean you've forgotten? Why, what you were talking about just now!"

The effect was instant. Hoppy started, his finger springing to his lips.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Ssh!"

Then as the girl gazed at him, her air bewildered, Hoppy's eyes went darting about the room.

The hostess and the other ladies in her train had moved toward the door; the men stood grouped about the table awaiting the moment when they could smoke.

Hoppy's glance, however, did not dwell on this part of the picture. His eyes sped swiftly down the room. Truax, his host, was lounging there; and with him was an elderly person with a bald head and pale, closely cropped side whiskers. Hoppy knew the gentleman imperfectly as Lombard, the Wall Street banker. Truax and he had their heads together, and the two were talking earnestly.

At once Hoppy's eyes leaped back to the girl.

"I'm a silly ass," said Hoppy, "and my tongue's run away with me again. I shouldn't have mentioned it."

The girl was staring at him curiously. Obviously the direction in which Hoppy looked had not been lost on her, for she, too, glanced briefly down the room.

"I see," she said, and her brows puckered themselves together; "you've been warned you mustn't talk! You're in Wall Street and this is a business deal!"

Exactly. Hoppy was not only in Wall Street, he also had been warned. It is often so in finance. Just the same, the girl's cleverness was astonishing. Ordinarily girls he met at dinner knew little about business and cared about it less. Dress or dancing was what usually fetched them, he considered; but this girl —— Well, it was not only in one way she was a wizard. He was still gazing at her, pink with his shy admiration, when she gave him another glance, then shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"Oh, well; it's all a part of the game I suppose," she murmured; and with another smile, vague and curiously disturbing, she slipped toward the door and was gone.

Hoppy sat down suddenly. The young man's face in the brief interim that followed underwent a number of singular changes. First its faint pinkness gave way abruptly to a rush of more hearty color. Hoppy scowled then. A game? There was a squareness about Hoppy's jaw that somehow was not just in keeping with his shy, bashful manner; and as again he glanced toward the table's other end one remarked it clearly.

At college, in fact, where Hoppy had played halfback on the Varsity, they had learned to watch for the look. When it appeared they handed Hoppy the ball, after which Hoppy usually did the rest. Now, however, the look had no sooner dawned than it gave way to bewilderment. What did she mean—a game? Was she trying to insinuate that the deal he was in on was crooked? That he was helping Truax to plant something on the public?

"Oh, shush!" said Hoppy to himself. It was too ridiculous to think about.

Truax, in the first place, was too big a man in United Chemicals to try anything funny on the Street. Then again, having been a friend of Hoppy's late lamented father, was it likely he would let Hoppy in on any game he was ashamed of? And Synthetic Camphor, Ltd., was anything but a game. Why, at three dollars a share, the price Hoppy had paid for his, it was like picking up money in the gutter!

"Why Didn't You Tell Me You Were the Great, the Famous, Mr. Deane?"

Hoppy knew all about Camphor, Ltd. The deal was not much on the surface, maybe; but then in Wall Street you never can tell about that. Some of the biggest killings are made in just such modest affairs—small private snaps, the capital stock of which is only a million dollars or so. And that was the case with Camphor. There were a hundred thousand shares at ten dollars par a share.

The capital, it appeared, represented the right, title and good will to a secret process, an invention that cut in half the cost of producing camphor. Hoppy knew all about that too. He had not only seen the machine, he had met the inventor also. The fellow was an old German, one of those chaps who spend their lives in some stunt like this. Hoppy, in fact, had heard of three or four others lately. One, for example, had spent thirty years in trying to make artificial tea out of wood pulp; and another was trying to turn hay and cornstalks into tobacco.

The Camphor man's machine was a perfect wonder. First you poured into the hopper a lot of black, sticky stuff—coal tar, the old German said it was—costing only a few cents or so a gallon. Then you started the wheels; the works began to buzz; and before you knew it a regular lump of camphor popped right out in front of you. Why, it was a knockout—a perfect killing!

"Oh, shush!" said Hoppy again; and, amused, he was still indulgently smiling when he remembered he had not yet learned the young woman's name.

That was a regular trick of his. When names were mentioned, Hoppy in his embarrassment usually missed the name or promptly forgot what it was. However, the girl's place card still remained where she had left it; and after a shy look about him he slyly turned it over.

The next instant he gasped in dismay!

MISS LOMBARD

That was the name. The slender splendid vision was Old Man Lombard's daughter!

The next half hour, as it dragged itself away, was filled with as much torture for Hoppy as though his late neighbor had been the well-known Nuremberg maiden.

"Liqueur, sir?" inquired the obsequious English butler.

"Don't want it!" Hoppy snapped curtly.

"Cigar, sir?" asked the footman.

Hoppy impatiently waved the man away.

What a fool the girl would think him! What a chuckle-headed idiot! More than that, she would be sure to repeat to her father all that Hoppy had said. Lombard naturally would be furious. Probably he would get even, too, by telling his daughter that Hoppy was an ass.

Of course Hoppy himself had done that; but coming from Lombard the statement would have weight. And that wasn't all either! Once Lombard heard that Hoppy had let his tongue wag, he would probably want to bounce him out of the pool in Camphor, Ltd.

He hated to think of it. These, however, were but details. His worst ordeal was when Truax beckoned Hoppy to come and talk to him.

Lombard, a huge cigar clenched between his teeth, had moved away from the table; and when Hoppy, quaking, had taken Lombard's chair, his host nudged him pleasantly in the ribs. Truax, in fact, seemed filled with unusual gayety. That afternoon, it appeared, he had by a stroke of rare good luck picked up another block of Camphor. He was sorry it was only a measly three thousand shares; but then, with the twenty-eight thousand shares Hoppy already had, this would give him very nearly a third interest in the company.

"And you get it for only five dollars a share!" Truax announced triumphantly.

Hoppy blinked. The price a share was two dollars more than he had paid for the rest of his Camphor. However, ere he had time to thank his host, Mr. Truax leaned over abruptly and laid a hand on Hoppy's arm. Again he warned Hoppy that under no circumstances must he repeat a word to anyone.

"You understand, don't you?" he warned.

Hoppy understood. Somehow, too, the understanding added to his discomfort. Finally, however, he managed to escape from his indulgent host.

There was but one thing to be done. He must see Miss Lombard at once. Before she told her father he must throw himself on her mercy. Then followed another agonizing fifteen minutes.

First Hoppy was engaged in talk by a small, bushy-faced person with the briskness and appearance of a Skye terrier. The gentleman's hobby, it appeared, was Chinese ceramics of the proto-Ming dynasty. Hoppy, it happened, would not have known a ceramic from a soup plate; and when his replies indicated as much, the whiskers, with a stare, were turned from him.

Then on Hoppy's other side was a fat man. His specialty, or rather specialties, as Hoppy straightway learned, were golf, Palm Beach, the one-step and Western gas securities. Hoppy was a perfect duffer at golf and he had never seen Palm Beach. As for the one-step, having tried it a few times, the results had decided him never to try it again. The topic of light, heat and power securities was with equal abruptness disposed of. Hoppy was not in the market for any and the fat man at once lost heart. However, just as he snorted, then turned his back on Hoppy, Truax, rising, gave the signal to join the ladies.

That was Hoppy's chance. He bolted straight for the drawing room.

At Hoppy's precipitate entrance Miss Lombard looked up with another gleaming smile, a look the effect of which on him was more knockdown than before. Evidently she had been awaiting his arrival.

"I've been hearing about you," she announced. "Why didn't you tell me you were the great, the famous, Mr. Deane?"

"Huh?" inquired Hoppy.

It was perhaps not exactly the acknowledgment of one both great and famous; but to hear he was noted was always a shock to Hoppy. However, Miss Lombard smiled again.

"I mean on the gridiron, you know. I didn't recognize you until I was told."

Hoppy said probably not. Since his football career he had had his hair cut and the mud washed off his face. Then in the midst of this inane explanation he pulled himself up short.

"Look here," he demanded: "are you going to tell your father?"

That he meant about the deal in Camphor, Ltd., Miss Lombard seemed instantly to divine. The smile in her

eyes died briefly and a pause followed, during which she gazed at Hoppy queerly.

"You don't really mean, do you, that you've been buying that stuff?" she asked.

Hoppy started at her tone.

"Yes; why not? What do you mean?" he stammered.

After another glance Miss Lombard shrugged her shoulders idly.

"Oh, nothing," she returned.

Hoppy, however, was not to be put off now. His eyes, darting round the room, dwelt briefly on Truax, his host. Slouched down in a chair Truax was chatting briskly with a well-fed, middle-aged lady, richly upholstered in brocade and plumlike pearls. Hoppy's glance sped on. Beyond, in a corner, stood Miss Lombard's father. He was peering at Hoppy and his daughter with a rising air of disquiet. When Hoppy's eyes came back to the girl again his jaw had once more grown square.

"A while ago," said Hoppy, "you mentioned something about a game. Will you tell me what you mean?"

"A game?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Hoppy; "what game?"

She did not reply for a moment. Instead, she, too, glanced across the room at her father. Hoppy did not miss the look.

Neither did the young man miss the scowl that Lombard delivered to his daughter. In return she smiled at her father benignly. Then she turned to Hoppy.

"The game," said Miss Lombard, "is first to find your German!"

Late that night, when the Lombard chauffeur slammed the door of the Lombard limousine and the car sped on its way uptown, the motor had hardly turned the corner when the banker gave vent to a savage grunt.

"Look here, Milly," he demanded; "just what were you saying to that cub?"

"Cub?" his daughter repeated. "It can't be possible you mean Mr. Deane?" He did, it seemed; whereat she added: "Perhaps you don't know Mr. Deane is rather a famous person!"

"Huh?" her father inquired.

"Not in Wall Street of course," she answered; "in football."

There was another grunt. Mr. Lombard had never played football. In his opinion one rated it as somewhere between Boy Scouts and the Prize Ring. However, his uneasiness was still apparent; and as the car sped past a street lamp on the Avenue he glanced at his daughter sharply.

"There's no telling about you!" he snorted. "Now I'd like to know what you're up to."

His daughter debated a moment.

"Well," she returned judicially; "I was wondering whether I'd appeal to your sense of humor or complain to the Gerry Society."

It appeared, however, that her father must lack the humor she alluded to; for having writhed his brows into another irate scowl he warned her not to jest. To this Miss Lombard retorted that jesting was farthest from her mind. It was a serious matter when Wall Street could find no richer field for its talents than boys just out of college.

"However, you needn't worry," she added; "if you don't get his money I may decide to take it into the family myself."

There was a pause. During it her father's disquiet showed signs of rising to the exploding point.

"Huh?" he asked.

His daughter, however, only smiled.

In Wall Street's best financial circles the brief ripple made by the flurry in Camphor, Ltd., no doubt has long been forgotten. Still, there must be a few who yet remember. The stock, it will be recalled, was dealt in on the Curb, where for a few brief hours it enjoyed a somewhat surprising activity. Then, having reached a high point of five dollars and ninety cents in three sales, leaping there from seventy-nine cents, it next disappeared from the market.

The Curb, in fact, was the scene of but one other transaction in Camphor, Ltd. That occurred some weeks later, when one of the Curb's active members was observed lighting his cigarette with a ten-share certificate. However, this was not the only astonishing event in the history of Camphor, Ltd. It was preceded by others more astonishing.

On the morning following the dinner at Mr. Truax's home Hoppy Deane's new imported runabout arrived early at Hoppy's door. The car was of the well-known college type. It consisted of a sixty-horse motor in the front and a fifty-gallon tank at the back. Between these was a piece of flooring on which were fastened two upholstered cheese boxes. In these you sat, reclining as on a divan, your feet outstretched like Madame Récamier in her famous beauty-parlor picture. Hoppy, however, did not care much for the car. It gave him the feeling that he was riding on a roller skate and he had only bought it to help out a college friend who had gone into the business. A mechanic went with the car.

"I Am Not Your Dear Hopkins, and I Never Have Been"

This morning the mechanic had just brought the roller skate to a volcanic stop at the curbstone when Hoppy came bounding down the steps. He seemed in a good deal of a hurry. Leaping into the offside cheese box he gave the gear lever a yank.

"Everything all right, Finnegan?" he asked.

"Yes, sor," replied Finnegan—"all but the mud guard, where ye hit the lamp-post Thur-r-rsday."

"Never mind the mud guard," answered Hoppy. "Can we make Fifty-ninth Street in seven minutes?"

"You c'n do it in two," said Finnegan, "if it wasn't for th' cops."

Hoppy said no more. Crouched down behind the cart wheel that served to steer the runabout he put his toe on the pedal. The next instant the fiery soap dish on wheels gave a snort, leaped into the air, and spouting smoke and flame sped round the corner on two wheels.

However, Hoppy managed to hang on somehow; and in the course of a block or so he got the young monster under control. Then at a more moderate pace Hoppy sped northward toward Central Park. He arrived there just as the clocks were striking nine.

Due to his exertions with the roller skate—or perhaps it was the heat of the early spring morning—Hoppy's face glowed in a delicate salmon pink as he drew up at the curb. A young woman, a girl in furs, was coming up the block; and as Hoppy took off his hat she waved her muff at him. Hoppy, alighting, turned a little pinker. As for Finnegan, he gaped. He had experienced many adventures in the roller skate, not a few of them startling; but none heretofore had included a young woman.

"My," said the girl, "but you're prompt!"

Hoppy, his eyes bright, was gazing at her profoundly.

"Why not?" he returned; and murmured something about being there at daylight if she'd liked.

Miss Lombard—it was she—glanced at Hoppy swiftly.

"You're getting on, I see," she remarked; then at once became serious. "This is no time for airy persiflage," she announced; "if we're going to do anything we must hurry." Accordingly Hoppy turned to the gaping Finnegan.

"Take the step, Finnegan," he directed.

Finnegan took the step. It consisted, briefly, of a third cheese box—a kind of boy's size armchair fastened to the running board. However, having seated himself, Finnegan also took the precaution of hanging on with both hands. Again, with a leap, a snort of flame and smoke, the roller skate leaped into the air.

The memory of that ride Finnegan will never forget. First they journeyed eastward, hurtling toward the Queensboro Bridge. Over this they passed, the soap dish snorting and quivering with suppressed vitality. Then when the bridge was left behind them Finnegan heard the young lady inquire whether this was the best the machine could do. The response was instant. At any rate, for the next mile or so it seemed to Finnegan that not even he could have done better—not that he enjoyed it, though. The car, he averred afterward, only touched the pavement at the turns, and then only on two wheels. There were also other incidents. One had to do with a telegraph pole; still another with an ash can. The telegraph pole they did not hit—though how they missed it Finnegan never knew; but the ash can, after they had passed, transferred itself from the roadside to the front steps of a convenient residence. However, the road presently becoming populous, his master slowed down the engine. Finnegan, after he had caught his breath, saw they were in Williamsburg.

The street, a grimy thoroughfare, was half filled with machine shops and power buildings; and, junketing slowly onward, the car ere long drew up in front of one. Evidently it was unoccupied; for having knocked on the door without response, Finnegan's master next beat a tattoo on it with his heels. This failing, too, young Mr. Deane desisted.

But it was only for a minute. He and the young woman having conversed briefly, Finnegan's employer turned, and, with a nudge of his shoulder, burst the door from its hinges. Then he and the young lady stepped inside.

"Burglary," said Finnegan—"bloomin' burglary!" But no! Finnegan was mistaken.

Inside the machine shop Mr. Deane and the young lady stood closely inspecting something that stood in the center of the room. As near as Finnegan could make out it was a sort of engine—a machine the outward and visible evidence of which was a complicated ganglion of rods, wires, gearings, cams and cogwheels. There was a large steel hopper at the top, and to this Finnegan's master was pointing.

"See! That's where you put in the coal tar; then the wheels began to buzz, and before you knew it a regular lump of camphor popped right out in front of you!"

"Yes," returned the girl; "but what stumps me is how that German got the camphor into the machine. He couldn't do it by sleight of hand."

Finnegan, watching, saw his master go to a corner and return with a massive sledge.

"Look," he said; "I'll show you!"

Then, ere Finnegan had time to give but a single gasp, young Mr. Deane swung the sledge exactly in the center of the involved, delicate mechanism.

The result was startling. Leaping into the air the machine sluiced floorward in an avalanche of cams, wires, rods, gearing and cogwheels, disclosing, as it did so, two large cast-iron pipes that seemed to communicate with the cellar.

"You see how it was, don't you?" said Finnegan's master. "The coal tar, when it was poured into the hopper, ran down this pipe into the sewer. A boy in the cellar attended to the camphor. Every now and then he'd put a piece on the end of a stick and push it up the other pipe. Then when you pulled the lever the camphor popped right out in front of you! Clever, wasn't it?"

Miss Lombard threw back her head and laughed.

"Think of my father—that man Truax, too—paying money, real money, for anything like that!"

She was still laughing when she climbed back into the roller skate.

It seemed then to Finnegan that his master and the young lady hunted somebody. It seemed also that whoever they hunted must be in some capacity connected with a brewery. At any rate, the runabout, roaring furiously, raced hour after hour from one German beer garden to another. From these, each in turn, young Mr. Deane emerged ruefully shaking his head. Night fell then and the pursuit proved fruitless. However, it was by no means ended yet.

Again on the morning following, the roller skate boomed up to its master's door. Again it sped northward, where it took aboard the slender lady in furs. Then a second time Williamsburg underwent a minute investigation. This proving futile, too, it was resumed the following day; for ten days, in fact, day after day, the runabout not only rumbled through the length and breadth of Williamsburg, but all the surrounding country as well. There were, indeed, few of its pleasant environs with which Finnegan, in time, was not acquainted. Then on the tenth day the hunt came abruptly to an end. Emerging swiftly from the ninth successive *Brauhaus* of the afternoon Finnegan's master gave vent to a warble of joy.

"He's back!" he ejaculated; then leaping aboard he seized the wheel, at the same time giving the foot pedal an impulsive kick. Sheeted in smoke and flame the machine again leaped into the air.

After that they voyaged no more from beer garden to beer garden; but plunging onward through the growing dusk the roller skate retraced its way to that dingy thoroughfare, the street wherein stood the machine shop. What happened then, though perhaps vague to Finnegan, was still not wanting in either action or excitement.

A stout, whiskered gentleman stood inside the shop. Evidently he had just arrived. It was also evident that, having seen the wreck, he could make neither head nor tail of it; and, agape, he was still staring at the disjointed mass of wires, rods, cams, cogs and gearings when the door behind him was opened with a bang.

"Howdydo, Herr Professor?" Finnegan heard his master say.

The effect was curious. After a stare the Herr Professor abruptly started. Then he leaped toward the door. He had, in fact, almost reached it when Finnegan's master, putting out his hand, did something or other that resulted in the German gentleman's suddenly turning a somersault in midair. Then, when he struck the floor, hitting first on his shoulders, afterward at full length, he sat up to find the young man standing over him, one hand gripping him by the collar.

"Professor," Hoppy Deane was saying, "you have forty-nine thousand shares of Camphor, Ltd., and I want to know what you've done with them!"

It will be remembered by those familiar with the circumstances that the Curb Market's first transaction in Camphor, Ltd., occurred on Monday. On the day in question, just before the market's close, one hundred shares of the security were sold at a flat price of two dollars a share. The sale, it may be said, attracted no attention whatever.

On Tuesday the transaction was repeated. Another block of one hundred shares was dealt in, the price rising to two-twenty-five. Then on Wednesday there was a third sale, when, as before, the quotation again jumped twenty-five cents. And so it went for a week. Each day, just before the closing hour, a block of one hundred shares was dealt in, each separate transaction involving the same increase in price. On Saturday, at the close, Camphor, Ltd., was quoted at three-twenty-five. However, it was not until Monday morning that the Curb began to realize that something was happening in the stock.

Half past ten had just struck, half an hour after the opening, when the broker who had been selling Camphor all the week suddenly got busy.

"A hundred Camphor at three dollars!" he shouted.

The offer was instantly snatched up; in fact, there seemed to be three or four brokers ready to rake in every share of Camphor that was offered. At once the first broker raised his voice again:

"Five hundred Camphor at two-ninety!"

That, too, was taken instantly, when, for a third time, the Camphor specialist went back at it:

"One thousand Camphor at two-seventy-five!"

The Curb gaped. It gaped still farther when the offer again was instantly taken.

Wash sales were, of course, by no means a rarity on the Curb; but if this was one it was like none the Curb had ever seen before. At any rate, instead of trying to boost the price of Camphor it seemed as though those behind the movement meant deliberately to cut out the ground from under it. There was, in fact, but one explanation for such tactics: possibly the crowd behind Camphor was trying to find the price at which the public would bite. It was pretty clumsy business just the same.

Among those to note from the ticker the curious activity in Camphor was Hoppy's friend, Mr. Truax—not that Mr. Truax had any hand in it, of course; the contrary, rather, for the deal in Camphor was now a closed book with him. Ten days before, it appeared that he had given his young protégé a thirty-day option at two dollars a share for the last of the stock he and Lombard held. The option had cost Hoppy one thousand dollars. He did not know, of course, that the option was on Truax' own stock. Mr. Truax had not mentioned that. There were, indeed, a number of things Mr. Truax had not mentioned. Another was that the thousand dollars for the option was like finding money in the street.

But now! As Mr. Truax gazed at the tape he was not only astonished, he was at first a little uneasy too. Whose stock was it that was being washed over on the Curb? It could not be Hoppy's, of course, for all of Hoppy's was in Mr. Truax' safe. Neither could it be Old Man Lombard's—that is, his half of the remnant, the optioned twenty thousand shares. Like Hoppy's it was safe in Mr. Truax' hands. Trust Mr. Truax for that! Yes; but at the same time somebody was still washing Camphor, Ltd.

Then, like a flash, Truax had it!

The old German! The fat crook who had trimmed them with his fake machine was putting on the market the stock they had given him as a bonus! That was it; and at the thought Truax shook with anger. The next instant, hurrying to his desk, he snatched up the telephone.

It was not to notify the police however. There were reasons why Mr. Truax did not wish a public scandal; and, his private operator having answered, Mr. Truax directed her to call his brokers, Rooker, Burke and Company. Five minutes later he had the facts—that is, the facts as Wall Street had them. They confirmed his first suspicion.

Obviously the German, or whoever was behind that rascally swindler, was trying to create a market in Camphor, Ltd. It made Truax grunt to think of it. All that day he watched the tape, and as he watched he thought. It was very curious. Having sagged back to two dollars flat Camphor began to wash up again. At one o'clock it again crossed three dollars, and in another sale sold up to three-twenty-five. Mr. Truax grunted. Had he chosen he could have pricked the bubble in Camphor with a single word; but Mr. Truax did not choose to speak that word. At half past two Camphor, still clumsily manipulated, touched four dollars. Then Mr. Truax no longer delayed. A bird in the hand was better than any two in a bush; and picking up the telephone he again called Rooker, Burke and Company.

"Say," he said, when Rooker came to the wire, "see whether that bunch on the Curb mean business. Offer them a thousand shares at the market, and if they bite ring me up right away!"

"This Deal, I Shouldn't Wonder, Was Pretty Raw, Whatever Way You Looked at It"

Not ten minutes had passed when Rooker, as directed, rang up. The firm had just sold for Mr. Truax' account a thousand Camphor at four-twenty-five.

Truax was jubilant. He had not even dreamed he could get away with anything like that.

"If they'll stand for it," he directed, "let 'em have some more. I've got twenty thousand shares they can have any time they want 'em!"

"What's the price?" inquired Rooker; and, laughing, Truax told him:

"Anything from a nickel up!"

He was still laughing when he hung up the telephone receiver.

Taking it all together the deal was the best day's work Mr. Truax had done in weeks. Think of it—four thousand dollars for a bunch of stock not worth the paper it was printed on! Of course there was the thirty-day option he had given that young boob, Hoppy Deane; but Mr. Truax did not worry about that. Before the thirty days were up he could tell the boob the stock was worthless. Then when he had done that it might be well to have that con man, the German, arrested. Swindlers like that, thought Mr. Truax, should not be allowed in Wall Street. As it was, Lombard and himself had escaped by only the merest chance. But for their good fortune in picking up a buyer they might have been stuck with the entire block of fifty-one thousand shares. Mr. Truax, in fact, had cause to congratulate himself. In place of taking a loss he and Mr. Lombard could mark down on their books a handsome profit.

It was at this instant in his reflections that Mr. Truax' telephone again rang busily. Mr. Rooker was on the wire.

"Say," said Rooker, and his tone was queer, "are you sure you know what's doing in Camphor?"

Mr. Truax started.

"Say, what's up?" he demanded swiftly.

"Well," returned Rooker, his voice uneasy now, "they say over on the Curb that for a week the Camphor crowd has been laying for somebody and that now they've got him. It's all over the Street that the boob, whoever he is, has been stung for good and fair!"

A few minutes past three, just after the market's close, Hoppy Deane came up the stairs of the Subway Station at Fifty-ninth Street and trudged eastward toward Fifth Avenue. The young man for some reason seemed dejected. Both hands thrust deep in his pockets, he slouched along, his eyes dull, his face morose. One might have thought he had lost his last friend in the world.

All that day, from a window overlooking Broad Street, he had been watching what went on on the Curb below, especially in Camphor. The proceedings were somewhat curious. Opening at three-twenty-five the stock had sold down by fits and starts to a price of two dollars flat. When it reached that figure the broker who had been taking all the Camphor offered disengaged himself from the throng below and came hurrying up the stairs.

"Say," he said, "dropping the price don't seem to scare 'em any. Maybe if we boost it higher they'll sell."

"All right," said Hoppy indifferently; "boost it as high as you like."

So by fits and starts Camphor began to rise again. Half past two had just struck when there was a diversion. Camphor having crossed four dollars an outsider, the Curb broker for Rooker, Burke and Company, offered one thousand shares of the security at four-twenty-five. The bid was snapped up almost before he had finished speaking. Ten minutes later, however, when the broker returned from the telephone he was openly astonished. The Camphor crowd had not only departed—the market had gone with them. At any rate, ten minutes before the close the price broke to seventy-five cents. Then came a sudden change. Rooker, Burke and Company's outside man no longer offered Camphor, Ltd., in thousand-share lots. Switching abruptly he sought, indeed, to buy. At the close five-ninety a share was offered for a thousand shares; and then the Curb woke up to what had happened. Not a share was to be had at any price!

Hoppy, at this stage, went uptown.

Long before this, however, the proceedings on the Curb had ceased to interest or animate the young man.

(Concluded on Page 36)

THE SILENT SHUFFLE

By Edward Mott Woolley and Dale H. Carnagey

WHEN the war broke out a high executive of a great watch-manufacturing company called Pittsburgh on the long-distance telephone. He got connection with a glass factory.

"Can you people find any way to supply us with watch crystals?" he said. "We use fourteen thousand a day, and we've been getting them in Alsace-Lorraine, and round Lunéville, in France."

"We don't know how to make real crystals in this country," answered the glass manufacturer. "A few years ago one company tried it and dropped fifty thousand dollars! But I'll see what I can do for you."

Next day the glass executive went down to New York. New York is the Magic City where impossible things can be done.

"In the metropolis are all kinds of people," he said. "Perhaps I may find some men who know how to blow watch crystals."

For three solid weeks he worked, scouring the East Side twelve hours a day; and then he came on a French Jew who had blown crystals abroad. Shortly afterward he found another. They were both old men and both working at tailoring. One of them promptly died, overcome at the prospect of earning a fancy wage. The other was sent to Pennsylvania and set at work—the only man in the United States, so far as known, who understood this difficult trade. He is there now, a veritable czar in the glass world, taking orders from nobody and working when he pleases. Nobody dares to cross him, and he is guarded by secret-service men lest he wander away and return to his East Side.

Meantime he is trying to teach a group of apprentices the art of blowing watch crystals. In Europe whole families work at it—but to import foreign labor is illegal. From this small beginning must grow up a new industry in America. Probably some foreign crystals are coming in, and some watch manufacturers are depleting the stocks they had on hand. Some are even using celluloid.

You have heard a good deal about imports and exports amounting to so many millions; and the possible markets for this, that and the other product being so many pounds, bushels or tons. It is not likely you can recall any of the statistics just at the moment; but you will not need them here, for this is a narrative built without a single reference to census reports or crop figures. It is just a glimpse into the things individual men are doing because of this great new shuffle in business. Men are putting over things to-day they never dreamed of doing six months ago; or else they are busy climbing out of very deep holes. It is when you look at these things by units, instead of by gross trade statistics, that you realize how tremendous is the business mix-up which has involved us.

You see, too, how the war is breaking some men and making others. On which side is the balance? That will depend on the mental resource of an army of American business men who are thus engaged in this great, silent shuffle for the new game.

Doing Without Foreign Goods

ABOUT the time the glass-manufacturing company was getting busy with crystals a fiber-board company at Wilmington, Delaware, experienced a sudden shortage of its raw material, cellulose, obtained from cotton hulls and cotton rags.

Europe had been the important source of supply for the rags, for Americans have great contempt for the ragman and every year burn up hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of cotton goods. When the war came Europe needed its rags for two purposes—first, the cellulose was used in the manufacture of explosives with which to kill; and, second, the ground rags went into the shoddy from which uniforms were made.

In America, then, there was an ample supply of raw material in the form of rags; but to get those rags at a cost within reason seemed impossible. However, one day an executive of the company had an inspiration.

"Get the Salvation Army on the long-distance!" he said.

For a long time the Salvation Army had its great organization at work gathering old newspapers from house to house, and it was easily prevailed on to undertake the gathering of rags. This entailed no great extra work and meant a considerable increase in income for charity purposes. To the fiber company it has meant sixty thousand dollars in raw material at a time when most sources of supply seemed to be closed against it.

The Toy Trade is With Us to Stay. Germany Will Never Recover More Than a Small Proportion of the American Patronage it Has Lost

Some time before the war this same fiber company foresaw the time when its main chemical, zinc chloride, might be cut off by just such events as have happened. Zinc chloride came wholly from Europe. So it sent out its chemical engineers to search among the factories of the United States for all forms in which zinc chloride might be created as a by-product. It found possibilities for this chemical and set to work to evolve processes for its recovery.

To-day, when many other industries in the United States are clamoring for zinc chloride and finding it impossible to get it, this concern is producing right here at home all it needs. More than that—it has been able to sell a considerable surplus.

The fiber people, too, discovered a use for the short fuzz left on cottonseed hulls after the staple cotton and the linters have been removed. This now goes into a fiber product. The whole fiber-board product, which is used for trunks and sample cases, and such goods, comes from material formerly wasted.

It is difficult now to get aniline colors, and many manufacturers are scurrying round in search of mineral pigments as substitutes. The fiber company got busy on this problem before the war began, and now has its own supply of red oxide pigment.

At Rochester, New York, there is a factory that makes compasses. In the manufacture of these delicate instruments it is necessary to use jewels, something like the jewel bearings in fine watches. These were obtained from Germany previous to the war, and the hostilities over there threatened to interfere seriously not only with the compass business in America but with other instrument manufacture.

The Rochester company, however, found a way of electrically melting quartz and molding it into the little cups necessary for use in the compass. These cups merely require to be polished, which is a very inexpensive process. Not only is the company successfully making the jewels but it is producing them below the German cost.

A large photographic supply company, also at Rochester, found itself confronted with problems when the war broke out. One of these was pyrogallic acid, one of the most important developers, which had come almost entirely from Europe. To-day it is making its own pyrogallic acid, and other chemicals as well. More than that—it is proceeding very rapidly with preparations to manufacture its own paper raw stock; and this will mean the solution of a problem that might otherwise have been baffling.

The same company had been buying most of its gelatin abroad; but now it has doubled the capacity of its gelatin plant. Meantime American glass manufacturers have been working at the problem of producing photographic glass at a commercial price. This they never had done. Now they say that glass suitable for plates unquestionably may be obtained in this country. Throughout this great plant there is nothing but optimism.

"The visible supply of raw materials may outlast the war," they say; "but if it does not, satisfactory substitutes are very sure to be found. Our faith in our own ability is such that there is no let-up in our aggressive advertising and selling."

In Baltimore a large cork manufacturing company bought six hundred thousand dollars' worth of cotton, chartered some ships, took the cotton over to Spain, and sold it. Then the company brought back cargoes of material for its plant in the United States. It deemed that method better than sitting down and allowing its factories to run out and go idle. Moreover, the scheme financed itself and contributed toward the relief of the cotton situation in the South.

In Philadelphia there is a large company that sells ball bearings; but up to the time the war broke out ninety-five per cent of its output came from Germany. Within ten days after the declaration of war this company had its plans for a great American factory.

Now here comes a moral that may perhaps impress itself on business men and selling agents in other lines. This company had taken the precaution before the war began to study the manufacture of ball bearings instead of devoting itself exclusively to the selling end. Its chief engineer had been over to Berlin and spent sixteen months in the factory there; in fact, some of the improved machinery in that Berlin plant had been installed on the initiative of the American house.

Except for this first-hand knowledge the company might have found it a slow and difficult process to establish the manufacture of ball bearings on a large scale; but now it is going ahead rapidly with a plant that will increase its output a thousand per cent inside of a year. Already a quarter of a million dollars' worth of improved machinery has been bought for the new plant.

A Manufacturing Revival

IN THE Berlin factory one operator tended only one machine. Here one operator will tend four machines. This is just an instance of the improved methods to be adopted which will offset some of the barriers formerly supposed to stand in the way of making these goods economically in America.

The new plant will employ five hundred men at first; ultimately it is probable that thousands will be employed. This is a very typical and concrete instance of what the war is actually doing for us. When we get out and hunt for them we can find hundreds of new industries in embryo. They are not making any noise. The shuffle goes on very silently.

In the United States, Germany and other European countries have sold an enormous quantity of white china. Now there are two things that American manufacturers might do: they could sit down, like Micawber, and wait for something to turn up; or they could get out and turn something up. They are doing the latter.

A pottery man from Trenton, New Jersey, has been very active. He went into Ohio shortly after the war commenced and looked round. To-day he is preparing to operate the first plant in America that will make a certain kind of chinaware. He means to supply a product as good as any that ever came from Germany. For this a great market opens before him. It is a market not free from technical difficulties and selling problems; but who can doubt that the coming decade will see American pottery manufactures enormously increased and thousands of additional workers employed?

A certain pottery in Ohio had been idle for two years previously to the war. It manufactured, in its day, yellow crockery. Since the war the company has been reorganized and to-day is employing a hundred and fifty hands—not on yellow dishes but on high-grade semiporcelain.

Right along this line the United States Bureau of Standards, at its Pittsburgh laboratories, is now making tests with American clays. It is certain already that American raw material can be produced that will not be surpassed by that used in any foreign pottery or china. At East Liverpool, Ohio, a company has just been formed to develop large deposits of native clay. At the same time comes the report of Government investigators that plenty

of kaolin—used in pottery manufacture—exists in the southern Appalachian region, and of the best quality.

A New York importer of Christmas ornaments found his supply cut off just at the time when the bulk of it was on the point of being shipped from Europe. Huge quantities of these goods have come from the regions adjacent to Sonneberg and Laucha, Germany. The product has been typically foreign in design and construction—glass and composition balls and figures, extremely fragile and costly to handle. For years there has been practically no improvement in the quality or character of such goods; but the war situation gave this American dealer some ideas. Why, he asked himself, wasn't it a big opportunity for unbreakable ornaments?

He had never manufactured before; but now he got some machines together rapidly, rented quarters on the East Side, and began making Christmas-tree ornaments—not of glass and frail compounds, but chiefly of cloth, paper and cardboard. He produced attractive designs in balls, plumes, garlands, wreaths, novelties and festoons. For weeks he has kept two hundred girls at work on two shifts. Most of his output comprised goods of new designs—though, of course, the paper-flower industry and products of that nature gained something of a foothold here long ago.

When the war ends Germany doubtless will regain a part of her Christmas-ornament business; but if she gets back even a half of it, it will be because the war comes to an end in 1915. This increased American industry will mean the employment of perhaps twenty-five thousand women. The vogue in unbreakable ornaments, in the opinion of dealers, will result in enormous sales to people who have always been chary of the costly foreign affairs.

Near New York there is a plant where they make synthetic perfumes and flavors—artificial. Since the war began this plant has shown its lights all night long. Such a tremendous boom in its business was never dreamed of six months ago. Every facility has been crowded, yet it is behind on its orders to-day.

Few people realize the vast extent of the perfumery business or the huge sums of money that have gone to France for such goods. The bulk of toilet soaps and cosmetics are perfumed, and so are numerous other products, like stationery, pastes, and some fancy goods. Probably the perfumery sold in bottles is by far the smaller part of the product.

Now we have generally taken it for granted that perfumery must come from flowers. In America we do not have the necessary flowers; so we have gone over to France and spent our money lavishly.

Growing Medicines at Home

CHEMISTRY is producing scents that defy the experts. The war has so stimulated this industry that scores of chemists are to-day bending all their energies to produce a whole line of new odors—new, yet old. Dealers are finding out that war abroad does not cut us off from perfumes, and the result will be entirely new settings for the perfumery trade—not that these settings have already been completed—far from it; but we have the idea now in America.

Down in North Carolina a firm connected with the drug industry has gone into the business of collecting American medicinal plants. Just as we have burned up millions of dollars' worth of rags in this country, so we have let hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable plants go to waste. Yet, with knowledge and some degree of organization, many retail druggists or collecting firms could maintain and conserve a large volume of the natural product and make money from it.

Growing medicinal plants requires great skill, but collecting native plants is comparatively simple. The cutting off of many European drugs has awakened the American Pharmaceutical Association to the possibilities of this new American industry, which will be a bigger one than most people imagine, and will extend into ramifications that will mean employment to thousands of persons in time.

The important vegetable drugs to be found growing wild in the United States, in commercial quantities, include burdock, barberry, dandelion, angelica, digitalis, juniper berry, larkspur, stramonium, yellow dock, elder flowers and bark, valerian, hydrangea, lingwort, clover tops, couch grass and pomegranate. Yet the majority of our American collectors—the few we now have—are extremely ignorant and crude.

With proper knowledge we could easily grow in America other drug plants, such as caraway, fennel, horehound, sage, thyme, belladonna and henbane. With real skill hundreds of other medicinal plants can and will be produced. In Indianapolis there is now a firm that has extensive experimental gardens of this sort. The war has shut off a number of very important drugs and thus served to show up our own neglect. Among the medicines most seriously affected are nux vomica, strychnine, atropine, ergot and digitalis; yet digitalis, for instance, grows wild in great profusion in the Northwestern States.

To-day London wholesale druggists are offering some chemicals purchased from American manufacturers, including acetanilide, chloral hydrate, formaldehyde, potassium permanganate and phenacetin, none of which has heretofore been made in America to any extent. Thus, the war has given American-made drugs an opening wedge into world markets—the beginning of a great, new industry!

Near Boston there is a little factory that for several years had been making typewriter attachments and not attaining much success. One day after the war began the proprietor of this plant happened to talk with an importer of fancy goods who was practically without any business. Acting on this tip, the manufacturer put in some new machinery and began making metal novelties and metal-trimmed articles, such as hand bags, manicure sets, workbaskets and toilet articles. Since then he has done three times the volume of business he ever did before in a similar period; and he says he is in the business to stay. Already he has perfected machines to cut costs, and he says he can compete with any product Europe may offer after the war.

A New York man, similarly situated, has taken up the manufacture of powder puffs made of American plush. A Pennsylvania brush manufacturer, confronted with a ruinous shortage of the kind of imported bristles he used, looked about for some other product on which he could expend his energies. The brush business had been bad anyway for several years. He walked through a large store one day and observed a batch of cotton mops and brushes for sale—and he got his idea.

He reasoned that here was a raw material which would not run out, no matter what happened. Besides, it was cheap and quickly procured. So he began to make cotton mops and brushes; and his profits since September first have been more than double what they ever were before in a corresponding time. He does not care now whether the Russian and German Armies eat the pigs over there, bristles and all.

Likewise a man who had a small machine shop near Pittsburgh has taken up the manufacture of slipper buckles, and is selling large quantities of the sort that formerly came from abroad.

You have heard something about potash, no doubt. Germany has had the potash industry corralled. It is interesting, therefore—though one may be inclined to reserve an opinion—to learn that a large company in Pittsburgh is going into the business of recovering potash from slag in the steel mills, and that a big California company is bent on getting the potash out of kelp, a seaweed that holds a large percentage of it. Experiments are also being made for the extraction of potash from feldspar, a common rock formation, and for the mining of potash in Utah.

You have heard a good deal in a statistical way about the opportunity in America to make cotton goods, but probably you have not actually dropped in on any manufacturers to see what they were doing. Here, however, you strike a development that must be slow in the aggregate, because machinery is not produced in a few days. America needs a large number of cotton-weaving machines and heretofore we have let Europe make such machines. American machine shops are now pricking up their ears, so to speak.

Even now, however, you can find some lively doings in the cotton-goods industry. In New England, for example, there is a mill that is moving every force possible in the production of narrow fabrics, such as tape, corset laces and other goods which have been supplied in great quantities from abroad. This company has sent its salesmen all over the land since the war began. And in many of the big cotton mills you will find that preparations are being made to swing into line with the tremendous publicity cotton is now receiving.

Similarly the canned-goods manufacturers are planning to go out after bigger markets—especially abroad. They are going to start with canned peas and concentrate on that product; and every manufacturer of those goods east of the Mississippi can come in if he wishes. Chicago business men have organized a trading company, with a capital of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to sell American goods in South America.

Fashions Dictated by Necessity

THERE has been a dreadful slump in the importations of leather goods and of material for such goods. Foreign glove factories are occupied in part by soldiers' barracks, and other plants are running on short time for lack of skilled hands.

"What are we going to do in America for gloves?" was the cry at the beginning of the war.

A Middle West factory got back right away:

"Wear silk gloves—we'll supply a big bunch of them!"

Never in its history has this plant been so deeply buried in orders; and other plants have jumped in. The silk-glove vogue cleaned up the country this past autumn. The war was also advantageous to the knitted-wool glove industry.

In New York there is a factory making women's hats that has quadrupled its force since August. Not only that; it has netted five times its normal profits, because it has been freed from the burden of the extravagant Paris prices.

The things this factory has done to meet the situation would make a story by itself. In the first place, it displayed ingenuity in getting American fabrics for its hat bodies. Then, to these bodies, it adapted the choicest of American imitations of foreign feathers, flowers, foliage and ribbons.

When the war broke out there was a craze in America for gold and silver novelties on hats, but the failure of these materials was sudden and heartbreaking for the American milliners. They rushed from place to place in a wild effort to get the goods; but this particular factory simply invented a sprayer that put the gold or silver hue wherever wanted. In a minute a bunch of plain American hat grapes could be transformed into as dainty a silvered bunch as ever came over the ocean.

Lacemakers in the United States have sensed a vast new opportunity and are going after it—first, with strong efforts to secure design protection. Already they are putting out original American designs in large numbers; and, in line with the impetus of the cotton-goods movement, they are creating laces specially suitable for cotton gowns, from the most elaborate to the most simple. One New England mill, at least, is engaged in a campaign directed toward the dressmakers of the United States.

Another New England concern, making embroideries, is also bending its energies toward hitching up its goods with the coming vogue in cotton; in fact, wherever you look, you find the spokes of the textile wheel revolving just now about that hub of American products, cotton.

It is too early to say what the effect will be on woolen goods, though here, too, we find evidence of larger

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Men are Putting Over Things To-Day They Never Dreamed of Doing Six Months Ago

THE CROWN PRINCE IN INDIA

The Prince's Hunting Party Crossing a Shallow Stream

Three of the Cheetahs With Which the Crown Prince Hunted

By Lewis R. Freeman

THE Prince isn't especially princely in presence or manner—isn't a patch on Lord Hardinge or any one of a dozen of the older native chiefs on the score of dignity, in fact; but for all that he has a reserve of tact and self-control, at least in certain kinds of emergency, that might jolly well be the envy of any king. The way he behaved in a pinch at Government House last night was one of the finest things of the kind I ever saw."

We were resting at the end of three or four sets of late-afternoon tennis and sipping cool drinks on the broad veranda of the Calcutta Cricket Club; and Major C——, of the Viceroy's household, was telling the three of us something of Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany. The latter had just arrived in Calcutta on a tour of India, and on the previous evening had been given a reception or had "held audience"—or something of the kind—in Government House.

"Except on the score of being a rather likable young chap, the Prince had not been making very much of a hit with any of us," said the Major. "He plays only a fair game of billiards, his polo is indifferent, his bridge is not exceptional, and he has yet to prove that he can shoot and stick a pig. No one questioned his nerve; but, at the same time, none of us who had been most thrown with him since his arrival gave him credit for the tact he showed last night.

"They were presenting a lot of the ladies, and, out of courtesy to the Prince, the act included a kiss of the hand and a deep salaam, *à la* Berlin. Things went all right until it came to the turn of Lady C——, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of K——, who was just young, portly and pompous enough to make a contretemps at such a time a joke rather than a tragedy—to all but herself, I mean, of course. She managed to sweep the princely knuckles with her lips in approved fashion, but her dead center swung out of true when she essayed to courtesy, and she sluddered down in a heap at the Prince's feet, like an overturned tortoise, and no whit less helpless."

How the Prince Saved the Day

"I SAW a twitching at the corners of the Viceroy's mouth—there was a glint of amusement even in the kind eyes of Lady Hardinge—and some irrepressible flapper back in the ruck was guilty of an explosive titter. But the Prince, without the flicker of a smile, and with a gesture as punctilious as though it was a prescribed part of the ceremony, quickly stepped forward, caught one of milady's appealingly outstretched hands and lifted her to her feet in the wink of an eye. For an instant I thought the grateful dame was going to fall on Frederick William's shoulder and burst into tears; but in a trice that self-possessed individual had swung her round, shooed her gently but firmly away in the proper direction, and was back in his place ready for the next presentation. Frederick William may not have the making of another heaven-inspired monarch, like his august father, but he misses by a jolly long way being the harebrained waster that a good many have tried to make out he is."

My own first close-up observations of Frederick William include two or three instances of the display of this same self-control and quiet sufficiency-unto-the-occasion that saved the day at the Viceregal reception—instances which stood out the more strongly through being silhouetted against a background of impression that the popular "rattle-headed irresponsible" rating was the correct one after all. I had been commissioned by The Asian, the Calcutta weekly of outdoor sports, to write up the polo and *shikar* incident to the Crown Prince's tour of the Native States, and the credentials from this journal had brought me a ready welcome at the hands of the several distinguished Indian chiefs who were acting as hosts.

One of the incidents referred to occurred at a polo game on the private grounds of the Maharajah of P——, in which the Prince, playing with a trio of British officers, opposed a native four, headed by the Maharajah. The play of the distinguished visitor, I may say, was not especially impressive, or at least did not appear so on any of the several occasions on which I saw him in action. Fairly well coached, and with a considerable natural aptitude for the game, though he might have appeared creditably on many Continental fields, the supreme skill of the past masters of polo with whom he mixed mallets in India made the Prince appear a good deal of a novice.

A good horseman—the Prince has a far less brutal hand than the average Teuton, and sits his pony with a balance and flexibility greatly in contrast to the stiff, leg-gripping seat that characterizes the run of German cavalrymen, which, especially to the American and British horseman, inevitably suggests that of a toy uhlan—he was far from displaying the consummate horsemastership of the Indians and Anglo-Indians; while a persistent tendency to go it alone kept the teamwork of his four—to say nothing of the tempers of his teammates—in rags and tatters.

It was during the third *chukker* of the game in question that the Prince picked for his mount an oversized—the fourteen-two rule has not been enforced any more strictly in India in recent years than in England or America—Australian thoroughbred, which the Maharajah had bought at the end of the last Poona racing meet. It was an animal of tremendous strength and speed, but only half educated in polo, and fairly treading on air from high feeding and lack of work. It was out-of-hand from the throw-in; and the Prince, galloping in sweeping rings round the pack, spent most of his time beyond the side boards scattering the knots of syces and stable boys.

The Maharajah, seeing his chance to pile up a substantial lead against what had become, for that period, hardly more than a three-man team, rallied his hard-riding players and pressed a whirlwind attack. It was into the midst of a swift but beautifully calculated series of passes, which was carrying the bounding bamboo-root rapidly down on the Europeans' goal, that the Prince, on one of his meteoric dashes into the realm of play, came charging full tilt. A mile out of position—he was essaying to play back—there was just the shade of a show that a timely drive to the side boards might effect a "save"; and on the chance of being able to make this the impetuous young Teuton drove the flying Waler, like a bull at a gate, straight down through the nicely maneuvering pack.

The Maharajah, at Number Three, had just passed—a trifle wide—to his Number Two; and the latter, provided only he could reach the ball in time, had the goal at his mercy with an easy chop. The Waler was coming like a thunderbolt; but to the plucky Rajput forward it appeared that the distance and angle were sufficient to allow him to cross to the tantalizingly waiting ball without committing a foul; and such, indeed, was my own impression from a fair vantage point near the goal posts.

An instant later, however, it was plain that he had failed to allow for the tremendous speed of the Prince's mount, the consequence being that, handy as it was, the useful little country-bred pony of the Rajput was struck a pile-driving blow on the withers by the big Australian and dashed to the ground with a wrenched or broken back. It was one of the nastiest collisions I have ever seen on a polo field. Something knocked the forelegs from under the Waler, and that flying mass of bone and sinew simply catapulted along for a dozen yards, pushing and grinding the little gray Himalayan ahead of it. Neither rider fell clear, and men and mounts were mixed in a wriggling heap, in and out of which were woven the vivid magenta streaks of the Rajput's unrolled turban.

An Accident on the Polo Field

A GERMAN officer of the Prince's suite raced with me across the field to the scene of the fall, his white, scared face betraying the apprehension that had seized him at the thought of possible injury to his future emperor.

The fact that neither of the riders, nor yet either of the ponies, had gained his feet was ominous, for no man or mount ever stays down unless there is a reason for it. Several of the players were dismounting as I came up, but the colliding ponies and riders still lay as they had fallen.

Both of the latter were pinned by the legs—each by his own mount—and the inert hind quarters of the gray told only too plainly why it was he had not risen to his feet—would never rise to his feet again, in fact. But what kept down the big Australian and prevented the Prince from getting up? Even the knot of officers who had closed in to give aid were puzzled about that for a moment. And then, from under the jammed-down helmet of Frederick William, came the answer—spoken in English, too, in spite of his excitement:

"Quick, one of you chaps! Sit on the head of the Waler! I can't hold him much longer, and if he starts to get up he'll kick the head off my good friend here."

A big-boned British hussar anchored the head of the Australian as directed; the badly shaken but uninjured Rajput was pulled from under his dying pony and clear of the Waler's sharp hoofs; and then the latter was allowed to flounder up and free the imperturbable scion of the Hohenzollerns.

Play was resumed as soon as the ill-fated little gray could be dispatched and removed, the Prince pluckily finishing the *chukker* on his speedy but useless mount.

What had happened was this: The Prince had kicked free from his stirrups, as a good rider should, but, in the slide and roll that followed, had been caught with his legs under the Waler's shoulder. His own shoulders and trunk

were free and lying along the neck of his mount. In struggling to squirm free he had seen that the half-unconscious Rajput lay with his now unturbaned head well up under the Waler's belly, where the first gathering flounder of the latter's rear hoofs, as it tried to get up, would almost inevitably dash his brains out.

Undeterred by the threat of a twisted knee, or worse, the cool-headed young German, turning half over and throwing his body forward as far as the grip on his pinned legs allowed, brought every available ounce of his weight on the big Australian's head. This effectually prevented the latter from making an attempt to rise until the dazed and helpless Rajput had been freed and dragged clear of the threatening hoofs.

Rajput chiefs, no less than British army officers, take it quite as a matter of course that a man will show the best that is in him when the call comes; and, beyond a casual, "The Prince behaved jolly well in that mix-up in the third period," from one of the British team, I heard no other comment on a display of nerve and resource that unquestionably saved a man from serious if not fatal injury.

In a casual meeting with the Crown Prince there is little in his personality to indicate the possession of such qualities as were displayed in the two incidents I have set down. Indeed, I can well understand how one meeting or observing Frederick William in the ordinary rounds of his life would form the impression—so common in Europe, his own country not excepted—that an irresponsible impetuosity is his predominant characteristic. I still recall clearly the mixture of feelings roused by my first informal personal contacts with him.

It was several days subsequent to the incident I have just narrated, the scene of entertainment had shifted to another Native State, polo had given place to *shikar*, and we were in camp in a restricted stretch of jungle that constitutes the main hunting preserve of the sport-loving Maharajah of G —. I had become acquainted, some time previously in Calcutta, with a couple of the British officers attached to the party, and it was one of these who told the Prince of my having, in the course of the last few years, visited practically all Germany's colonial outposts, and of my having been in Tsingtau, Yap and the New Guineas very recently.

Meeting Royalty at Six A. M.

EXPRESSING himself as glad of the opportunity to talk with an unprejudiced observer of the progress of those colonies, the Prince requested—the command, as signifying the royal inclination, is not extended to the informal camp amenities of jungle *shikar*—that I be presented to him as opportunity offered. It was my good Irish friend, Captain M——, who volunteered the news to me one morning as we lounged, barefooted and pyjama-clad, and dallied with the *chota hazri*, or little breakfast, which our bearers had served under our respective tent awnings.

"The Maharajah will probably put you on the regular tiffin list if the Prince continues to evince interest in you. H. I. H. is daffy on oversea dominion, and you'll have to tell him all you know about his incipient places in the sun," he concluded, yawning.

"What's the etiquette of it?" I asked. "I've had no experience of German court life. Any hand-kissing to it?"

M——'s reply seemed slow in coming; and, raising myself on my elbow to discover whether he had dropped

Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany, as He Appeared When Playing Polo in India—The Fixed Stare is Very Characteristic

into a doze, I was just in time to see him screw his monocle fast, jump to his feet and—barefooted, rumpled of hair, unshaved, and with one of his pyjama legs turned up halfway to his knee—stiffen into a military salute. At the same instant there came a chuckle behind me, and a pleasant voice, not un-English in accent, broke in:

"Don't let me disturb you, gentlemen. I was just taking a constitutional round the camp to keep my—what do you call it? *chota hazri* from taking the edge off my breakfast appetite. A chap has to exercise in this climate to digest the five meals you set before him every day."

Then, turning to me—I was also on my feet by this time and doing my best to assume a courtierlike attitude:

"You must be the American chap they were telling me about, who has just come from China and Malaysia, from Tsingtau and New Guinea. I am very glad to meet you. Tell me what you think of them—of how they are being run. And you know the German African colonies, I am told. Is the West Coast really as unhealthy as they try to make us believe? Did you travel on the Dar-es-Salaam-Tanganyika Railroad? They are keeping up a very creditable rate of construction for the tropics, are they not?"

The Prince stopped for breath; and I, gulping once or twice, mumbled something to the effect that I had found the German flag the symbol of progress and enlightenment the world over.

My questioner laughed as though pleased, but withal a little impatiently.

"I am glad to hear it," he said; "but let us—as a charming young countrywoman of yours once admonished me at Karlsbad—'cut out the frills and get down to brass tacks.' Tell me what you saw in Tsingtau—how it impressed you as a subject—I beg pardon; I mean citizen—as a citizen of a country that is not jealous of Germany. How does Tsingtau compare with Shanghai, with Hong-Kong, with Tientsin?"

I gulped again, and yet again. Then, realizing that I could make but a sorry showing, at the best, in passing the German colonial empire in review at six o'clock in the morning, and fortified with only a cup of coffee and a banana, I blurted out:

"Your Imperial Highness, I feel I shall be able to do much ampler justice to an interesting subject when I'm fully clothed and in my right mind."

"Right you are!" laughed the Prince, slipping easily and naturally from American slang to English idiom. "Really, I must beg your pardon; but you will have to blame it to my interest in oversea Germany. I must confess"—and he smiled, with a mischievous lift of his blond eyebrows—"as our friend here so aptly puts it, to being quite daffy over our colonies. Doubtless we shall find an opportunity for a good chatter."

Wishing us a hearty good morning the Prince did a typical German heel-clicking right-about and strode off toward his own camp, two men—one German, the other English, and both apparently shadow guards—coming up into view behind him and following unobtrusively in the rear.

Frederick William's Counterpart

"I MIGHT have known he overheard that last remark of mine," said M—— somewhat ruefully, a flush of color showing in his bronze face; "but, I say, it was jolly considerate of him not to refer to your hand-kissing witticism. That came after mine, you know." And M——, in response to his bearer's deferential "Tub ready, Sahib!" shambled off down the canvas-flanked bathroom corridor, humming Deutschland über Alles!

I passed the next hour or two in perplexed study. The Prince reminded me very forcibly of somebody I had known somewhere, and, grope as I would through the mazes of memory, I could not recall who it was. Black and yellow, white and copper, I passed in quick review all the faces that had found place in the gallery of my mind during the last decade; but not one of them smiled back in response.

After a while the name Pittsburgh began to intrude on my train of thought. Presently something suggested that it was a presence rather than a face that I sought; and then, at the end of a leafy vista, I caught a glimpse of the Prince's jaunty figure as he held forth to a knot of eager listeners—and the riddle was solved.

Without the least suggestion of resemblance in face or figure, Frederick William—in stance, in walk, in the swing of his shoulders, in his manner of speaking, in a peculiar forward thrust of the neck, but, most of all, in a certain something-doing-all-the-time air—was the living, breathing counterpart of a Pittsburgh youth who had once broken into the headlines by hiring a special train to take him across the continent in three days, in order not to miss the opening rounds of a San Francisco prize fight.

A sophomore at Stanford at the time, I had followed the gold-strewn trail of this celebrity of the hour about the Barbary Coast one night, and then forgotten him until another celebrity, a dozen years later, called him to memory.

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The Crown Prince and a Half-Dozen Buck Brought Down on His Cheetah Hunt

The Crown Prince and Two Leopards Which Fell to His Gun in India

MISS FANNY

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÈRÈMEAUX

"Keep Back, Men!"
Bellowed Reb Randall.
"If You Don't Step
Lively There I'll
Just Naturally Bust
Somebody in a Minute"

FRANCES GLOSSY TABER was her name and she lived with her widowed mother on Tony Avenue, in a white colonial house with huge, high, round pillars on the porch. The pillars were a bluff. In reality it was a very modest home of six rooms; and the upholstery of Mrs. Taber's furniture was raveled in spots, which she kept turned from the light.

So long as a shred of hope remained that Frances Glossy would go the destined way of womankind everybody called her Fanny; but, of course, when a girl reaches twenty-four without a prospect in the offing, she is doomed, and for some years Ringer had been punctilious with Miss Fanny rebelled at first, just as you or I would roar at being called Uncle, but gradually she grew resigned to the niche they had made for her.

"She must be two years older'n the oldest man in the world," said Reb Randall, discussing her as she crossed the square to the post office. "Miss Fanny must be all of twenty-eight, don't you reckon?"

A partial explanation of her single state was revealed when Miss Fanny had Annielee Nunn and Willie May Spivy to spend the night with her on their return from a Missouri school. The two girls chattered in bed about their conquests and preferences until two o'clock in the morning, and Miss Fanny listened in the dark, her eyes bulging. At long intervals she would exclaim:

"Oh, girls, are you sure he said all that? Well, I never!"

And gradually the flame of romance began to warm her blood. When Willie May bounced out of bed to get a letter from one of her victims for the purpose of proving what a nut he was, Miss Fanny thrilled deliciously, and there was reluctant admiration in the protest a sense of duty impelled her to utter. And, whereas the younger girls chortled over the reading, Miss Fanny was profoundly moved.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful! He says such lovely things," she murmured raptly.

Then came a crusher from Willie May:

"Shucks! He's a fathead. He's so mushy, Miss Fanny. Turn off the light, Annielee."

For a considerable time after that Fanny was dumb, revolving certain aspects of human activity in her mind. At last she sighed and said wistfully:

"I never had a man try to kiss me in my life."

Up came Annielee Nunn from the bedclothes. Up reared Willie May Spivy, rigid with horror and unbelief.

"Honest, Miss Fanny? Nobody at all? Never in your whole life?"

Over Fanny's pale face and neck crept a flush, and she was thankful for the darkness. Gladly would she have qualified her confession—it seemed such a humiliating thing; but she did not know how to lie.

"No, never. Somehow they always want to talk about books to me."

At that Willie May pinched Annielee's arm and then skipped across into Fanny's bed. Snuggling up to her she asked in a sugary voice of sympathy:

"Didn't you ever have a lover in your life, Miss Fanny?"

There was no immediate response; Fanny was going over in her mind each of several young men who had called at the house more than once; but, strive as she would, she could not conscientiously stretch their casual friendliness into anything deeper. Therefore, she said:

"No-o-o—not exactly. No; I can't really say I ever did."

An interval of expectance and Willie May put her arms round Miss Fanny and whispered:

"Not exactly? You mean you almost had one once? Did you—honest, Miss Fanny? Tell us about him. Please!"

"There's nothing to tell," was the abrupt, firm reply. "I never had one."

"But," her guest persisted softly, "you've been in love, haven't you?"

"Don't be silly, Willie May!"

"Haven't you ever known a man you liked better than anyone else on earth?"

At that Miss Fanny freed herself from her tormentor's close embrace.

"Now stop this nonsense!" she said sharply. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life, girls. Let me go to sleep!"

"Oh, Miss Fanny, you have! I know you have! Don't tell us—we know better. I can tell by the way you say it."

The bed rocked under the added weight of Annielee, who hopped in on the other side to add her supplications for a full and free confession. They badgered and blarneyed Miss Fanny for ten minutes; nor would they take any denial. She finally admitted there was one who completely filled her conception of the perfect man.

"Well—now remember, you've both promised never to breathe a word of this so long as you live. You promise, don't you?"

They chorused:

"We won't tell, Miss Fanny. Honest! Cross our hearts!"

"Well," said Miss Fanny, warm all over, "I think Mr. Launcelot Sanders is the grandest man I ever knew. He is my beau ideal of a man."

"What!" both girls echoed. "Lance Sanders?"

And Annielee added:

"Why, Miss Fanny, he's such an icicle! He's so prim and prissy and cold, and—and ——"

"He's nothing of the sort!" was the indignant retort. "Mr. Launcelot is a perfect gentleman. Now you girls get out of my bed and let me go to sleep."

Apologies and endearments and promises were unavailing. She routed them out and settled down for the main business of night. Her two friends giggled and whispered together in their own bed.

"That nut!" said Willie May against Annielee's neck.

And Annielee put her lips to Willie May's ear to breathe:

"Why, he's a regular sissy!" The image of Launcelot in the rôle of a beau ideal so upset her that she could not close her eyes; and when she concluded that Miss Fanny was asleep she said: "I'll bet he never had a girl in his life."

Little did she guess that in the adjoining bed a heart leaped exultantly at her surmise.

Mr. Launcelot lived on Tony Avenue, too, three corners east; and Fanny could watch him from behind the voile curtains when he passed, on his way to the bank. Sometimes he drove down in his roadster, which never moved faster than twelve miles an hour—the Ringer speed limit—and was always as spotless as its owner.

Launcelot was tall and slim, and wore eyeglasses, which were insured against accident by a thin black cord. In spring and autumn he sported one glove turned back and carried the other clasped in his hand. His clothes were always neat and fastidiously pressed, and on Sundays he left off the opal pin, set in brilliants, that adorned his tie on every other day of the week.

A customer bawled out one day in the bank that his daughter had told him that Willie May Spivy said Launcelot was Miss Fanny's beau ideal of a man. Everybody within hearing guffawed, and the cheerful idiot asked:

"How about it, Lance?"

The cashier turned pink to the tips of his spreading ears. After that he never went by the Taber home without inward trepidation, but when he met Miss Fanny in the square he bowed as gallantly as ever and drew a pleasurable thrill from her confusion.

He was thirty-five years old and the son of old Judge Sanders, who had founded the Ringer National Bank. Every girl in town had made a cast for him, but Launcelot never even nibbled at the bait. The single occasion in his manhood career on which he had thawed at all had been at the Irwin wedding, when, in the agitation of the moment, he had taken a couple of pulls at something the groom provided as a bracer, and had afterward toasted the bride, with great abandon, in a speech that knocked Ringer off its feet. He had been best man then, and Miss Fanny was maid of honor; and in his exhilaration he had put forward the pretty conceit that they made a handsome couple. Now he wondered, with misgiving, whether she could possibly have taken him seriously.

"Ida Irwin's coming home," Fanny announced to her mother one day in November.

"In her limousine?" asked Mrs. Taber hopefully.

Her daughter consulted the letter again and replied:

"No-o-o; she doesn't say anything about her automobile. She just says she is homesick for the old town and is coming back to visit her mother."

Mrs. Taber rubbed the end of her nose doubtfully.

"Huh!" she said. "Homesick for the old town? I don't see why anybody should get homesick for Ringer—with all their money. Is Mr. Haley coming with her? It sort of looks queer to me, Fanny."

"Of course he is coming too. Oh, mamma, I wish you wouldn't always be thinking up trouble like that!"

She was at the station to meet the couple when the Centipede crawled in from the East, and Ida went into her

arms with a smothered sob of thankfulness. Miss Fanny blinked so hard she could barely discern the outlines of Mr. Haley, grinning sheepishly at her from the background.

During the next month she hardly left Ida's side, for Haley had gone back to his factory in the North and his wife was timid and apprehensive. He returned a week before the baby was born and in a burst of gratitude told Fanny he did not know what they could have done without her, and he should never forget it.

The day after the event Ida sent for Fanny.

"I want you to look after her when I'm gone," she whispered, her eyes big with pleading. "Promise you will! If anything should happen to mother you're to raise her. Will you promise? I couldn't bear to think —— You know how it is, dear—no matter how they try, they just can't treat another woman's child like their own."

"But—but ——" stammered Fanny, receiving the small bundle in her arms from the nurse. "Mr. Tom—perhaps ——"

"He said it would be all right." Something like a fond smile curved Ida's mouth. "He told me if—anything happened—he couldn't bear to have the child about. Tell me you will, Fanny! Promise you'll look after her as though she was your own."

"All right," gulped Miss Fanny, with a squeak of the throat. Her tears rained on the baby's puckered red face, who stood it for a minute in indignant quiet and then set up a furious squalling.

The loss of his wife appeared to daze Haley. He did not seem fully to realize it, but went about like a man in a trance and agreed to everything proposed. It was Fanny who made the arrangements for the funeral, and to every suggestion from her Haley would say:

"Yes; that will do very nicely."

In the same state of mind he climbed aboard the eastbound train two days later.

"You won't forget to keep me posted," he reminded Fanny—"will you? Mrs. Irwin hates to write letters, and, of course, I want to know how she gets along. And if she needs anything, or gets sick or anything, you just let me know. May I rely on you?"

"You sure can!" said Fanny.

She was so faithful to her word that Haley received, within forty-eight hours, an appalling list of baby articles required immediately. Their number and variety confused him, and he handed it to his stenographer as he was going to luncheon, with instructions that she should issue forth and buy them. That young person read and re-read Fanny's letter, one minute tossing it aside with a contemptuous laugh, the next scanning certain portions with thoughtful care; and on her employer's return she suggested that a better plan would be to send a check—which was done.

It was Miss Fanny, too, who notified him of the serious illness of Mrs. Irwin. Haley wired back that he would leave for Ringer instantly and would bring a specialist, but he delayed a day to secure backing for an expansion of his business; and when he stepped off the Centipede it was to learn that he had arrived too late.

"And now," he said, just before departure, "what about Joyce?"

His manner was so uneasy that Fanny took alarm.

"Why, won't she—you're going to let me keep her, aren't you? Oh, Mr. Haley, you know you promised. And Ida and Mrs. Irwin - ——"

"You're sure you are quite willing?" There was unmistakable relief in his voice. "Then you will?"

Her delighted incredulity made Haley a bit ashamed and he replied, almost on the defensive:

"Well, I can't very well take her just now, myself. It would be out of the question. If I did I'd have to get somebody to look after her, and it strikes me she'd be better here than anywhere else—if it's agreeable to you."

Agreeable to her! Miss Fanny could scarcely get her breath for joy and stood clasping her hands nervously in front of him, at a loss for words.

"Good!" said Haley, quick to seize the moment. "Then Joyce may stay right here. I'll send you a hundred dollars a month for her keep, and ——"

"A hundred dollars a month!" Fanny repeated, gaping at him. "Why, Mr. Haley, that's far too much; I could never spend all that on Joyce. I'll take her for nothing if you'll buy her clothes, and be glad and thankful to. I'll ——"

The money-maker's pride surged up in Haley and he interrupted stiffly:

"A child of mine is worth a hundred a month to keep, Miss Taber. And you don't have to spend it all on her. How about yourself? Aren't your services worth something?"

It had never occurred to Fanny in her wildest imaginings that pay could attach to the charge of little Joyce, and her soul rebelled.

"No," she said with firmness. "I couldn't touch a cent of it; but you may send it to the bank and we'll save it until she grows up."

"Fine!" he laughed, and it was arranged accordingly.

Assuming that the father would be on tiptoe for news of his child, Fanny sent him a daily bulletin; and for a while Haley acknowledged these about once a week by a brief letter of thanks. Her reports were as minute and painstaking as a nurse's chart and the early ones amused Haley. His amusement showed in gentle chaffing that failed utterly to get to Fanny. She took each query with deep seriousness; and when he inquired how the oscillations of vehicular motion affected the ebullition of Joyce's infantile spleen, Fanny called in a doctor to find out.

She was quick, however, to detect a note of impatience in one of his answers to her frequent appeals for advice, and she understood well enough when a whole month elapsed with no word from him. The bank sent her a duplicate deposit slip for a quarter's allowance, but she heard nothing direct.

"Money isn't everything," said Fanny to her own soul. "If he thinks that is all a child needs ——"

She stopped writing every day. If Haley noticed the lapse he failed to complain or comment on it, and soon Fanny fell into a habit of reporting to him formally once a month.

As for Joyce, she grew pleasant of aspect and red of cheek. Her head was a shimmering tangle of curls, and when she recognized you she would dimple and flap her arms and pant. We all called her Miss Fanny's baby, and Joyce's airing down town in the afternoon in a gocart was a triumphal public affair. Everybody stopped to look at the child and poke a finger in her ribs.

Once or twice Launcelot Sanders paused to twiddle a glove under Joyce's nose. She would stare at him unwinkingly, without the least manifestation; but her nurse invariably blushed to the roots of her hair and did not talk quite coherently.

One night, after putting Joyce to sleep, Fanny stole downstairs and out on the lawn, where Mrs. Taber was rocking and fighting mosquitoes. "Do you know," she said in a frightened voice, "I'm afraid to trust myself with Joyce sometimes?"

"Mercy's sake! Why?"

"Well"—her daughter's face was white—"often when I hold her in my arms I feel like squeezing her to death; I love her so."

Mrs. Taber started to laugh, broke off in the middle to slap a mosquito on her ankle, and replied, with a sucking intake of breath:

"Nonsense! That isn't anything!"

That Night Fanny Trudged Out of Town Along the Road to the Junction, Carrying the Sleeping Child in Her Arms

Two years went by and Joyce staggered about the Taber place, with a tin bucket and sand shovel, industriously digging up Mrs. Taber's flowers in order to build dirt houses. She was a dimpled dumpling of a baby. Never was there a sturdier, more radiant, noisier one—always acting on the supposition that the whole world would be overjoyed to see her. She had a pair of lungs that would have done credit to a Prussian drill sergeant, and you could hear her yell for "Tanny" two blocks down the avenue.

Ringer was justly proud of the baby and encouraged her to fly into a screaming rage whenever it could. We all took it for granted that Joyce Haley would grow up in Miss Fanny's care.

One morning a big touring car, with lavender stripes on the body, glided down Tony Avenue and stopped, with a muffled honk, in front of the Taber home. Mr. Haley eased through the door rather clumsily, for he had taken on a few pounds. Then he helped a woman to alight. Recognizing him from the porch, where she was blowing out her cheeks so that Joyce might punch them to make a pop, Fanny advanced slowly down the path. The child ran off to hide.

"This," said Haley, when he had shaken hands, "is my wife."

Fanny experienced a sudden sinking feeling and turned dizzy; but she regained sufficient control to receive them civilly and do the honors of the house. Her mother was unfeignedly glad of their arrival, breaks in the deadly monotony of Ringer existence being decidedly few and far between.

The second Mrs. Haley was a stylish, striking woman, about twenty-three years old, of a tall, full figure, thick black hair, and large, appraising brown eyes. All the afternoon she sat on a chair in the shade, silently watching Joyce play under Fanny's eye and listening to Mrs. Taber's gossip. It was not necessary for her to contribute a word and probably she did not hear a tenth of what was poured into her ear; but that made no difference to Mrs. Taber. When Fanny's hospitable inquiries demanded a reply Mrs. Haley seemed ill at ease and under a strain.

"What do you know about Tom Haley?" gasped Ringer that night. "He's went and married his stenographer, the ol' fool; and her half his age! Ain't it the limit?"

Next day the blow fell. Fanny fainted when told, but on reviving made no protest and listened to Haley's excuses as though stunned.

"I know what a loss it will be to you, Miss Fanny; but my wife—well, it's only natural that my wife should want the child—and perhaps we can look after her better in some respects ——"

"Don't!" begged Fanny.

(Continued on Page 38)

"Well, I Think Mr. Launcelot Sanders Is the Grandest Man I Ever Knew. He Is My Beau Ideal of a Man"

A COMMUNIQUE—By Corra Harris

From the Allies of the Allied Armies

Servian Women Being Taught How to Shoot

Belgian Women Refugees at Ostend, Homeless and Penniless

I SPENT my last day in France in a second-class railway carriage. This is the one place I have found in this country where French reserve changes into the most guileless confidence, where the news is not censored, and where the military authorities do not control the situation—unless, indeed, they stop the train, call the passengers out and fill it with troops!

We read in all the papers of the success of the Allied Armies in Northern France, but I saw a long line of soldiers digging trenches and throwing up breastworks not twenty miles from Paris. In time of war it is best to be prepared for the worst even if it does not happen. These fortifications will come in handy for Galliéni's army if the Germans do break through and march again on Paris. No one knows what is really happening. When the daily communiques proclaimed that the British forces were advancing we heard privately that they were falling back at the rate of two kilometers every day.

The snow was falling when we reached B——. A little old nun with a face like a red and shriveled winter apple trotted up and down outside selling bread to the passengers. The door of my compartment was flung open. An old man and two women climbed in. The man settled himself in one corner, looked up cheerfully and remarked:

"But there's one good thing about this war—it gives old men a chance to work in the place of the young ones who have joined the army."

No one noticed him.

He pulled his cap over his eyes, wrapped his hands in his smock and fell asleep, snoring rhythmically, like a barrel organ grunting out a tune.

The Suspense of the Waiting Mothers

I SHALL never forget the face of one of the women. I have seen the same anguished expression upon that of a woman suffering intense physical pain, but never upon any man's. She sat stiffly erect as if she must go somewhere presently, as if to remain still was intolerable. Her eyes were deeply sunken, restless, like the black wings of a bird beating against the bars in the effort to escape. She began talking at once to the other woman about her son:

"He joined his regiment early in August, went out of my house that day and I have never seen or heard from him since. But it is terrible!"

No reply.

"Have you a son in the army?" she persists.

"Yes," answered the other; "but he has been taken prisoner, thank God! I hear from him regularly."

"And you can send him money, little gifts?"

"Yes. It costs two francs to send him five, but I do not mind that."

"We do not mind the cost of anything now. But my son—he was like a girl, timid. He was not a soldier. He had to go. And I do not know if he is living or dead."

The old man heard her in his sleep, that wailing voice of a woman in pain. He snorted, stirred, opened his eyes and looked at her from under his cap.

"But, madame, why don't you write to the colonel of his regiment for information?" he exclaimed.

"I have, yes; every day I write to somebody. But no one answers. I go to the War Office—they do not know there either. They send me somewhere else, always somewhere else!" she moaned.

"There are the lists of the dead and wounded published regularly," he suggested.

"But yes; I have all of them from the beginning. His name is never there. It is as if he vanished from sight when he went out of the door of my house. And he was not a soldier, but timid like a girl."

The same thought, I believe, was in the mind of each of us who listened. This boy who was like a girl—what happened to such lads? Perhaps he had deserted, or been cleaned from his regiment by a drastic military system which does not tolerate the frailty of girlishness in a soldier. So his name never appeared among the honorable dead, nor the missing, nor the wounded. The authorities were mercifully silent concerning his fate to this distracted mother. Yet any certainty would have been better than such suspense. One could have wished to put her out of pain at whatever cost.

At the next station there was a great crowd. Three young soldiers and a Belgian climbed in. The Belgian had walked eighty miles with all his possessions tied up in a bedquilt. The soldiers had been working in a factory at Lille when that town was bombarded. The factory was destroyed and they joined the army. The oldest could not have been seventeen and the youngest was a boy of fifteen, very small, very pale, caked from head to foot with mud, grimed with powder as if he had that moment come from the trenches. But I have never seen such vitality. His face glowed like a smoked lantern. He caught everybody's eye and laughed in reply. Also he was hungry like a child in the middle of the afternoon. He would refresh himself. Did we mind? We did not.

He pulled a loaf of bread from his knapsack, which appeared to have gone through the bombardment with him—it was polished sleek and black at the ends. He held the loaf against his breast and cut off a piece the thickness of his boot and about the same size.

The woman who could not find her son tossed him an apple. The other woman remembered that she had some cheese—of all things! in her pocket, which she passed over to him. The old man pulled out a bottle with some dregs of wine in the bottom, which he contributed. Never have I seen such an appetite! This was merely the first course. Before he finished he had eaten the lunch of everybody in the compartment. And the more he ate the more his spirits rose. You might have thought, to hear him, that he had been a child playing in the trenches but for the fact that he carried a half-healed wound on his temple of which he was exceedingly proud. With his mouth crammed full of bread and sausage he showed me how an Indian regiment took the Germans' trenches at a certain place. He leaped up, stiffened his knees like lower elbows, brandished his jackknife and charged up and down that crowded compartment, yelling and making the most horrible faces.

"But yes; that's the way they fight, those Indians. The Germans are afraid of the very sight of them. I am myself!" he laughed, dropping back into his seat.

"Is your mother living?" asked the woman who had lost her son.

"No, madame," he answered gravely.

"I am glad," she sighed.

"But why, madame?"

"Yes, if she were alive she would be thinking of you to-night, wondering if you had been killed, if you were lying wounded in this snow, always thinking, thinking of you.

"All the mothers in France are like that now. They cannot sleep. In the morning they get up very early, go to mass and pray for their sons. They burn candles before the Virgin. But they do not know if those candles are for the living or the dead!"

The train drew into one of the junctions between Paris and Boulogne. They all got out. A French captain and a Belgian private took their places. It was as if the curtain had fallen for a moment and then risen again upon another scene in the same tragedy, which has moved with such swiftness since the first of August in France. The Belgian had been wounded in the hand, which he still carried bandaged. He would never use it again. The fingers were paralyzed.

Queen Elisabeth at the Front

THE captain brushed the snow from his cloak, took out his supper—two loaves of bread and a bottle of wine—and spread it upon the seat beside him. The soldier reached back into the tail of his long coat and drew forth a very small apple which he began to munch. Seeing that apple, the captain offered him one loaf of his bread. They divided the wine equally between them. By way of reciprocity the soldier gave the officer the bullet with which he had been wounded.

The Socialists have lost many tail feathers during this war. First, they funked their principles in Germany and obeyed the call to arms. Next, the German Socialists in London who insisted upon kissing their English brethren at a great meeting in Trafalgar Square are now imprisoned in the detention camp for aliens, where there is nothing but the dreariest kind of Socialism. Last, and most important, the officers of the French Army have accomplished the noblest ideal of human brotherhood where it never has been done before—in the trenches. As a rule no man preserves his caste with more insolence than the ranking military man.

But these officers, from the generals down, have literally shared every danger, every hardship and every comfort with the privates.

The Belgian soldier had much to say of the same spirit in King Albert, who holds the rank of a private in his own army. And at the mention of Queen Elisabeth he lifted his cap reverently and said: "She is ours and we all belong to her!"

We have records of valiant queens who led their troops to battle, but I believe Elisabeth of Belgium is the first queen in history who has remained with her husband on the fighting line—not as a queen but as a nurse, who has performed, without flinching, her share of service to the

wounded. This reminds me to set down the following tribute sent to her recently by Theodore Botiel:

Blue as the skies of our glorious land,
White as the hearts of our little ones, and
Red as the blood of those dead, sword in hand,
The flowers of Love, Hope, Devotion supreme
Bloom e'er in our souls for you. Long live the Queen!

But when all is said that can be told, the story of the women's part in this war lacks the splendor of war history for men. There is no glory in their suffering, no distinction. They just suffer.

The skies above France are gray now. The wind is bitter cold. The earth is rimed with frost. All the leaves have fallen from the trees. All the flowers are dead in the gardens. But there are more women and children homeless in the streets of Paris. They also are fallen leaves, perishing flowers, blown in from everywhere by the hurricane of battles.

The Cirque de Paris is filled with Belgian refugees. You may employ a Flemish woman, who a little while ago had a home of her own, to do all the work in yours for half a franc a day. Even then few of them find employment. Many of the domestic servants in France have received no wages at all since the first of August. They are fortunate to hold their places and so obtain food and shelter.

There is another town not far from Paris which has received thousands of Belgian refugees in addition to its own population of sixty thousand. No one knows or can believe the privations these people are suffering. No one knows how they will be fed or clothed. The funds of France are going to the support of the army. The food that five million men consume is like so much money literally consumed. The supply of food must continually decrease. So far it has been plentiful, because there was no way to export much of it, especially vegetables and fruit, which are grown in quantities for foreign markets.

French Reticence About Real Conditions

A LARGE portion of the land cannot be cultivated next year. It has been "requisitioned" by two great armies to be fought upon and killed upon. It is cut up into a thousand trenches, plowed by shells, filled with graves so shallow that to dig at all is to uncover the dead. There is no money, scarcely any stock with which to cultivate the remainder. All the horses fit for work have been taken by the French or stolen by the Germans. And many of the peasants in Northern France are in danger of freezing to death, even if they have food, for every blanket, quilt, sheet and mattress has been taken from them, even the straw from which they might make beds.

For weeks thousands of women and children have been pouring into Paris from Arras and from Lille. After all, war is not the worst thing these people face. Pestilence, that poisoned breath of death, is far more terrible. Lille is closed now like a tomb filled with corruption. No one may enter it, and those who remain there cannot escape. Every hospital and every house is overflowing with victims of the fever scourge.

It is impossible to exaggerate the ravages of disease in many of these towns bombarded by the Germans. There were thirteen hundred cases of typhoid fever in Senlis and the neighboring villages during the month of October. The germs of every disorder fill the air. Every rain floods the waterways with them. They are in the dust on the grass. They poison all the milk. To touch one's lips with bread in these places is to invite death.

The women consider themselves fortunate to escape these horrors by coming to Paris. For Paris is still clean. The water is pure. The great Rothschild depots supply milk which is not tainted. There is still bread enough.

We know what will become of the men on the fighting line. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand French soldiers have already perished in battle, or they lie wounded in hospitals, or they have been taken prisoners. But who can predict the fate of these women and children? They are the fugitives which the Allies no less than the Germans are depriving of their homes and means of sustenance. War closes factories and makes an end of peaceful industries. It reduces to a minimum the opportunities of those who must earn their own support. Many women have taken the places of the men who are now in the army. They gathered the crops. They are teamsters, messengers, clerks and carriers. They are conductors on all the street cars and in all the subways of Paris. But even then there are not nearly enough places for them. Besides, thousands of them are not trained and have not the physical endurance necessary for this kind of work.

The abler women do what they can. But how can they cope with such a situation? They have no government of their own, no funds beyond their small contributions, no authority. What they accomplish one day is undone the next.

Early in August, Mme. Frank-Puer, president of the Vacation Colonies for Poor Children, traveled through the towns threatened by invasion from the Germans, gathered in all the children she could, and sent them with hundreds of other children from Paris into the southern part of France. These little refugees were hidden there for weeks, but now they are obliged to return. This organization has not the means to keep them.

There are other difficulties in the way besides the lack of funds and the inexperience of women in performing social service on a national scale. The French people are secretive. They have an instinct for concealing their affairs, both as individuals and as a nation. No one knows this better than newspaper correspondents who have struggled in vain for months to pierce the impregnable wall of their reserve. They are not only determined to withhold information which might reach the enemy—they are equally determined not to inform the world of their condition. This is a part of their dignity and self-respect in the hour of affliction. Their emotional mannerisms, dramatic speech, are far from revealing. It is the dust of words which they cast into the eyes of prying strangers. They hasten to fabricate with all the eloquence of veracity, because they conceive that this is the best method of withholding information to which you are not entitled. They do not care what the world thinks of them. They are the only people engaged in this war who make no plea for either admiration or sympathy.

This is especially true of the women. They abhor publicity in their present condition. Their experience of publicity extends no further than to each season's proclamation of their fashions in clothes and to a sort of general admission, in the form of light literature, of their romantic intrigues. But when the fashions are stripped from them and romance becomes the tragedy of war and death they have no medium of communication with the world beyond France. And they do not wish for any. They are good women in sorrow, dignified and silent. Therefore, more than any other women of the Allied Nations, the Frenchwomen are facing their problems alone and without the assistance they deserve and might receive if conditions in France were better known.

They are the allies of the Allied Army in France, who are being neglected and who are themselves giving all they have to the cause. There is absolutely no way for a nation to engage in war without neglecting the women.

Now, when all is said, this is a man's war. Every war is. Women are incapable of committing such a wholesale crime against life and love and peace. But the men of every nation belong to the women. These are their capital. They themselves are not worth nearly so much to the men as the men are worth to them, because the latter represent shelter, food, love and life to women.

This is virtually what the War Office says to the women: "We must have your husbands and sons for the army. We must have all the resources of the country. Your men must be killed, wounded, taken prisoners. By this means we may save France and England and our honor, but not you." The point is to save the country and that treaty from violation, no matter what it costs the women who have no choice but to suffer and endure.

Why then should women devote so much of their strength and their means for the purpose of helping to support the army? What right has a government to call men out to fight if it cannot furnish hospitals for the wounded and graves for the dead, and even socks and mufflers for the rest of them? France and England can do this. What excuse have they for evading the burden of providing properly for the women and children? Twelve shillings to the wife of a soldier and sixpence for each child is as much as even England pays, and the amount is far less in France—to say nothing of the thousands who can receive no help at all.

Much Misdirected Charity

STILL we hear every day of splendid gifts from American women to the Red Cross, but of almost nothing contributed to these other soldiers, interned by war, deprived of their homes and often of every means of support. There is some excuse, some natural reason, for the gifts from English and French women to the troops. They have sons among them. But I can think of no adequate one for our women. It springs from the same kind of sentimentality that led certain rich American residents in Paris to offer their homes for military hospitals at the beginning of the war when their own countrymen and countrywomen were walking the streets of that city for days and nights without money or food or beds.

And they are constantly urged to increase their gifts to the Red Cross, even to join it themselves. The Duchess of So-and-So is pointed out as a shining example. If an earl's daughter can nurse wounded soldiers, why cannot an American Duchess of Dollars do the same thing? She can.

But she would serve better if she spent herself and her money caring for the poor women and children in England who are more and more neglected as the war goes on. The only women who are fit for service in a frontier military hospital are the doctors and trained nurses.

Continue to help the war offices to provide for their armies if you feel you must. But there is such a thing as the sense of proportion even in charity, which is one of the most distorted ideals in this world. Still, it is well to remember that for every wounded soldier there are perhaps fifty women and children suffering for the necessities of life. The war office does not protect them. There is no commissary department to provide them with food or clothes, no surgeons or doctors or nurses to attend them in sickness. *(Continued on Page 41)*

Polish Girls Marching to Work Under Their Overseer on a Large German Estate

Women Attend to the Garden Work

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

OF THE following fortnight I find it difficult to write coherently. I found myself in a steady whirl of receptions, luncheons, dinners, teas and assemblies of a rather pretentious character, at the greater number of which I was obliged to appear as the guest of honor. It began with the reception of Mrs. Floud, at which I may be said to have made my first formal bow to the smarter element of Red Gap, followed by the dinner of the Mrs. Ballard with whom I had formed acquaintance on that first memorable evening.

I was during this time like a babe at blind play with a set of chess men, not knowing king from pawn nor one rule of the game. Senator Floud—who was but a member of their provincial assembly, I discovered—sought an early opportunity to felicitate me on my changed estate, though he seemed not a little amused by it.

"Good work!" he said. "You know I was afraid our having an English valet would put me in bad with the voters this fall. They're already saying I wear silk stockings since I've been abroad. My wife did buy me six pair, but I've never worn any. Shows how people talk though. And even now they'll probably say I'm making up to the British Army. But it's better than having a valet in the house. The plain people would never stand my having a valet, and I know it."

I thought this most remarkable, that his constituency should resent his having proper house service. American politics was, then, more debased than even we of England had dreamed.

"Good work!" he said again. "And say, take out your papers—become one of us. Be a citizen. Nothing better than an American citizen on God's green earth. Read the Declaration of Independence. Here ——" From a bookcase at his hand he reached me a volume. "Read and reflect, my man! Become a citizen of a country where true worth has always its chance and one may hope to climb to any heights whatsoever."

Quite like an advertisement he talked, but I read their so-called Declaration, finding it snarky in the extreme and with no end of silly rot about equality. In no way at all did it solve the problems by which I was confronted.

Social lines in the town seemed to have been drawn by no rule whatever. There were actually tradesmen who seemed to matter enormously; on the other hand there were those of undoubted qualifications, like Mrs. Pettengill, for example, and Cousin Egbert, who deliberately chose not to matter, and mingled as freely with the Bohemian set as they did with the county families. Thus one could never be quite certain whom one was meeting. There was the Tuttle person. I had learned from Mrs. Effie in Paris that he was an Indian—accounting for much that was startling in his behavior there—yet despite his being an aborigine I now learned that his was one of the county families, and he and his white American wife were guests at that first dinner. Throughout the meal both Cousin Egbert and he winked atrociously at me whenever they could catch my eye.

There was, again, an English person calling himself Hobbs, a baker, to whom Cousin Egbert presented me, full of delight at the idea that as compatriots we were bound to be congenial. Yet it needed only a glance and a moment's listening to the fellow's execrable cockney dialect to perceive that he was distinctly low-class, and I was immensely relieved upon inquiry to learn that he affiliated only with the Bohemian set. I felt a marked antagonism between us at that first meeting; the fellow eyed me with frank suspicion and displayed a taste for low chaffing which I felt bound to rebuke. He it was, I may now disclose, who later began a fashion of referring to me as "Lord Algy," which I found in the worst possible taste.

"Sets himself up for a gentleman, does he? He ain't no more a gentleman than what I be!" This speech of his, reported to me, will show how impossible the creature was. He was simply a person one does not know, and I was not long in letting him see it.

I Made Nothing of Stopping at Her Gate for a Moment's Chat

And there was the woman who was to play so active a part in my later history, of whom it will be well to speak at once. I had remarked her on the main street before I knew her identity. I am bound to say she stood out from the other women of Red Gap by reason of a certain dash, not to say beauty. Rather above medium height and of pleasingly full figure, her face was piquantly alert, with long-lashed eyes of a peculiar green, a small nose, the least bit raised, a lifted chin, and an abundance of yellowish hair. But it was the expertness of her gowning that really held my attention at that first view, and the fact that she knew what to put on her head. For the most part the ladies I had met were well enough gotten up, yet looked curiously all wrong, lacking a genius for harmony of detail. This person, I repeat, displayed a taste that was faultless, a knowledge of the peculiar needs of her face and figure that was unimpeachable. Rather with regret it was I found her to be a Mrs. Kenner, the leader of the Bohemian set.

And then came the further items that marked her as one that could not be taken up. Perhaps a summary of these may be conveyed when I say that she had long been known as Klondike Kate. She had some years before, it seemed, been a dancing person in the far Alaska north and had there married the proprietor of one of the resorts in which she disported herself—a man who, after accumulating a very sizable fortune in his public house, was shot to death by one of his patrons who had alleged unfairness in a game of chance. The widow had then purchased a town house in Red Gap and had quickly gathered about her what was known as the Bohemian set, the county families of course refusing to know her.

After that first brief study of her I could more easily account for the undercurrents of bitterness I had felt in Red Gap society. She would be, I saw, a dangerous woman in any situation where she was opposed; there was that about her—a sort of daring disregard of the established social order. I was not surprised to learn that the men of the community strongly favored her, especially the younger dancing set who were not restrained by domestic considerations. Small wonder then that the women of the old noblesse, as I may call them, were outspokenly bitter in their comments upon her.

This I discovered when I attended an afternoon meeting of the ladies' Onwards and Upwards Club, which I had been told would be devoted to a study of the English Lake Poets, and where, it having been discovered that I read rather well, I had consented to favor the assembly with some of the more significant bits from these bards. The meeting, I regret to say, after a formal enough opening was diverted from its original purpose, the time being occupied in a quite heated discussion of a so-called Dutch Supper the Klondike person had given the evening before, the same having been attended, it seemed, by the husbands of at least three of those present, who had gone incognito as it were. At no time during the ensuing two hours was there a moment that seemed opportune for the introduction of some of our noblest verse.

And so by often painful stages did my education progress. At the country club I played golf with Mr. Jackson. At social affairs I appeared with the Flouds. I played bridge. I danced the less intimate dances. And though there was no proper church in the town—only dissenting chapels, Methodist, Presbyterian and such nonconformist persuasions—I attended service each Sabbath and more than once had tea with what at home would have been the vicar of the parish.

It was now, when I had begun to feel a bit at ease in my queer foreign environment, that Mr. Belknap-Jackson broached his ill-starred plan for amateur theatricals. At the first suggestion of this I was immensely taken with the idea, suspecting that he would perhaps present Hamlet, a part to which I have devoted long and intelligent study and to which I feel that I could bring something which has not yet been imparted to it by even the most skilled of our professional actors. But at my suggestion of this Mr. Belknap-Jackson informed me that he had already played Hamlet himself the year before, leaving nothing further to be done in that direction. And he wished now to attempt something more difficult; something, moreover, that would appeal to the little group of thinking people about us—he would have a little theater of ideas, as he phrased it—and he had chosen for his first offering a play entitled Ghosts, by the foreign dramatist, Ibsen.

I suspected at first that this might be a farce, where a supposititious ghost brings about absurd predicaments in a country house, having seen something along these lines, but a reading of the thing enlightened me as to its character, which, to put it bluntly, is rather thick. There is a strain of immorality running through it, which I believe cannot be too strongly condemned if the world is to be made better, and this is rendered the more repugnant to right-thinking people by the fact that the participants are middle-class persons who converse in quite commonplace language such as one may hear any day in the home.

Wrongdoing is surely never so objectionable as when it is indulged in by common people and talked about in ordinary language, and the language of this play is not stage language at all. Immorality such as one gets in Shakspere is of so elevated a character that one accepts it, the language having a grandeur incomparably above what any person was ever capable of in private life, being always elegant and unnatural.

Though I felt this strongly I was in no position to urge my objections, and at length consented to take a part in the production, reflecting that the people depicted were really foreigners after all, and the part I would play was that of a clergyman whose behavior is above reproach.

For himself Mr. Jackson had chosen the part of Oswald, a youth who goes quite dotty at the last, for reasons which are better not talked about. His wife was to play the part of a serving maid who was rather a baggage, while Mrs. Judge Ballard was to enact his mother. I may say in passing I have learned that the plays of this foreigner are largely concerned with people who have been queer at one time or another, so that one's parentage is often uncertain, though they always pay for it by going off in the head before the final curtain. I mean to say there is too much neighborhood scandal in them.

There remained but one part to fill, that of the father of the serving maid, an uncouth sort of drinking man, quite low-class, who in my opinion should never have been allowed on the stage at all, since no moral lesson is taught by him. It was in the casting of this part that Mr. Jackson showed himself of a forgiving nature. He offered it to Cousin Egbert—saying he was the ideal type, weak and dissolute, and that types were now all the rage in theatricals.

At first the latter heatedly declined the honor, but after being urged and browbeaten for three days by Mrs. Effie he somewhat sullenly consented, being shown that there were not many lines for him to learn. From the first, I think, he was rendered quite miserable by the ordeal before him, yet he submitted to the rehearsals with a rather pathetic desire to please, and for a time all seemed well. Many an hour found him mugging away at the book, earnestly striving to memorize the part, or, as he quaintly expressed it, "that there piece they want me to speak." But as the day of our performance drew near it became evident—to me at least—that he was in a desperately black state of mind. As best I could I cheered him with words of praise, but his eye met mine blankly at such times and I could see him shudder poignantly while awaiting the moment of his entrance.

And still all might have been well, I fancy, but for the extremely conscientious views of Mr. Belknap-Jackson in the matter of our costuming and make-up. With his lines fairly learned, Cousin Egbert on the night of our dress rehearsal was called upon first to don the garb of the foreign carpenter he was to enact, the same involving shorts and gray woolen hose to his knees, at which he protested violently. So far as I could gather, his modesty was affronted by this revelation of his lower legs. Being at length persuaded to the exposure he next submitted his face to Mr. Belknap-Jackson, who adjusted to it a laboring person's beard and eyebrows, crimsoning the cheeks and nose heavily with grease-paint and crowning all with an unkempt wig.

The result, I am bound to say, was artistic in the extreme. No one would have suspected the identity of Cousin Egbert, and I had hopes that he would feel a new courage for his part when he beheld himself. Instead, however, after one quick glance into the glass he emitted a gasp of horror that was most eloquent, and thereafter refused to be comforted, holding himself aloof and glaring hideously at all who approached him. Rather like a mad dog he was.

Half an hour later, when all was ready for our first act, Cousin Egbert was not to be found.

I need not dwell upon the annoyance this occasioned, nor upon how a substitute in the person of our hall's custodian, or janitor, was impressed to read the part. Suffice it to tell briefly that Cousin Egbert, costumed and bedizened as he was, had fled not only the theater but the town. Search for him on the morrow was unavailing. Not until the second day did it become known that he had been seen at daybreak forty miles from Red Gap, goading a spent horse into the wilds of the adjacent mountains. Our informant disclosed that one side of his face was still bearded and that he had kept glancing back over his shoulder at frequent intervals, as if fearful of pursuit. Something of his frantic state may also be gleaned from the circumstance that the horse he rode was one he had found hitched in a side street near the hall, its ownership being unknown to him.

For the rest it may be said that our performance was given as scheduled, announcement being made of the sudden illness of Mr. Egbert Floud, and his part being read from the book in a rich and cultivated voice by the superintendent of the high school. Our efforts were received with respectful attention by a large audience, among whom I noted many of the Bohemian set, and this I took as an especial tribute to our merits. Mr. Belknap-Jackson, however, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, was pessimistic.

"I fear," said he, "we have not heard the last of it. I am sure they came for no good purpose."

"They were quite orderly," I suggested.

"Which is why I suspect them. That Kenner woman, Hobbs, the baker, the others of their set—they're not thinking people. I dare say they never consider social problems seriously. And you may have noticed that they announce an amateur minstrel performance for a week hence. I'm quite convinced that they mean to be vulgar to the last extreme—there has been so much talk of the behavior of the wretched Floud, a fellow who really has no place in our modern civilization. He should be compelled to remain on his ranch."

And indeed these suspicions proved to be only too well founded. That which followed was so atrociously personal that in any country but America we could have had an action against them. As Mr. Belknap-Jackson so bitterly said when all was over: "Our boasted liberty has degenerated into license."

It is best told in a few words, this affair of the minstrel performance, which I understood was to be an entertainment wherein the participants darkened themselves to resemble blackamoors. Naturally I did not attend, it being agreed that the best people should signify their disapproval by staying away, but the disgraceful affair was recounted to me in all its details by more than one of the large audience that assembled. In the so-called grand first part there seemed to have been little that was flagrantly insulting to us, although in their exchange of conundrums, which is a feature of this form of entertainment, certain names were bandied about with a freedom that boded no good.

It was in the after-piece that the poltroons gave free play to their vilest fancies. Our piece having been announced as "Ghosts: a Drama for Thinking People," this part was entitled on their program, "Gloats: a Dram for Drinking People"—a transposition that should perhaps suffice to show the dreadful lengths to which they went; yet I feel that the thing should be set down in full.

The stage was set as our own had been, but it would scarce be credited that the Kenner woman in male attire had made herself up in a curiously accurate resemblance to Mr. Jackson as he had rendered the part of Oswald, copying not alone his wig, mustache and fashion of speech but appearing in a golfing suit which was recognized by those present as actually belonging to him.

Nor was this the worst, for the fellow, Hobbs, had copied my own dress and make-up and persisted in speaking in an exaggerated manner alleged to resemble mine. This of course was the most shocking bad taste, and though it was quite to have been expected of Hobbs, I was indeed rather surprised that the entire assembly did not leave the auditorium in disgust the moment they perceived his base intention. But it was Cousin Egbert whom they had chosen to rag most unmercifully, and they were not long in displaying their clumsy attempts at humor.

As the curtain went up they were searching for him, affecting to be unconscious of the presence of their audience, and declaring that the play couldn't go on without him. "Have you tried all the saloons?" asked one; to which another responded: "Yes, and he's been in all of them, but now he has fled. The sheriff has put bloodhounds on his trail and promises to have him here, dead or alive."

"Then while we are waiting," declared the character supposed to represent myself, "I will tell you a wheeze." Whereupon both the female characters fell to their knees shrieking, "Not that! My God, not that!" while Oswald sneered viciously and muttered, "Serves me right for leaving Boston."

To show the infamy of the thing, I must here explain that at several social gatherings, in an effort which I still believe was praiseworthy, I had told an excellent wheeze which runs: "Have you heard the story of the three holes in the ground?" I mean to say I would ask this in an interested manner, as if I were about to relate an anecdote, and upon being answered, "No!" I would exclaim with mock seriousness, "Well! Well! Well!"

This had gone rippingly almost quite every time I had favored a company with it, hardly anyone of my hearers failing to get the joke at a second telling. I mean to say the three holes in the ground being three "Wells!" uttered in rapid succession. Of course if one doesn't see it at once, or finds it a bit subtle, it's quite silly to attempt to explain it, because logically there is no adequate explanation. It is merely a bit of nonsense and that's quite all to it.

But these boors now fell upon it with their coarse humor, the fellow, Hobbs, pretending to get it all wrong by asking if they had heard the story about the three wells, and the other replying, "No, tell us the *whole* thing," which made utter nonsense of it. Whereupon they all began to cry, "Well! Well! Well!" at one another until interrupted by a terrific noise in the wings, which was followed by the entrance of the supposed Cousin Egbert, a part enacted by the cab driver who had conveyed us from the station the day of our arrival. Dragged on he was by the sheriff and two of the town constables, the latter being armed with fowling-pieces and the sheriff holding two large dogs in leash. The character himself was heavily manacled and madly rattled his chains, his face being disguised to resemble Cousin Egbert's after the beard had been adjusted.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the supposed sheriff. "The dogs ran him into the third hole left by the well-diggers, and we lured him out by making a noise like sour-dough."

During this speech, I am told, the character snarled continuously and tried to bite his captors. At this the woman who had so deplorably unsexed herself for the character of Mr. Belknap-Jackson as he played Oswald, approached the prisoner and smartly drew forth a handful of his beard, which she stuffed into a pipe and proceeded to smoke, after which they pretended that the play went on.

But no more than a few speeches had been uttered when the supposed Cousin Egbert eluded his captors and, emitting a loud shriek of horror, leaped headlong through the window at the back of the stage, his disappearance being followed by the sounds of breaking glass as he was supposed to fall to the street below.

"How lovely!" exclaimed the mimic Oswald. "Perhaps he has broken both his legs so he can't run off any more." At which the fellow, Hobbs, remarked in his affected tones, "That sort of thing would never do with us."

This I learned aroused much laughter, the idea being that the remark was one which I am supposed to make in private life, though I dare say I have never uttered anything remotely like it.

"The fellow is quite impossible," continued the spurious Oswald, with a doubtless rather clever imitation of Mr. Belknap-Jackson's manner. "If he is killed, feed him to the goldfish and let one of the dogs read his part. We must get along with this play. Now then: 'Ah! Why did I ever leave Boston where every one is nice and proper?'" To which his supposed mother replied

This Attention Was Embarrassing and Most Distasteful, Since I Have Never Held With Dogs

Her Husband Had Been Hardly the Man for Her, I Thought After Studying His Portrait

with feigned emotion: "It was because of your father, my poor boy. Ah, what I had to endure through those years when he cursed and spoke disrespectfully of our city. 'Scissors and white aprons!' he would cry out. 'Why is Boston?' But I bore it all for your sake, and now you, too, are smoking—you will go the same way."

"But promise me, mother," returns Oswald, "promise me if I ever get dusty in the garret that Lord Algy here will tell me one of his funny wheezes and put me out of pain. You could not bear to hear me knocking Boston as poor father did. And I feel it coming—already my mother-in-law has bluffed me into admitting that Red Gap has a right to be on the same map with Boston if it's a big map."

And this was the coarsely wretched buffoonery that refined people were expected to sit through! Yet worse followed, for at their climax, the mimic Oswald having gone quite off his head, the Hobbs person, still with the preposterous affectation of taking me off in speech and manner, was persuaded by the stricken mother to sing.

"Sing that dear old plantation melody from London," she cried, "so that my poor boy may know there are worse things than death." And all this witless piffle because of a quite natural misunderstanding of mine.

I have before referred to what I supposed was an American plantation melody which I had heard a black sing at Brighton, meaning one of the English blacks who color themselves for the purpose; but on reciting the lines at an evening affair, when the American folk songs were under discussion, I was told that it could hardly have been written by an American at all, but doubtless by one of our own composers who had taken too little trouble with his facts. I mean to say the song as I had it betrayed misapprehensions both of a geographical and faunal nature, but I am certain that no one thought the worse of me for having been deceived, and I had supposed the thing forgotten. Yet now what did I hear but that a garbled version of this song had been supposedly sung by myself—the Hobbs person meantime mincing across the stage and gesturing with a monocle which he had somehow procured—the words being quite simply:

Away down south in Michigan,
Where I was a slave, so happy and so gay,
'Twas there I mowed the cotton and the cane,
I used to hunt the elephants, the tigers and giraffes,
And the alligators at the break of day.
But the blooming Injuns prowled about my cabin every night,
So I'd take me down my banjo and I'd play,
And I'd sing a little song and I'd make them dance with glee,
On the banks of the Ohio far away.

I mean to say there was nothing to make a dust about, even if the song was not of a true American origin, yet I was told that the creature who sang it received hearty applause and even responded to an encore.

x

I NEED hardly say that this public ridicule left me dazed. Desperately I recalled our calm and orderly England, where such things would not be permitted. There we are born to our stations and are not allowed to forget them. We matter from birth, or we do not matter, and that's all to it. Here there seemed to be no station to which one was born; the effect was sheer anarchy, and one might ridicule anyone whomsoever. As was actually said in that snarky manifesto drawn up by the rebel leaders at the time our colonies revolted, "All men are created free and equal." Than which absurdity could go no farther, yet people seemed to behave quite as if it were true.

And now through no fault of my own another awkward circumstance was threatening to call further attention to me, which was highly undesirable at this moment when the cheap one-and-six Hobbs fellow had so pointedly angled me out for his loathsome buffoonery.

Some ten days before, walking alone at the edge of town one calm afternoon where I might commune with Nature—of which I have always been fond—I noted an humble vine-clad cot, in the kitchen garden of which there toiled a youngish, neat-figured woman whom I at once recognized as a person who did occasional charring for the Flouds on the occasion of their dinners or receptions. As she had appeared to be cheerful and competent, of respectful manners and a quite marked intelligence, I made nothing of stopping at her gate for a moment's chat, feeling a quite decided relief in the thought that here was one with whom I need make no pretense, her social position being sharply defined.

We spoke of the day's heat, which was bland; of the vegetables, which she watered with a lawn hose, particularly of the tomatoes, of which she was pardonably proud; and of the flowering vine which shielded her piazza from the sun. And when she presently and with due courtesy invited me to enter, I very affably did so, finding the atmosphere of the place reposeful and the conversation of a character that I could approve. She was dressed in a blue print gown that suited her no end, the sleeves turned back over her capable arms; her brown hair was arranged with scrupulous neatness, her face was pleasantly flushed from her agricultural labors, and her blue eyes flashed a friendly welcome and a pleased acknowledgment of the compliments I made her on the garden. Altogether she was a person with whom I at once felt myself at ease, and a relief I confess it was after the strain of my high social endeavors.

After a tour of the garden I found myself in the cool twilight of her little parlor, where she begged me to be seated, while she prepared me a dish of tea, which she did in the adjoining kitchen to a cheerful accompaniment of song, quite with an honest, unpretentious good-heartedness. Glad I was for the moment to forget the social rancors of the town, the affronted dignities of the North Side set, and the pernicious activities of the Bohemians, for here all was of a simple humanity such as I would have found in a farmer's cottage at home.

As I rested in the parlor I could not but approve its general air of comfort and good taste—its clean flowered wall-paper, the pair of stuffed birds on the mantel, the comfortable chairs, the neat carpet, the pictures, and on a slender-legged stand the globe of goldfish. These I noted with an especial pleasure, for I have always found an intense satisfaction in their silent companionship. Of the pictures I noted particularly a life-sized drawing in black-and-white in a large gold frame of a man who I divined was the deceased husband of my hostess. There was also a spirited reproduction of The Stag at Bay, and some charming colored prints of villagers, children and domestic animals in their lighter moments.

Tea being presently ready I genially insisted that it should be served in the kitchen where it had been prepared, though to this my hostess at first stoutly objected, declaring that the room was in no suitable state. But this was a mere womanish hypocrisy, as the place was spotless, orderly, and, in fact, quite meticulous in its neatness. The tea was astonishingly excellent—so few Americans I had observed having the faintest notion of the real meaning of tea—and I was offered with it bread and butter and a genuinely satisfying compote of plums, of which my hostess confessed herself the fabricator, having, as she quaintly phrased the thing, put it up.

And so over this collation we chatted for quite all of an hour. The lady did, as I have intimated, a bit of charring, a bit of plain sewing, and also derived no small revenue from her vegetables and fruit, thus managing, as she owned the freehold of the premises, to make a decent living for herself and child. I have said that she was cheerful and competent, and these epithets kept returning to me as we talked. Her husband—she spoke of him as poor Judson—had been a carter and odd-job fellow; decent enough, I dare say, but hardly the man for her, I thought after studying his portrait. There was a sort of foppish weakness in his face. And indeed his going seemed to have worked her no hardship, nor to have left any incurable sting of loss. Three cups of the almost perfect tea I drank, as we talked of her own simple affairs and of the town at large, and at length of her child, who awakened noisily from slumber in an adjacent room and came voraciously to partake of food.

It was a male child of some two and a half years, rather suggesting the generous good nature of the mother, but in the most shocking condition—a thing I should have spoken strongly to her about at once had I known her better. Queer it seemed to me that a woman of her apparently sound judgment should let her offspring reach this terrible state without some effort to alleviate it. The poor thing, to be blunt, was grossly corpulent, legs, arms, body and face being wretchedly fat, and yet she now fed it a large slice of bread thickly spread with butter and loaded to overflowing with the fattening sweet. Banting of the strictest sort was of course what it needed. I have had but the slightest experience with children, but there could be no doubt of the efficiency of this practice if its figure was to be maintained. Its waistline was quite impossible, and its eyes, as it owlishly scrutinized me over its superfluous food, showed from a face already quite as puffy as the Honorable George's. I did, indeed, venture so far as suggesting that food at untimely hours made for a too-rounded outline, but to my surprise the mother took this as a tribute to the creature's grace, crying, "Yes, he wuzzum wuzzums a fatty ole sing," with an air of the most fatuous pride, and followed this by announcing my name to it.

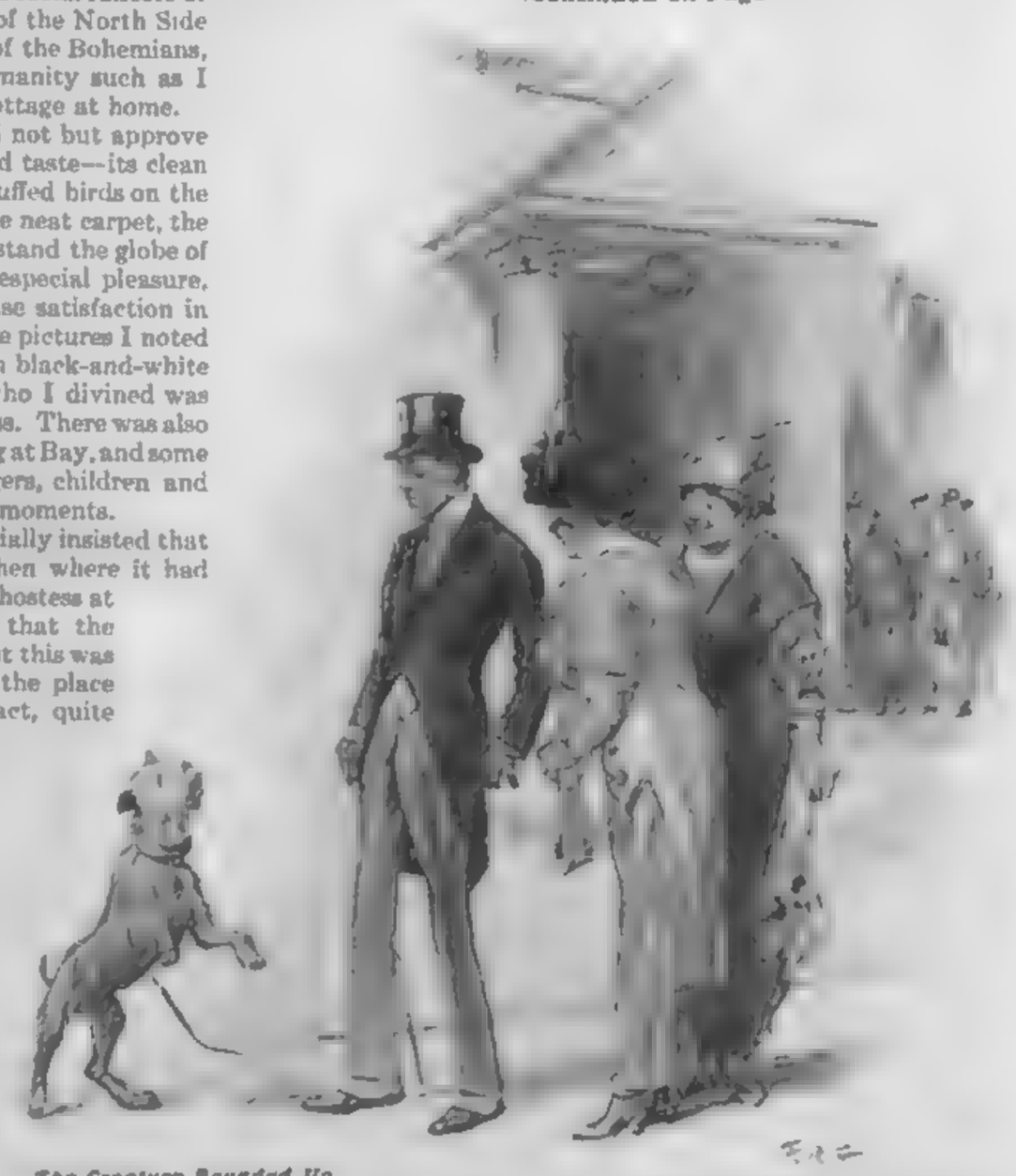
"Ruggums," it exclaimed promptly, getting the name all wrong and staring at me with cold detachment; then "Ruggums—Ruggums—Ruggums!" as if it were a game, but still stuffing itself meanwhile. There was a sort of horrid fascination in the sight, but I strove as well as I could to keep my gaze from it.

I come now to speak of an incident which made this quite harmless visit memorable and entailed unforeseen consequences of an almost quite serious character.

As we sat at tea there stalked into the kitchen a nondescript sort of dog, a creature of fairish size, of a rambling structure, so to speak, colored a puzzling grayish brown with underlying hints of yellow, and with a long and most saturnine countenance.

Quite a shock it gave me when I looked up to find the beast staring at me with what I took to be the most hearty disapproval. My hostess paused in silence as she noted

(Continued on Page 45)



The Creature Bounded Up to Me as I Escorted Homeward Two Ladies From the Onwards and Upwards Club

THE PRAIRIE WIFE

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

I No Longer Get Heart Failure When I Hear the Whir of a Prairie Chicken

II

SATURDAY, the twenty-eighth. I have got my cayuse. Dinky-Dunk meant him for a surprise, but the shyest and reddest-headed cowboy that ever sat in a saddle came cantering along the trail, and I saw him first. He was leading the shaggiest, piebaldest, "pottest-tummied," craziest-looking little cayuse that ever wore a bridle. I gave one look at his tawny-colored forelock that stood pompadour style about his ears, and shouted out, "Paderewski!" Dinky-Dunk came and stood beside me and laughed. He said that cayuse did look like Paderewski, but the youth of the fiery locks blushingly explained that his present name was Jail Bird, which some fool Scandinavian had used instead of Gray Bird, his authentic and original appellative. But I stuck to my name, though we have shortened it into Paddy. And Paddy must indeed have been a jailbird, or deserved to be one, for he is marked and scarred from end to end. But he is good tempered, tough as hickory, and obligingly omnivorous. Every one in the West, men and women alike, rides astride, and I have been practicing on Paddy. It seems a very comfortable and sensible way to ride, but I shall have to toughen up a bit before I hit the trail for any length of time.

I've been wondering, Matilda Anne, if this all sounds pagan and foolish to you, uncultured, as Chinkie would put it. I've also been wondering, since I wrote that last sentence, if people really need culture, or what we used to call culture, and if it means as much to life as so many imagine. Here we are out here without any of the refinements of civilization, and we're as much at peace with our own souls as are the birds of the air—where there are birds in the air, which isn't in our country! Culture, it seems to me as I look back on things, tends to make people more and more mere spectators of life, detaching them from it and lifting them above it. Or can it be that the mere spectators demand culture, to take the place of what they miss by not being actual builders and workers?

We are farmers, just rubes and hicks, as they say in my country. But we're tilling the soil and growing wheat. We're making a great new country out of what was once a wilderness. To me that seems almost enough. We're laboring to feed the world, since the world must have bread, and there's something satisfying and uplifting in the mere thought that we can answer to God, in the end, for our lives, no matter how raw and rude they may have been. And there are mornings when I am Browning's Saul in the flesh. The great wash of air from sky line to sky line puts something into my blood or brain that leaves me almost dizzy. I sizzle! It makes me pulse and tingle and cry out that life is good—good! I suppose it is nothing more than altitude and ozone. But in the matter of intoxicants it stands on a par with anything that was ever poured out of bottles in the best of the New York cafés. And at sunrise, when the prairie is silvered with dew, when the tiny hammocks of the spider webs swing a million sparkling webs strung with diamonds, when every blade of grass is a singing string of pearls, hymning to God on high for the birth of a golden day, I can feel my heart swell, and I'm so abundantly, so inexpressibly alive, alive to every finger tip! Such space, such light, such distances! And being Saul is so much better than reading about him!

Wednesday, the first. I was too tired to write any last night, though there seemed so much to talk about. We teamed into Buckhorn for our supplies, two leisurely, lovely, lazy days on the trail, which we turned into a sort of gypsy holiday. We took blankets and grub and feed for the horses, and a frying pan, and camped out on the prairie. The night was pretty cool, but we made a good fire and had hot coffee. Dinky-Dunk smoked and I sang. Then we rolled up in our blankets, and I lay there watching the stars. The fire died away, and far, far off somewhere a coyote howled. I fell asleep holding Dinky-Dunk's hand.

I woke up early. Dinky-Dunk had forgotten about my hand, and it was cold. In the east there was a low bar of ethereally pale silver, which turned to amber, and then to ashes of roses, and then to gold. I saw one sublime white star go out, in the east, and then behind the bars of gold the sky grew rosy with morning until it was one Burgundian red riot of bewildering color. I sat up and watched it. Then I reached over and shook Dinky-Dunk. It was too glorious a daybreak to miss. He looked at me with one eye open, like a sleepy hound. "You must see it, Dinky-Dunk! It's so resplendent it's positively vulgar!" He sat up, stared at the pageantry of color for one moment, and then wriggled down into his blanket again. I tickled his nose with a blade of sweet grass. Then I washed my face in the dew, the same as we did in Christ Church meadow that glorious May day in Oxford. But it was only a lick and a promise, for prairie dew, after all, is never very heavy. By the time Dinky-Dunk woke up I had the coffee boiling and the bacon sizzling in the pan. It was the most heavenly smell that ever assailed human nostrils, and I blush with shame at the thought of how much I ate at that breakfast, sitting flat on an empty oat sack and leaning against a wagon wheel. By eight o'clock we were in the metropolis of Buckhorn and busy gathering up our things there. And they made a very respectable wagon load.

Thursday, the second. I have been practicing like mad, learning to play the mouth organ. I bought it in Buckhorn without letting Dinky-Dunk know, and all day long when I knew it was safe I've been at it. So to-night when I had my supper table all ready I got the ladder that leaned against one of the granaries and mounted the nearest haystack. There, quite out of sight, I waited until Dinky-Dunk came in with his team. I saw him go into the shack and then step outside again, staring about in a brown study. Then I struck up Träumerei. You should have seen that boy's face! He looked up at the sky, as though my poor little harmonica were the aërial outpourings of archangels. He stood still, drinking it in. Then he bolted for the stables, thinking it came from there. It took him some time to corner me up on my stack top; then I slid down into his arms. And I believe he loves that mouth-organ music. After supper he made me go out and sit on the oat box and play my repertory. He says it's wonderful from a distance. But that mouth organ's rather brassy, and it makes my lips sore. Then, too, my mouth isn't big enough for me to "tongue" it properly. When I told Dinky-Dunk this he said "Of course it isn't! What d'you suppose I've been calling you 'Boca Chica' for?" And I've just discovered Boca Chica is Spanish for Little Mouth—and me with a trap, Matilda Anne, that you used to call the Cave of the Winds! Now Dinky-Dunk vows we'll have a talking machine before the winter is over! Ye gods and little fishes, what a luxury!

Saturday, the fourth. Olie is painting the shack inside and out, and now you'd never know our poor little Joseph's-coat home! I told Dinky-Dunk if we'd ever put a chameleon on that shack wall it would have died of brain-fag trying to make good on the color scheme. So Dinky-Dunk made Olie take a day off and ply the brush. But the smell of paint made me think of Channel passages, so yesterday off I went with Dinky-Dunk, by team and buckboard, to the Dixon Ranch to see about some horses—nearly seventy miles there and back. It was a glorious autumn day and a glorious ride, with Bronk and Tumble Weed loping along the double trail, and the air like crystal. Dinky-Dunk and I sang most of the way. The gophers must have thought we were mad. My lord and master is incontinently proud of his voice, especially the chest tones, but he rather tails behind me on the tune, plainly not always being sure of himself.

We had dinner with the Dixons and about three million flies. They gave me the blues, that family, and especially Mrs. Dixon. She seemed to make prairie life so ugly and empty and hardening. Poor, dried-up, sad-eyed soul, she looked like a woman of sixty, yet her husband said she was just thirty-seven. Their water is strong with alkali, and this and the prairie wind—combined with a something deep down in her own make-up—have made her like a vulture, lean and scrawny and dry. I stared at that hard line of jaw and cheek bone and wondered how long ago the soft curves were there, and if those overworked hands had ever been pretty, and if that flat back had ever been rounded and dimpled. Her hair was untidy. Her apron was unspeakably dirty, and she used it as both a handkerchief and a hand towel. Her voice was as hard as nails, and her cooking was wretched. Not a door or window was screened, and, as I said before, we were nearly smothered with flies.

Dinky-Dunk did not dare to look at me all dinner time. And on the way home Mrs. Dixon's eyes kept haunting me, they seemed so tired and vacant and accusing, as though they were secretly holding God Himself to account for cheating her out of her woman's heritage of joy. I asked Dinky-Dunk if we'd ever get like that. He said "Not on your life!" and quoted the Latin phrase about mind controlling matter. The Dixons, he went on to explain, were of the slum type, only they didn't happen to live in a city. But tired and sleepy as I was last night I got up to cold-cream my face and arms. And I'm going to write for almond meal and glycerine from the mail-order house to-morrow, and a brassière—for I saw what looked like the suspicion of a smile on Dinky-Dunk's unshaven lips as he watched me struggling into my corsets this morning. It took some writhing, and even then I could hardly make it. I threw my wet sponge after him when he turned back in the doorway with the mildly impersonal question: "Who's your fat friend?" Then he scooted for the corral,

and I went back and studied my chin in the dresser mirror to make sure it wasn't getting terraced into a dewlap.

But I can't help thinking of the Dixons, and feeling foolishly and hopelessly sorry for them. It was dusk when we got back from that long drive to their ranch, and the stars were coming out. I could see our shack from miles off, a little lonely dot of black against the sky line. I made Dinky-Dunk stop the team, and we sat and looked at it. It seemed so tiny there, so lonely, so strange, in the middle of such miles and miles of emptiness, with a little rift of smoke going up from its desolate little pipe-end. Then I said out loud, "Home! My home!" And out of a clear sky, for no earthly reason, I began to cry like a baby. Women are such fools sometimes! I told Dinky-Dunk we must get books, good books, and spend the long winter evenings reading together, to keep from going to seed. He said, "All right, Gee-Gee," and patted my knee. Then we loped on along the trail toward the lonely little black dot ahead of us. But I hung on to Dinky-Dunk's arm all the rest of the way until we pulled up beside the shack. Poor old Olie stood silhouetted against the light of the open door. And supper was ready and waiting for us.

Monday, the sixth. The last few days I've been nothing but a two-footed retriever, scurrying off and carrying things back home with me. There have been rains, but the weather is still glorious. And I've discovered such heaps and heaps of mushrooms over at the old Tichborne Ranch. They're thick all round the corral and in the pasture there. I have now what your English lord and master would call a perfect seat on Paddy, and every morning I ride over after my basketful of *Agaricus campestris*—that ought to be in the plural, but I've forgotten how! We have them creamed on toast, we have them fried in butter, and we have them in soup—and such beauties! I'm going to try to can some for winter and spring use. But the finest part of the mushroom is the finding it. To ride into a little white city that has come up overnight and looks like an encampment of fairy soldiers, to see the milky white domes against the green of the prairie grass, to catch sight of another clump of them suddenly, like stars against an emerald sky, a hundred yards away, to inhale the clean morning air, and feel your blood tingle, and hear the prairie chickens whirring and the wild duck scolding along the coulee edges—I tell you, Matilda Anne, it's worth losing a little of your beauty sleep to go through it. I'm awake even before Dinky-Dunk, and I brought him out of his dreams this morning by poking his teeth with my little finger and saying:

"Twelve white horses
On a red hill——"

and I asked him if he knew what it was, and he gave the right answer, and said he hadn't heard that conundrum since he was a boy.

All afternoon I've been helping Dinky-Dunk put up a barbed-wire fence. Barbed wire is nearly as hard as a woman to handle. Dinky-Dunk is fencing in some of the range, for a sort of cattle-run for our two cows. He says it's only a small field, but there seemed to be miles and miles of that fencing. We had no stretcher, so Dinky-Dunk made shift with me and a claw hammer. He'd catch the wire, lever his hammer about a post, and I'd drive in the staple with a hammer of my own. I got so I could hit the staple almost every whack, though one staple went off like shrapnel and hit Diddum's ear. So I'm some use, you see, even if I am a tenderfoot! But a wire slipped, and tore through my skirt and stocking, and made the blood run. It was only a scratch, really, but I made the most of it, Dinky-Dunk was so adorably nice about doctoring me up. We came home tired and happy, singing together, and Olie must have thought we'd both gone mad.

This husband of mine is so elementary. He secretly imagines that he's one of the most complex of men. But in a good many things he's as simple as a child. And I love him for it, although I believe I do like to bedevil him a little. He is dignified and hates flippancy. So when I greet him with "Morning, old boy!" I can see that nameless little shadow sweep over his face. Then I say, "Oh, I beg its little pardon!" He generally grins in the end, and I think I'm slowly shaking that monitorial air out of him. But he still objects to my putting my finger on his Adam's apple when he's talking. He wears a flannel shirt when working outside, and his neck is bare. Sometimes I bury my face down in the corner next to his shoulder blade and make him wriggle. As he shaves only on Sunday mornings now, that is about the only soft spot, for his face is prickly and makes my chin sore, the bearded brute!

Wednesday, the eighth. I've cut off my hair, right bang off. When I got up yesterday morning with so much work ahead of me, with so much to do and so little time to do it in, I started doing my hair. I also started thinking about that Frenchman who committed suicide after counting up the number of buttons he had to button and unbutton

Dinky-Dunk Said Quite Casually: "I'm Going to Help You Wash Up To-Night, Gee-Gee!"

every morning and evening of every day of every year of his life. I tried to figure up the time I was wasting on that mop of mine. Then the great idea occurred to me. I got the scissors and in six snips had it off, a big tangled pile of brownish gold, rather bleached out by the sun at the ends. And the moment I saw it there on my dresser, and saw my head in the mirror, I was sorry. I looked like a plucked crow. I could have ditched a freight train. And I felt positively light headed. But it was too late for tears. I trimmed off the ragged edges as well as I could, and what didn't get in my eyes got down my neck and itched so terribly that I had to change my clothes. Then I got a nail punch out of Dinky-Dunk's tool kit, and heated it over the lamp and gave a little more wave to that two-inch shock of stubble. It didn't look so bad then, and when I tried on Dinky-Dunk's coat in front of the glass I saw that I wouldn't make such a bad-looking boy. But I waited until noon with my heart in my mouth to see what Dinky-Dunk would say. What he really did say I can't write here, for there was a wicked swear word mixed up with his ejaculation of startled wonder. Then he saw the tears in my eyes, I suppose, for he came running toward me with his arms out, and hugged me tight, and said I looked cute, and all he'd have to do would be to get used to it. But all dinner time he kept looking at me as though I were a strange woman, and later I saw him standing in front of the dresser, stooping over that tragic pile of tangled yellow-brown snakes. It reminded me of a man stooping over a grave. I slipped away without letting him see me.

This morning I woke him up early and asked him if he still loved his wife. And when he vowed he did I tried to make him tell me how much. But that stumped him. He compromised by saying he couldn't cheapen his love by defining it in words. It was limitless. I followed him out after breakfast, with a hunger in my heart that bacon and eggs hadn't helped a bit, and told him that if he really loved me he could tell me how much. He looked right into my eyes—a little pityingly it seemed to me—and laughed, and grew solemn again. Then he stooped down and picked up a little blade of prairie grass and held it up in front of me.

"Have you any idea of how far it is from the Rockies across to the Hudson Bay, and from the Line up to the Peace River Valley?"

Of course I hadn't.

"And have you any idea of how many millions of acres of land that is, and how many millions of blades of grass like this there is in each acre?" he soberly demanded.

Of course I hadn't.

"Well, this one blade of grass is the amount of love I can express to you, and all those other blades in all those millions of acres is what love itself is!"

I thought it over, just as solemnly as he had said it. I think I was satisfied. For when my Dinky-Dunk was away off on the prairie working like a nailer, and I was alone in the shack, I went to his old coat hanging there—the old coat that had some subtle aroma of Dinky-Dunkiness itself about every inch of it—and kissed it on the sleeve.

This afternoon as Paddy and I started for home with a pail of mushrooms I rode up face to face to my first coyote. We stood staring at each other. My heart bounced right up into my throat, and for a moment I wondered if I was going to be eaten by a starving timber wolf, with Dinky-Dunk finding my bones picked as clean as those animal carcasses we see in an occasional buffalo wallow. I kept up my end of the stare, wondering whether to advance or retreat, and it wasn't until that coyote turned tail and scooted that my courage came back. Then Paddy and I went after him like the wind. But we had to give up. And at supper Dinky-Dunk told me coyotes were too cowardly to come near a person, and were quite harmless. He said that even when they showed their teeth the rest of their face was apologizing for the threat. But before supper was over that coyote, at least I suppose it was the same coyote, was howling at the rising full moon.

I went out with Dinky-Dunk's gun, but couldn't get near the brute. Then I came back. "Sing, you son-of-a-gun, sing!" I called out to him from the shack door. And that shocked my lord and master so much that he scolded me, for the first time in his life. And when I poked his Adam's apple with my finger he got on his dignity. He was tired, poor boy, and I should have remembered it. And when I requested him not to stand there and stare at me with the rigidity of an Egyptian idol I could see a little flush of anger go over his face. He didn't say anything. But he took one of the lamps and a three-year-old magazine and shut himself up in the bunk house. Then I was sorry. I tiptoed over to the door and found it was locked. Then I went and got my mouth organ and came back and sat meekly down on the doorstep. Then I began to play the Don't Be Cross waltz. I dragged it out plaintively, with a tremolo on the coaxing little refrain. Finally I heard a smothered snort, and the door suddenly opened and Dinky-Dunk picked me up, mouth organ and all. He shook me and said I was a little devil, and I called him a British brute. But he was laughing and a wee bit ashamed of his temper and was very nice to me all the rest of the evening.

Saturday, the eleventh. We've had a cold spell, with heavy frosts at night, but the days are still glorious. The overcast days are so few in the West that I've been wondering if the optimism of the Westerners isn't really due to the sunshine they get. Who could be gloomy under such golden skies? But it isn't the weather that has keyed me up this time. It's another wagon load of supplies which Olie teamed out from Buckhorn yesterday. I've got wallpaper and a new iron bed for the annex, and galvanized washtubs and a barrel churn and storm boots and enough ticking to make ten big pillows, and unbleached linen for two dozen slips. I love a big pillow, and I've been saving up feathers for weeks, the downiest wild duck feathers you ever sank your ear into, Matilda Anne; and if pillows will do it I'm going to make this house look like a harem! Can you imagine a household with only three pillow slips, which had to be jerked off in the morning, washed, dried and ironed, and back on their three lonely little pillows before bedtime? Well, there will be no more of that in this shack.

But the important news is that I've got a duck gun—the duckiest duck gun you ever saw—and waders, and a coonskin coat and cap, and a big leather school bag for wearing over my shoulder on Paddy. The coat and cap are like the ones we used to laugh at when we went up to Montreal for the tobogganing, in the days when I was young and foolish. They make me look like a Laplander but will be mighty comfy when the cold weather comes, for Dinky-Dunk says it drops to forty or fifty below sometimes. I also got a lot of small stuff I'd written for from the mail-order house, little feminine things a woman simply has to have. But the big thing was the duck gun. I no longer get heart failure when I hear the whir of a prairie chicken, but drop my bird before it's out of range. Poor, plump, wounded, warm-bodied little feathery things! Some of them keep on flying after they've been shot clean through the body, going straight on for a couple of hundred feet, or even more, and then dropping like a stone. How hard-hearted we soon get! It used to worry me. Now I gather 'em up as though they were so many chips and toss them into the wagon box, or into my school bag. And that's the way life treats us too.

I've been practicing on the gophers with my new gun, and with Dinky-Dunk's .22 rifle. A gopher is only a little bigger than a chipmunk, and usually pokes nothing more than his head out of his hole, so when I got thirteen out of fifteen shots I began to feel that I was a sharpshooter. But don't regard this as wanton cruelty, for the gopher is worse than a rat and in this country the Government agents supply homesteaders with an annual allowance of free strychnine to poison them.

This afternoon when I was out on Paddy I found a soft water pond hidden behind a fringe of scrub willow and poplar. The midday sun had warmed it to a tempting temperature, so I hobbled Paddy, peeled off, and had a most glorious bath. I had just soaped down with bank mud—which is an astonishingly good solvent—and had taken a header and was swimming about on my back, blinking up at the blue sky as happy as a mud-turtle in a mill-pond, when I heard Paddy nicker. That disturbed me a little, but I felt sure there could be nobody within miles of me. However, I swam back to where my clothes were, sunned myself dry, and was just standing up to shake out the ends of this short-cropped hair of mine when I saw a man's head across the pond, staring through the bushes at me. I don't know how nor why it was, but I suddenly saw red I don't remember picking up the duck gun, and I don't remember aiming it. But I banged away, with both barrels, straight at that leering head—or at least it ought to have been a leering head, whatever that may mean! The howl that went up out of the wilderness the next moment could have been heard for a mile. It was Dinky-Dunk, and he said I might have put his eyes out with bird shot, if he hadn't made the quickest drop of his life. And he also said that he'd seen me, a distinct splash of white against the green of the prairie, three good miles away, and wasn't I ashamed of myself, and what would I have done if he'd been Olie or Old Man Dixon? But he kissed my shoulder where the gunstock had bruised it, and helped me dress.

Then we rode off together, four or five miles north, where Dinky-Dunk was sure we could get a bag of duck. Which we did—thirteen all together—and started for home as the sun got low and the evening air grew chilly. It was a heavenly ride. In the west little armies of thin blue clouds were edged with blazing gold, and up between them spread great fanlike shafts of amber light. Then came a riot of orange-yellow and ashes of roses and the palest of gold with little islands of azure in it. Then, while the dying radiance seemed to hold everything in a luminous wash of air, the stars came out, one by one, and a soft cool wind swept across the prairie, and the moonlight made the world seem more ghostlike—and I was glad to have Dinky-Dunk there at my side, or I should have had a little cry, for the night prairie always makes me lonesome in a way that could never be put into words. I tried to explain the feeling to Dinky-Dunk. He said he understood. "I'm a sour dough, Gee-Gee, but it still gets me that way," he solemnly confessed. He said that when he listened to beautiful music he felt the same. And that got me thinking of grand opera, and that Romeo and Juliet night at La Scala in Milan, when I first met Theobald Gustav.

Then I stopped to tell Dinky-Dunk that I'd been hopelessly in love with a tenor at thirteen and had written in my journal: "I shall die and turn to dust still adoring him." Then I told him about my first opera, Rigoletto, and hummed *La Donna è Mobile*, which of course he remembered himself. It took me back to Florence, and to a box at the Pagliano, and me all in dimity and corkscrew curls, weeping deliciously at a lady in white whose troubles I could not quite understand. Then I got thinking of New York and the opera house, and poor old Lewis Morris' lines came into my head:

And still with listening soul I hear
Strains hushed for many a noisy year:
The passionate chords which wake the tear,
The low-voiced love-tales dear. . . .

Scarce changed, the same musicians play
The selfsame themes to-day,
The silvery swift sonatas ring,
The soaring voices sing!

I could picture the old Metropolitan on a Caruso night. I could see the golden horseshoe and the geranium-red trimmings, and smell that luxurious heavy smell of warm air and hothouse flowers and Paris perfumery and happy human bodies. I could see the lights go down before the overture began, and the blotches of white on the musicians' scores and the other blotches made by their dress-shirt fronts, and the violins going up and down, up and down, as though they were one piece of machinery, and then the heavy curtain stealing up, and the thrill as that new heaven opened up to me, a gawky girl in her first low-cut dinner gown! I told Dinky-Dunk I'd sat in every corner of that old house, up in the sky parlor with the Italian barbers, in press seats in the second gallery with dear old Fanny Rain-in-the-Face, and in the Westburys' box with the First Lady of the Land and a Spanish baroness with extremely dirty nails. It seemed so far away, another life and another world! And for three hours of Manon I'd be willing to hang like a chimpanzee from the Metropolitan's center chandelier. I suddenly realized how much I missed it. I could have sung to the city as poor Charpentier's Louise sang to her Paris. A coyote howled up near the trail, and the Northern Lights came out, with a pale green rind of color along the northwest, and I knew there would be a heavy frost before morning.

To-night after supper I told Dinky-Dunk with sudden fierceness that I wasn't going to be merely an animal. I intended to keep my soul alive, that it was every one's duty, no matter where they were, to ennoble their spirit by keeping in touch with the best that has ever been felt and thought. When I grimly got out my mouth organ and played the Pilgrims' Chorus, as well as I could remember it, Dinky-Dunk sat listening in silent wonder. He kept up the fire, and waited until I got through. Then he reached for the dish pan and said quite casually: "I'm going to help you wash up to-night, Gee-Gee!" And so I put away the mouth organ and washed up. But before I went to bed I got out my little vellum edition of Browning's The Ring and the Book, and read at it industriously, doggedly, determinedly, for a solid hour. What it's all about I don't know. Instead of ennobling my spirit it only tired my brain and ended up in making me mad.

Sunday, the twelfth. I spent an hour to-day trying to shoot a hen hawk that's been hovering about the shack all afternoon. He's after my chickens and, as new-laid eggs are worth more than Browning to a homesteader, I got out my duck gun. It gave me a feeling of impending evil, having that huge bird hanging about. It reminded me there was wrong and rapine in the world; I hated the brute. But I hid under one of the wagon boxes and got him in the end. I brought him down, a tumbling flurry of wings, like Satan's fall from heaven. When I ran out to possess myself of his Satanic body, however, he was only wounded and was ready to show fight. Then I saw red again. I clubbed him with the gun butt, going at him like fury. I was moist with perspiration when I got through with him. He was a monster. I nailed him, with his wings out, on the bunk-house wall, and Olie shouted and called Dinky-Dunk when they came back from rounding up the horses, which had got away on the range. Dinky-Dunk solemnly warned me not to run risks, as he might have taken an eye out, or torn my face with his claws. He said he could have stuffed and mounted my hawk if I hadn't clubbed the poor thing almost to pieces. There's a devil in me somewhere, I told Dinky-Dunk. But he only laughed.

To-night Dinky-Dunk and I spent a solid hour trying to decide on a name for the shack. I suggested Barnavista, since about all we can see from the door are the stables Then Dinky-Dunk in a spirit of irony suggested Casa Grande. And in the end we united on Casa Grande. It is marvelous how my hair grows. Olie now watches me studiously as I eat. I can see that he is patiently patterning his table deportment after mine. There's nothing that silent, rough-mannered man wouldn't do for me. I've got so I never notice his nose any more than I used to notice Uncle Charlton's receding chin. But I don't think Olie is getting enough to eat. All his mind seems taken up with trying to remember not to drink out of his saucer, as history sayeth George Washington himself did!

He Went Slowly Down the Steps as Though He Still Half Expected to Find Some One There to Confront Him With a Blunderbuss

Tuesday, the fourteenth. I knew that old hen hawk meant trouble for me—and the trouble came all right. I'm afraid I can't tell about it very coherently, but this is how it began: I was alone yesterday afternoon, busy in the shack, when a mounted policeman rode up to the door and for a moment nearly frightened the life out of me. I just stood and stared at him, for he was the first really truly live man, outside Olie and my husband, I'd seen for so long. And he looked very dashing in his scarlet jacket and yellow facings. But I didn't have long to meditate on his color scheme, for he calmly announced that a ranchman named McMein had been murdered by a drunken cowboy in a wage dispute, and the murderer had been seen heading for the Cochrane Ranch. He—the M. P.—inquired if I would object to his searching the buildings.

Would I object? I most assuredly did not, for little chills began to play up and down my spinal column, and I wasn't exactly in love with the idea of having an escaped murderer crawling out of a haystack at midnight and cutting my throat. The ranchman, McMein, had been killed on Saturday, and the cowboy had been kept on the run for three days. As I was being told this I tried to remember where Dinky-Dunk's repeater was. So I made that handsome young man in the scarlet coat come right into the shack and begin his search by looking under the bed and then going down cellar. I stood holding the trapdoor and warned him not to break my pickle jars. Then he came up and stood squinting thoughtfully out through the doorway.

"Have you got a gun?" he suddenly asked me.

I showed him my duck gun with its silver mountings, and he smiled a little.

"Haven't you a rifle?" he demanded.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 23, 1915

The Belgian Case

AS A GENERAL rule the dependent poor are the least capable and least productive members of the community. It may not be their fault and very often is not. Lack of education, poor environment, poor health, and like causes, may be responsible. That, however, does not alter the fact.

The dependent population in Belgium is largely composed of those who were quite competent to take care of themselves under normal and rational conditions. Send a twelve-inch shell through a man's shop, and insolvency is not attributable to his deficiencies. Kill his cows and trample his grain, and he will know want irrespective of his skill in agriculture.

Poverty was imported into Belgium by wholesale and thrust on the population. That constitutes her claim to help from the United States.

Our Debt to Europe

IT IS likely we shall have to pay Europe two billion dollars after the war is over. The amount of American securities held there is variously estimated. Probably the total reaches five billions. The belligerent nations have already borrowed more than four billion dollars on account of the war. These first loans were floated with ease. Patriotic enthusiasm and easy money, due to light demands for business purposes, account for that.

In London at this writing, for example, time funds are quoted at two per cent; but to find money for the big war loans that must come later on will be less easy. For them Europe must probably dig deep into her stocking. Moreover, ships, bridges, railways and factories destroyed by the war must be replaced. Much business must be reorganized. All that requires capital. That Europe will draw down her capital loans to the United States by selling our securities is quite certain.

At present she could not sell them if she would, because we have arbitrarily fixed minimum prices below which we will not trade. Any considerable selling would depress prices to the deadline and automatically close the market; but finally we must offer Europe a free security market, because we must have one ourselves.

It is unlikely that we can repay Europe's capital loans altogether with merchandise. Our exports of merchandise are running decidedly below those of last year. Probably that condition will continue for many months.

A prudent man who sees that probably he will be called on to pay a large sum arranges for the contingency. Economy and conservation of capital are the arrangements we can make. Government extravagance and mere theoretic experiments, legislative and administrative, the only certain effect of which is to impair capital, are not opportune.

War and Trade

IN THE first four months of the present war exports from the United States were smaller by a quarter of a billion dollars than in the preceding year. We are asked to congratulate ourselves on big shipments of foodstuffs and large foreign orders for army supplies; but cold figures show that these things fall short of balancing the loss of ordinary trade through war.

To sell Europe, at normal prices, the surplus cotton that crams our warehouses would be far more profitable for this country than to sell her submarines, for the latter trade is only a temporary affair. We may mention again that sixty per cent of our exports in normal times go to Europe, and our best customers are bankrupting themselves.

"Business as usual" is the cheerful motto in England—and it has about as much relation to facts as mottoes usually have. British exports in November were smaller than those of 1913 by one hundred million dollars. In other words, they were cut almost in half. Exports of coal and coke fell off ten million dollars; of iron and steel manufactures, ten millions more; of machinery, over seven millions; of cotton goods, nearly twenty-five millions; of woolen goods, over seven millions.

Undoubtedly Germany's foreign-trade account makes a still ghastlier showing.

The notion that business can flourish on vast destruction of life and property is the silliest of delusions.

Unemployment and Wages

WE DO not want cheaper labor in this country. We do not want the living conditions of six and a half million wage-earners normally employed in manufactures; a million in mines; a million and three-quarters on railroads, and so on, reduced to a lower level. As a matter of mere cold-blooded economics we do not want their purchasing power decreased. Already, in the mass, these wage-earners get less out of the country's prosperity than anybody else.

Wholesale reduction in wages is not the cure for unemployment. The Steel Corporation is said to have about a hundred and thirty thousand men on its pay roll now, against two hundred and forty thousand in 1913; but spokesmen for labor were quite right in protesting against a suggestion that wages be reduced.

Asking the hundred and thirty thousand who are employed to provide for the hundred and ten thousand unemployed, by dividing pay with them, will not do. The problem of unemployment is one for society to solve. Shunting it off on labor by wholesale wage reductions is out of the question.

This country does not want cheaper labor.

Blue-Sky Laws

BLUE-SKY legislation was something of a departure. It sought to protect persons who were legally competent to manage their own affairs from loss through fake and wildcat investments they might voluntarily elect to make. Its object was to stop a very extensive and obnoxious robbery, which, however, exactly copied the forms of legitimate investment business.

The blue-sky acts of Michigan, Iowa and West Virginia have been held unconstitutional by United States District Courts. Similar acts by Arkansas and Montana have been upheld in the United States District Courts, and the Supreme Court of Florida has sustained the blue-sky law of that state.

The real diversity of opinion among judges, however, seems to be less than that statement, on its face, would imply; for different acts were attacked on somewhat different grounds; and the acts, though all having the same object, differed somewhat among themselves.

It appears to be a fair inference, from the judicial opinions so far delivered, that an act may be framed which will be of some use in preventing blue-sky frauds and which the courts will uphold. Certainly it is a strange situation if we are constitutionally inhibited from stopping wholesale organized swindling that preys largely on widows' life-insurance money.

After the War

MORE than a million men have been wounded. Many of them will leave the hospitals with permanent disabilities, lessening their earning power through life. With every day's fighting the tally lengthens. When the fighting stops millions of men will be thrown back into civil life at a time when all productive industry is crippled or paralyzed. For a long time there will be more applicants than jobs, because it is impossible that Europe, after this cataclasm, can immediately reorganize her industries. Taxes will be staggering.

We wonder what these men will think about it when they get their uniforms off and resume the condition of thinking individuals. When they settle down to counting up the cost and footing the bill, will they think their governments were embodiments of all political wisdom, which knew what they were about and merited unquestioning obedience from every citizen? Or will they have some profound doubts on that point?

Will the Germans, the Austrians, and particularly the Russians, conclude that, on the whole, they might as well take a much larger hand in the business of governing, because in any possible case they could not bring it to a worse muddle than the persons who have claimed a divine commission for the job have done?

Habits

IF YOU save one cent to-day and double the amount saved day by day, at the end of thirty days you will have laid by a respectable sum amounting to several million dollars. By taking a pencil and a piece of paper you can satisfy yourself of the fact much more easily than you can find the money. Even on the tenth day, when the amount saved reaches five dollars, you might find that it was disorganizing the family budget.

If you pursue a normal course through life you are always doing something to-day, and a little more of it the next day, and still more the day after. The man with delirium tremens began at only a penny a day. Beginning at a penny a day, you can acquire a million-dollar tobacco heart.

Also, you can acquire a million-dollar satisfaction in good literature by forming a reading habit, or a million dollars' worth of health by a habit of exercise.

Cumulative habit is about two-thirds of life. Between a book and a drink, at geometric ratio, there is all the difference in the world.

Mere Guesswork

NATIONAL prohibition in the United States would certainly be one of the most extensive social experiments ever undertaken. The question is not complicated by party politics, and nearly every citizen has an opinion about it. In such a case there ought to be means of getting a direct expression of opinion from the whole electorate. Spokesmen on both sides make indefinitely large claims; but what the voters really think no one knows.

The vote in Congress is worthless as an indication, for that mostly represents nothing more than the guess of the members as to the opinion of a majority of their constituents. So, if an amendment comes in regular course to the various state legislatures, we shall have in many cases only members' guesses at opinion. It would be quite feasible and not very costly to take a plebiscite at the next presidential election.

Voters almost never have the opportunity to express, directly and indubitably, their opinion on any national issue. If there is virtue in democracy they ought to have such an opportunity.

Why People Smuggle

THERE is more bother in crossing the border of the United States than in passing the customhouses of all other civilized nations. Irritation over the formality, inconvenience and delay that attend entrance into this country naturally begets resentment; and such are the imperfections of human nature that about seven persons out of ten take pleasure in besting a man who has offended them.

France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy have protective tariffs, but they do not find it expedient to ransack travelers' bags and trunks. Doubtless they know that not enough is to be gained to make it worth while, for articles that attract professional smugglers are precisely of the sort most readily concealed. A quart of precious stones can easily be so disposed that it would take an hour's careful search to find them.

As a matter of fact, for the detection of smuggling on any important scale our Government relies on spies rather than on the searching of baggage. And the limitation on articles brought in for personal or family use is too low and too strict. To exact duty on souvenirs, clothing and jewelry which the traveler has bought not for sale but for himself and family strikes the average person simply as a sort of legalized robbery.

He has already paid for the article. It is his as really as the American-made shirt on his back.

Why should the Government step in and mulct him for having it? Probably seven travelers out of ten regard smuggling not as a moral offense but as a justifiable stratagem practiced on an enemy.

The School of Mars

THERE is a perfect recipe, approved by three thousand years' use, for making man the bloodiest and cruelest of all animals. To apply it on a small scale, step over to your neighbor's yard and dash out the brains of his wife or child. On a somewhat larger scale, our negro lynchings and burnings show how it works.

On a big scale, outrage on women and murder of children by one side beget a frenzy to retaliate on the other side. When war gets out of hand it immediately degenerates into the savage state. Comparatively few men are yet so civilized that sharp contact with brutality will not imbrute them.

THE CHURCH IN MY TOWN

THE town I live in may be called Midvale. It contained at the last census sixteen hundred and fifty-two souls. Within ten miles of it are four other towns of nearly the same size and so alike in general characteristics that, with a little shifting of signs, any one might pass for any other. I have been a commercial traveler in the Middle West for many years and should say offhand that, between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, I am personally acquainted with about a thousand Midvales. In a general way whatever is true of my Midvale is true of nearly all the others.

One of my first impressions of Midvale, on moving there from the city, was that all lines of business were overdone. There are, in fact, four groceries and four dry-goods stores where two, at most, could really thrive. There are four livery stables, in which horses get stiff from lack of exercise. There are three barber shops, in which checkers are manipulated almost as often as razors; and so through the list.

However, I presently discovered there were more churches than anything else. There are eight if you count the Christian Science body as a church—which the most conservative members of other denominations, I learn, positively refuse to do. Leaving that one out to avoid argument, there are seven. One is Roman Catholic. The remaining six are Protestant: Presbyterian, Disciple, Baptist, Methodist, Adventist, and Episcopal. I do not happen to know any other town of Midvale's size that has more churches. I know some about that size with fewer. Perhaps four or five is nearer the average.

Each of these six Protestant denominations in Midvale has its church edifice. The largest is a brick structure quite undistinguished architecturally and now rather out of repair. The smallest is merely an exaggerated dry-goods box with a Cross on the top. One of the others—happily copied from a little church in New England—is quite pretty; but, with that exception, there is nothing about any of these church edifices to attract or please the eye.

These six churches, with the lots they stand on and their simple furnishings, must represent an investment of twenty-five thousand dollars. By a little inquiry I learned that the operating expenses run from five to six thousand dollars a year. It often struck me, as a mere unsectarian business man, that a single Protestant church, with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar building and a five or six thousand dollar income, could make a large impression on Midvale.

Our most important building, for example, is the courthouse—fortunately a very good one. It stands in a park of two or three acres, which contains some fine shade trees, shrubbery, flower beds and a well-kept lawn. The courthouse is the most conspicuous thing about Midvale. It stands forth, catching the most careless or indifferent eye as a symbol of the political interests of the community.

No Place for the Boys to Go

IMAGINE an unfurnished wanderer tramping into Midvale! Certainly he would notice the courthouse. And he would find there that, as a political community, we offered him at least a drink of cold water, a stretch of shady sward to rest on, flowers and shrubs to look at, and a building which might impress his mind with the fact that he was among people ruled by civil law. Religiously we offer him just the bare steps of the Baptist Church to perch on. The steps, like the rest of the frame structure, need paint rather badly. If the wanderer gathered any impression from that building it would probably be that religion was in a discredited and out-at-elbows state among us.

It is true the courthouse cost forty thousand dollars; but that is for the whole county. Midvale alone, with only one Protestant church in place of six, could have nearly as good a house and grounds for her religious interests.

For some time it was only that superficial or architectural phase of the subject that struck me. Then I had occasion to think of it in another way. My son was growing up. His head, in fact, had long since passed my shoulder, and his eyes were nearly on a level with mine. Business took me from home a good deal; but, even without that excuse, I should probably have shunted him off on his mother as long as possible. It is the easiest way.

The time came, however, when Tommy presented a problem that baffled his mother. He was not exactly staying out nights; but he was downtown a good deal—after school in the afternoon and in the early evening hours. And this being downtown was evidently growing on him. He accounted for it naturally enough as "just running round with the boys." Then I discovered that just running round with the boys usually meant, in point of fact, loafing in a pool room. Of course I at once forbade that—the easiest way for a parent being simply to forbid whatever is disagreeable to himself, and let it go at that.

"But why, father?" Tommy argued aggrievedly. "What's the harm in a pool room?"

Searching my mind for an answer to that unexpected question, I discovered that a pool room was associated in my thought with a saloon. Otherwise I knew nothing in particular against it; in fact, I knew nothing in particular about it. However, there were no saloons in Midvale. For a long time it had been stanchly no-license; so the foundation was knocked from under my objection to a pool room.

"We fellows haven't any other place to go," Tommy urged. "We like to get together and talk, and fool round the same as men do; but unless we stand on a street corner there's no place to go except to a pool room. We can't hang round in the stores, for the merchants don't like that. We used to get together in the office of Lem Judson's livery stable, but he threw us out of there because we made so much noise. Where can we go?"

Well, I did not know. Certainly the social instinct is as strong in boys as in men—probably stronger. It was reasonable enough that they should get together rather often of afternoons or in the early hours of evenings. I suggested, fatuously enough, that they should meet at their own homes on certain evenings of the week. But the houses in Midvale are small. A company of boys could hardly gather in one of them without the deadening sense of being under the eyes and ears of their elders.

I delivered an appropriate lecture on the advantages to a youth of staying at home in the evenings and improving his mind with good literature; and with that, for the time being, the pool-room question sort of went by default, with the strict understanding, however, that Tommy must not be out after nine o'clock and not more than three evenings in any week.

Then one evening it was after nine o'clock, in fact it was a little after ten, when Tommy came in. He looked pale and decidedly queer. His eyes were noticeably heavy.

"Are you sick, Tommy?" his mother asked in alarm.

He shook his head and made rapidly for the bathroom. As he passed, his mother sprang up and looked round at me, stricken with a stony horror.

"He's been drinking! I smelled it!" she managed to gasp.

Then I rose in horrified amazement and we slipped to the bathroom door. Sounds within left no doubt that Tommy's stomach had contained something to which it was not hospitable. I drew his mother aside and we let the boy sneak off to bed.

Next morning I had no difficulty in bullying the facts out of a contrite Tommy. Jim Judson, the liveryman's son, had proposed the adventure. Some boys pooled their pocket money and Jim readily procured the beer at a drug store by saying that it was for his father. The elder Judson is not a man who drinks, and the druggist, when put on the rack under threat of prosecution, confessed he had some misgivings about the sale; but he did not want to take the chance of offending a customer. Neither, no doubt, did he want to miss the sale of four bottles of beer. Tommy did not know how much he drank, as there were no glasses; but presently his interior began to feel very queer and he made for home. He was then just past sixteen.

The beer drinking occurred in a shed attached to the livery stable; but this episode inspired me with a belated interest in the subject of pool rooms. There were three of them in town then—one in each of the little hotels, and a third with a cigar-stand attachment. They looked rather harmless, except for a generally dingy and unscrubbed appearance. The air was usually close and rank with tobacco smoke. The loaferish, foul-mouthed and foul-minded element, which naturally gravitates to a saloon when there is one, frequented them. Often the conversation was dingier than the wall paper and ranker than the stale tobacco smoke.

Plutonic Sunday-School Lessons

THE chief offense was not merely bad language or impersonal dirty stories, but in every Midvale there are sure to be some putrid-minded he-gossips who delight in vile talk about women—mostly lies, of course, but fearfully effective for all that. If the devil, after mature deliberation, should decide to set up a sort of Plutonic Sunday-school for the purpose of corrupting adolescent boys he could not possibly devise a more promising plan than to put the boys under the tutelage of one of these he-gossips, who would pour out before them abominable insinuations and gross statements concerning women the boys met daily under a guise of virtue.

There is nothing in print, from Boccaccio down, that can in the least compare, for corrupting suggestiveness, with this rotten talk about girls and women with whom the boys are in daily contact. I had much rather a man gave my adolescent boy a drink of beer than a degrading thought concerning, say, the pretty schoolmistress, whom he had very likely been secretly setting up as his ideal of lovely young womanhood.

Probably some very respectable men went to the pool rooms; but the other sort went there, too, and one need not stay round very long in order to discover that the moral tone was not advisable for boys. However, except the pool rooms, there is really no place to go, indoors. The boys had even been turned out of Lem Judson's stuffy, smelly livery office, where a stray dog was welcome enough. Collectively speaking, the only thing respectable Midvale has to say to the boys is: "Get out!" Disreputable Midvale, as usual, is far more hospitable. It will talk to them by the hour.

Girls have not even a pool room to which to go. Now and then, since I have lived there, one of them has "got into trouble"—the details being gossiped about with a quite ghastly promptness and amplitude. These young people, male and female, are highly sociable. They enjoy being together. They are bursting with energies, curiosities, capabilities, and more or less vague aspirations that are bound to seek some kind of outlet. Their world is

(Continued on Page 26)

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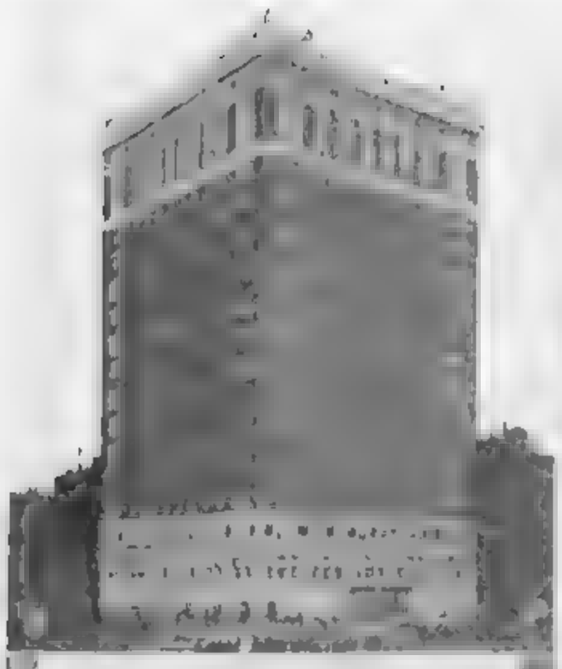

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Blaisdell Paper Pencil

The most convenient pencil made

Philadelphia

THE CHURCH IN MY TOWN

(Continued from Page 23)

different from that of the adults—fresher, keener, less bounded by experience and convention. They cannot bear to be always cooped up in school or at home.

There is no socialized attempt to meet their needs, however. Of course, if we had that twenty-five-thousand-dollar church edifice at least a beginning could be made. There would be more than just a bare auditorium in it. We could give them, at any rate, some place to assemble. If there were a church, instead of six churchlets, I imagine one of its first undertakings would be to remove the reproach that boys have no place for meeting and recreation except a pool room, and girls none at all.

Our forty-thousand-dollar political plant is busy all the time. Our twenty-five-thousand-dollar religious plant—represented by six rather bare auditoriums with roofs over them—is occupied to about half or two-thirds of its capacity for about an hour and a half on Sunday forenoons; then perhaps to a third of its capacity for an hour on Sunday evenings. Any one church could easily accommodate the attendance at all six at the midweekly prayer meetings. Nearly all of the remaining time the six churches stand locked, empty, dead.

Mr. Carnegie has not got round to the Midvales with his free libraries. Neither has anybody else. There is no public library in my Midvale; but a library is one of the cheapest of social investments.

Young Wells spoke to me three different times about borrowing three different books—wanted to know whether I had them and would let him take them. Each time I assured him I had the book and he was very welcome to it; but he never came round. I had the notion of taking a couple of books down to him, but forgot it. I doubt whether he has ever read those books; but the other day I heard incidentally that he was the best pool player in town. If the books had been available in a public library where he felt perfectly free to go just when his interest happened to be roused in them he might not be so good a pool player. No doubt there are others like him. A twenty-five-thousand-dollar church building would very comfortably house a library for Midvale.

With some leadership there would be a library anyway. In a matter of that kind, which is so obviously valuable to the town's moral and intellectual life, whence could leadership come more appropriately than from the church? But there is no church, by which I mean there is no organization, that stands forth with general sanction as the representative of the town's moral interests. Baptists cannot claim that position without disparaging Methodists, or Methodists without disparaging Presbyterians.

Churches That Must Beg to Live

It is a fact that there is comparatively little leadership in our six separate, small, struggling and more or less competitive Protestant churches. Certain interests unite them, but usually in a negative way. Perhaps the most conspicuous of those interests is Prohibition. No doubt the churches unitedly and aggressively threw their weight against the saloons years ago, when the saloons were driven out. And their weight is thrown unitedly to keep the saloons out. The saloons are out; and, for a town like Midvale, I hold that to be a valuable thing. On the other hand, the dingy, smelly, loaferish, loose-talking pool rooms have no competitors by way of opening a hospitable door to youths. Driving out saloons was only a part of the job.

There is poverty in Midvale. The churches do little to relieve it. As churches, they cannot do much, for the indisputable reason that no one of them has much money. Every one of them, I believe, is rather put to it to pay the minister's salary and buy the winter's coal. What little they have above that goes mostly for foreign missions—with material and spiritual poverty enough at their own doors! Instead of giving, they are always begging to meet church needs. Among them they manage to raise from five to six thousand dollars a year, but in my opinion that is no indication of what the community might do to support one strong, efficient organization, which confessedly represented the town's religious interests. I believe such an organization would get much more than five thousand a year, because it would be a great, tangible fact in the town's well-being.

Incidentally I talked over this church situation with a number of capable men in Midvale—doctors, lawyers and merchants. I found that nearly all of them had the same sort of feeling about it I had. Being capable men, they felt that the Protestant-church interest, split up into six small, struggling units, was badly organized and inefficient; that, through this bad organization, it was missing a great opportunity to become a dominant factor in the town's life.

When men feel that way about any concern they will support it grudgingly or not at all. I found that, as a rule, the ablest men in Midvale—the sort of men to whom any town looks to start things and keep them going—took only a perfunctory interest or no interest in a church.

After a time I found that the position of a Protestant minister in Midvale is rather remarkable. Leaving out the Episcopal Church, which has services only every other Sunday, the pay averages about eight hundred dollars a year—which, I think, is rather high for a town of that size. A family can live quite comfortably on that amount—especially when there is a parsonage rent-free—but it means close economy, with a very scant margin for books, say, or for travel, or any other form of recreation, or for saving.

The Problems of Young Preachers

A minister with a balance in three figures to his credit in the savings bank, or a little investment in a farm loan or a school bond, would certainly be the rare exception. My impression is that some members of his congregation would feel that he was rather putting it over on them if he could save anything out of his salary.

And a good many strings are tied to this salary. I believe, taking it by and large, that the Protestant ministers of Midvale are the least free of any self-supporting men there. For example, the first minister I got acquainted with was young Bently—a good, upstanding, likable chap of about thirty. I ran across him one morning fishing, which is a notably sociable occupation for people who do not take it seriously.

That was the beginning of our acquaintance. At weekly or fortnightly intervals we had some adventures together after bass and perch. Then he stopped fishing and in time confessed to me that Mr. Hunter had remonstrated with him about it—Mr. Hunter being a pillar of his church and holding the opinion that fishing was not a fitting pastime for a minister.

Then there was young Morrison, just out of a theological school, who played short-stop on the village baseball team. He was remonstrated with because the village team played baseball on Sunday. Of course he did not play on that day, but some of his congregation considered that associating himself at all with a concern which desecrated the Sabbath was scandalous; and they had no hesitation about telling him so.

Young Bently gave up fishing, but young Morrison kept on playing baseball. The two cases illustrate a minister's constant difficulty in deciding whether he will risk the disaffection and ill will of some members of his congregation, or surrender a point that, in his heart, he considers none of their business. No other self-supporting men are held to any such accountability.

The attitude of some members, who may probably be found in every Protestant church, was illustrated in the case of the Methodist parsonage. To build the parsonage required a quite desperate effort, and it was admittedly the largest and costliest one in Midvale. After the minister had moved in, a sister formally proposed that the parsonage should be kept open at all times for the accommodation of members living in the country, who would find it a convenient place to gather, refresh themselves and meet their friends when they came to town. In short, the members had paid for the parsonage; so they were to make such use of it as they liked, and the minister's family was to have whatever use might be left over.

This sense of ownership, based on cash paid down, extends to the minister and his wife. She must be careful how she dresses and deports herself if she would not stir up trouble for her husband. I recall the extreme dejection of young Morrison and his wife over the pastoral calls, which wasted much time and were mostly only a bore.

For his utterances in the pulpit the minister is, of course, always liable to rigid criticism.

"The stupidest member of my congregation," said a minister in a burst of confidence induced by despair, "is making life a burden to me. He seems to listen to the sermon solely for the purpose of detecting some reference to a doctrinal point—which probably was not in my mind at all. Then he comes round and argues it with me for an hour or more. I sometimes think that the man who pays fifty dollars a year feels privileged to control my theology, while the woman who pays ten cents a week feels she has a right to pick out my neckties."

Probably that is an extreme view. Undoubtedly, also, many church members are rational, liberal and kindly in their attitude toward the minister; but I believe every congregation contains enough representatives of the nagging, critical, domineering sort to make the minister's path thorny. This belief is based on what ministers themselves have told me.

That this is humiliating and degrading to any man goes without saying. For a minister it is a remarkable position. The only rational explanation of a minister is that he is a moral and spiritual guide. If he is not free to do what he thinks right and say what he believes I do not see what guidance there can be in him.

This meagerly paid, inferior position of the ministry is, of course, generally understood. That it detracts greatly from the prestige and authority a minister ought to possess, on any rational explanation of his calling, seems quite evident. There is no minister in Midvale who has as much weight in the community at large as the editor of the weekly paper, or the postmaster, or the county clerk—to say nothing of the cashier and president of the bank, or the leading lumber merchant. I doubt whether that is a good condition for the religious interests of the town.

Why Churches Don't Unite

It was only recently that I heard this joke: A Midvale church called a new minister—through a committee, it seems; but, on acquaintance, the more critical and aggressive members of the congregation did not like him. There seemed to be nothing very definite against him, only his personality was not attractive. In a general way these members felt that they were not getting nine hundred dollars' worth of minister in him; and so—as my first informant humorously phrased it—"they just fired him." He had no other "call," however; no place to go with his family, and no money, as a matter of course. So, to avoid the scandal of turning him and his brood breadless into the street, they had to let him stay in the parsonage. This was considered quite a joke; though as to whether the joke was on the minister or the congregation there was a difference of opinion. Such jokes scarcely exalt a town's religious interests.

It was quite past a joke with the minister of a church in a town that is eight miles from Midvale and has about a thousand inhabitants. The facts came to my knowledge through a charitable woman. This minister was a college man with a wife and three small children—for both he and his wife considered it a duty to have children. His salary was six hundred dollars a year, not very promptly paid. His wife did all the housework and made all the family's clothes except her husband's outer garments, which she mended. So they managed to keep out of debt until he developed tuberculosis.

Then a retired minister took the pulpit, without pay, in order that the church might scrape together sufficient money to make up the arrears on the stricken minister's salary and give him railroad fare so that he might go to his wife's people. Undoubtedly there are plenty of like stories in the annals of country-town ministers.

With the young ministers, however, so far as my observation goes, it is not the meager pay that counts—it is the sense of limited freedom and limited opportunity that depresses them. A man with any real ministering in him might well reconcile himself to meager pay if he felt he had a free opportunity to do the most effective work of which he was capable; but I do not know what could be more galling to such a

man than feeling himself to be continually under the thumbs of narrow, dull people. Naturally it is exactly the narrow, dull members who want the minister under their thumbs.

It seems indubitable to me that one church in place of six could attract to its pulpit a man who would really lead the community, not merely because it could pay him well but because it could give him a fine, free opportunity. And such a man would occupy so strong a position in the town that he could ignore the narrow fault-finders.

I wondered why somebody did not try to bring about a consolidation of these struggling churches, or of some of them; and I found that an attempt in that direction had been made. The Baptist and the Disciple Churches proposed to unite. The latter had, in fact, less than forty members, and yet managed, with infinite effort, to maintain a separate organization, with a small frame church, and to pay a minister seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. As the Baptists had the larger building, with pews that were almost never occupied, the Disciple members arranged to dispose of their edifice. That part of the program was simple enough, but in other parts great difficulties appeared.

For example, the practices of the two churches in regard to communion differed. Both observed the rite, but at different periods. Then one baptized "for the remission of sins" and the other "to the remission of sins." Smoothing out these doctrinal obstacles required much patient labor on the part of those who saw the advantages of a union.

In the fullness of time all objections seemed to be overcome and the plan was as good as accomplished; but in the very last step it was defeated, on the ground that the title chosen for the united church was one for which no precedent could be found in the Bible.

Investigation showed that behind these technical objections, which looked so flimsy to an unsectarian outsider, lay a very solid—in fact, an insuperable—obstacle. A small number of active members dominated both churches. One man virtually ran one of them, being the heaviest contributor and taking the same thoroughgoing oversight of its affairs that the majority stockholder in a commercial enterprise feels authorized to take.

Some of these church bosses did not want a consolidation, which might derogate from their boss-ships. Some other members, not of the stature of bosses, felt that a large church would be less their personal affair than a small one. They could not expect to count for so much in the bigger organization as in the smaller. On the larger stage their figures would be less conspicuous.

How Clergymen's Hands are Tied

Looking further, I formed the opinion that this sort of personal vested interest and ownership runs through all church organization. That organization supplies a great many people with jobs. To many others it supplies an opportunity for exercising personal influence. This vested and essential selfish personal interest, I am confident, is a big obstacle to unification—though the persons themselves explain it on grounds of doctrinal differences.

Of course the preacher with a decided gift for attracting hearers will, sooner or later, get a call to a bigger church at a larger salary; but troubles of the same sort are tolerably sure to follow him there. I may take the case of a friend whom I shall call Blaine.

He was just under forty when I first knew him, and was pastor of a prosperous church in a town of about thirty thousand people. His salary was twenty-five hundred a year; his congregation well-to-do, including a number of rich men. They had just taken possession of the best church edifice in the city, which cost about thirty thousand dollars. Blaine was a college graduate, and a really cultivated man to boot. Above all, he was a man of enthusiasm. It seemed to be a fine position and opportunity; but six years later he resigned from the ministry.

He was not free. His mild radicalism in politics was especially obnoxious to one rich parishioner. His humane, though amateur, attempt to compromise a labor dispute, which was visibly bringing want to scores of homes under his eyes, got him into the hottest kind of water. There were a few elders with a hawklike watch for any hint at departure from doctrinal orthodoxy. In various ways he could not express himself as he felt he had a right and a duty to do, without letting himself in for a row with men who regarded themselves as his employers. That is a galling situation.

In short, in spite of his thirty-thousand-dollar church edifice and his twenty-five-hundred-dollar salary, Blaine was in the same relative position in his town that young Bently was in Midvale. Finally he resigned.

I wondered how Blaine would have made out as pastor of a unified church in Midvale, with about the same plant investment and salary there that he had in the bigger town. In Midvale his ability and attainments would certainly have given him a decisive leadership. The church plant might have been an all-the-week-through center of the town's moral and intellectual interests. I think it would have been a much finer, more profitable thing for Midvale than the large canning factory they are always talking about and never getting.

The Enemies of Church Federation

The city minister has substantially the same troubles as his country brethren, and for the same reasons. The denominations not only compete with one another but with themselves. Here are some extracts from a letter I do not feel at liberty to quote in full:

"In this growing city, not long ago, a church body sold its old downtown property for a large sum; then went out into a good residence district and spent all the money in erecting a large, fine edifice. Of course it was the growth of the city that made the old downtown property so valuable. Members of other churches of the same denomination had certainly contributed to that growth. There are a number of small, struggling churches of that denomination, which can barely keep their heads above water, though they pay their ministers poor-enough salaries; but not a cent of the proceeds of the downtown property went to help any of these struggling churches. Every dollar of the windfall was spent on the fine building.

"That fine building evidently stirred up a spirit of competition, for a church of another denomination at once sold its old downtown property, realizing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Then it moved out within three blocks of the fine new church and put up a decidedly larger, finer church, spending on it all the money realized from the downtown property. Again nothing was given to the struggling sister churches of the same denomination.

"In that fashionable residence district there were then two new, big, handsome church edifices, and within twenty miles of them probably at least a score of poor little churches of the same denominations, which could hardly keep alive; but these two big, new churches inspired a third denomination to match or outdo them. So, as I write this, foundations are going up in that same vicinity for another big, fine church, which I hear will have a big, fine mortgage on it to drain the financial resources of the congregation for ten or twenty years.

"A block from me lives a minister of another denomination. We read each other's books and tell each other our problems. His family numbers ten—himself, a wife and eight children. His salary is fifteen hundred a year, but he pays rent for a house. In order to make ends meet, even with the closest economy, he has set up a little job-printing office in which his son assists him. I know that some members of his congregation resent that. They say it is unbecoming to a minister; that he ought to give all his time to the church. It is only a question of time when they will force him out in order to get a minister who is not handicapped with so large a family.

"Not far off is another and still poorer minister, with a wife and five children. I know that the man and his wife work like slaves to maintain the family and keep out of debt. Naturally they must make clothing go as far as possible; and members of his congregation are complaining that the minister's family does not dress well enough. Their well-worn clothes are felt to be a sort of reproach to the church. I am afraid he, too, will soon be asked to resign.

"You will find cases of that kind almost within a stone's throw of some big, fine church of the very same denomination. When I took this church, five years ago, the salary was insufficient to support my family with our best economy; and for two years I did outside work to keep out of debt. Now in those five years I have seen a whole chain of little churches of my denomination started in the suburbs of this city by our Church Extension Society. For most of them there was no need whatever. By going a little farther the members could have affiliated with some existing church of the same denomination, and thus helped to build up a comparatively strong body.

"But the gentlemen who conduct the Church Extension Society must make a showing—the secretary must appear to be earning his salary; so they go on planting these little starveling churches, which can hardly exist themselves, and sap the life of other bodies. In two of these little planted churches the minister's salary is only seven hundred dollars a year. You know what that means for a man with a family in a growing city in these times; but in two others conditions are even worse. And all of these planted churches are in debt.

"Only last month, over the protest of one of our churches in this city, the Church Extension Society bought a lot and proceeded to pile up another debt for a new church within two minutes' walk of the protesting body. The new church will starve and the life of the older will be sapped.

"There is here, as everywhere, a great deal of talk about federation, but nothing comes of it. I think the churches are, in fact, as far from it as ever. Conditions are unreasonable and prevent the church in large measure from doing what it came to do. I should not mind if I could see an end to it. I have served the church for twenty years, from one end of the country to the other—in the country, the small town and the city. I love it and expect to die in its ranks, but I am by no means blind to its faults along lines of organization and administration.

"We ought to federate, but probably cannot do so without outside pressure. The church is still full of good but misguided brothers, who are as narrow as David Harum's deacons, fourteen of whom could sit on one buggy seat. Many of the leaders would lose their positions were federation to occur; so they will not coöperate. Yet in time I am certain conditions will be better."

This letter was written by a sincere and earnest man. On the whole he puts the case for more efficient church organization much better than I can.

A Safe Disguise

A BROADWAY cut-up burst into the Green Room Club and projected himself at a group of English actors.

"What do you think?" he said. "Thirty German spies have been living in disguise in England since the war began, and the English never detected them at all. An American finally came along and spotted them."

"What was Scotland Yard doing, I should like to know?" broke in one of the Britishers.

"Well, you see," said the Broadwayite, "nobody in England could make them out on account of their disguise."

"And how were they disguised?" demanded another of the actors.

"They were disguised as jokes!"

The Natural Vehicle

THREE American war correspondents were the guests of a German corps commander and his staff one night last fall. The party messed at field headquarters near the battle front.

After the meal when cigars had been lit one of the Americans found himself in conversation with their host, who was a most serious-looking old gentleman, a typical Prussian war lord in manner and appearance.

"General," said the American, "in some respects you Germans are an unusual people. I do not think my own countrymen are a more vulgar-minded race than the men of any European country; but if a party of Americans got together at night under circumstances like these it is almost inevitable that sooner or later some one would be moved to tell an off-color story. I have heard nothing of the sort here in this company."

The Prussian-blue eyes twinkled in the wrinkled, sunburned face.

"We Germans do not tell such stories after dinner," answered the general; "it is not necessary. We save them and put them in our comic papers."

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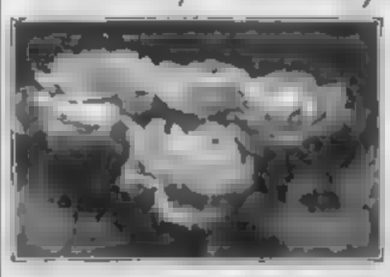

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The Easy Money of Summer Baseball—By Caspar Whitney

"THAT victory is worth ten thousand dollars to Frank Farrell," said a knowing fan to Herbert Daley, when the Yankees defeated the world's champions of Philadelphia in the first game of the American League season of 1914. What he meant was that the victory assured full attendance for the remainder of the series; also that the fans and business success of a league demand a winning team. You call this merely the spirit of professional baseball. Not at all, it is the spirit of the land. We have no enthusiasm for the losing game.

"Oh, I'm not going out to the field today; we're in for a beating." How often have I heard alumni of my acquaintance express themselves in some such way—fine fellows, too, of the courageous, hard-fighting football kind. Their attitude is typical of our national intolerance of nonsuccess. In America men must play to win; and if they would have the sustained backing of their fellows they must win. Such is the law of the game—the play game as well as the business game. It may be all right for business, but how does it work out in sport? Let us see.

We are hearing a great deal about summer baseball these days; and this kind of baseball is not so closely related as you perhaps think to the afternoon's fun and battered fingers you used to get when the neighborhood fellows came together for a holiday's sport. It is quite another kind of game; one not so much a pastime as business. It is the star number on the resort program of summer entertainment; a regular feature of the resort-hotel equipment, liberally provided for in the expense account, and the one from which the most profitable advertising is expected.

The resort team flourishes through the months of July and August as no neighborhood scratch nine ever prospered on community interest; for, unlike the neighborhood club, the hotel offers pecuniary inducement. When the scrub teams and the casual play among the guests of the resort hotels suggested baseball as an attractive addition to the summer diversions the business acumen of proprietors told them what to do. They knew they must have a team that had good chances of winning; they knew too they must have a class of players who could mingle socially with the hotel guests—that is, they must have amateurs. They very naturally looked to the schoolboy with a record for athletic skill—and so began the schoolboy's temptation. The boys capitalized their skill and the hotels commercialized a vacation game.

Thus summer baseball—which has come to mean baseball for pay—has spread to the far corners of the country, to wherever youth is on vacation, and is the most debauching influence with which the sponsors of clean sport have to contend. With its lax moral spirit it tends to corrupt the entire fabric of amateur athletics and its judiciary. Already it is responsible for a standard of honor in college baseball that indorses practices that would not be tolerated in any field where honest men meet in fair contest. It is the specter that stalks perennially upon the campus, to the distraction of school headmasters and college faculties.

Yet few of them apparently dare face it honestly. They beg the question—the old and self-answering question—of whether or not an amateur athlete may accept money for athletic service and still retain his status as an amateur. They confuse individual desire with sporting integrity; they offset the right of the one to earn money against the right of the many to be protected in their play from the contaminating influence of crooked methods; they misread their duty both toward the offender and toward the offended.

It is not the fact that the boy earns money at baseball that is the issue and the menace; but rather the fact that the subterfuge he employs in so doing reacts upon his associates and upon the game. The real issue at stake is the right of the boys who play for fun to have their sport kept clean and free from the influence of the boy who plays for money.

Last spring the college world was considerably startled by a public declaration through the press, from Emlen Hare, chairman of the Pennsylvania Baseball Committee, and from the captains of the Harvard, Yale and Princeton nines—Wingate, Blossom and Rhoads in favor of allowing students to play baseball for money during summer without forfeiting their amateur status. It was certainly an amazing state of mind that these gentlemen disclosed, indicative of the strong influence that summer baseball had come to exert in college athletic circles.

With the desire of learning how far such sentiment had official sympathy I framed the following circular letter:

"It seems to me that this summer baseball question is one of the most serious in college sports. Do you not think that the tendency in some directions to countenance boys' playing for money during their vacations is a serious menace to the wholesomeness of college baseball and the integrity of college sport generally?

"You know how deeply interested I have long been in this subject, and I am asking for publication an expression of opinion from a group of the leading educators in this country. Will you follow President Hadley's courageous example and give me your thought on the question?"

This letter I addressed to twenty-seven men—the presidents of what I regarded as a comprehensive as well as commanding group of colleges, as well as a few other distinguished men of the educational world.

Of these twenty-seven men, representing all sections of the United States, twenty-one, as you will see by extracts that I shall quote from their letters, are in favor of keeping college sport free of professionalism; two, the presidents of Columbia and Brown, are without such regard for the health of their sport and the amateur standing of their undergraduates; one, the president of Ohio State University, enforces the amateur rule prohibiting play for money but is out of sympathy with it; three, the presidents of Nebraska University, Colorado University, and Dr. Finley, failed to put their opinions on record.

The earnestness with which so many of the leading educators of this country desire to keep college sport clean and free from the taint of professionalism should be a source of deep encouragement to those who are facing the problem of maintaining the integrity of athletic standards in the schools and colleges. I shall let some of them tell you in their own words how they feel on the question of summer baseball and the commercializing of amateur athletics.

President Vincent, of the University of Minnesota, says:

The University of Minnesota is a member of the Western Conference and is in good faith enforcing the rules of that organization. These rules, as you know, prescribe the amateur standard. The question of summer baseball as such has never been approved by our athletic board or by the faculty, because they are convinced that this is a compromise that would prove wholly unsatisfactory. Personally, I support the amateur standard because it is definite, because it represents the disinterested devotion of one's athletic skill to community purposes, and because it saves the students from what I regard as the unfortunate associations of professional athletics, especially of summer baseball.

President Stone, of Purdue University, says:

In theory summer baseball is innocuous; in practice it is opposed to the ideals of college sport. It is professionalized; its associations and methods are for the most part demoralizing; and its rewards are ultimately inconsequential. For the earnest and ambitious college student summer baseball has nothing to offer, even if he were free to engage in it without prejudice. If participation in intercollegiate athletics is to be restricted to bona fide students of amateur standing, summer baseball is outlawed. There is no middle ground. Any rule which will permit a college athlete to play summer baseball will permit a professional baliplayer to become a college athlete.

There seems to be a persistent opposition to efforts to raise the ideals and standing of college athletics, which comes in part from an unthinking public and in part from a certain sporting element which would exploit healthful and proper college games for public amusement and profit. Keeping in mind the purpose of our colleges and the true place of athletics in them, all of this fuss about summer baseball is absurd. Any student with the honor of his college at heart will keep out of it. If he lacks the spirit of restraint sufficiently to do so, he should not expect to share in the honors and privileges of college athletics.

President Ayres, of the University of Tennessee, says:

Our Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, of which I happen at this time to be one of the vice-presidents, has very rigid regulations in regard to college students' playing baseball for money during their vacations, and does not hesitate to consider as professionalized any college student who is guilty of this practice. There is undoubtedly a tendency among young men to sidetrack the issue, but I agree with you that it is extremely important to keep every phase of professionalism out of college sport.

President Garfield, of Williams, says:

College games should be as free as possible from influences which flow from professional athletics. It is not easy to define professionalism, and it is extremely easy to blur the distinction between truth and falsehood and hence to avoid the spirit of the rule against professionalizing college athletics. Playing baseball for money is a legitimate but not a high order of occupation. College men ought to be able to earn money in some other way. But if no other occupation is found and the alternative is to give up going to or continuing in college, I should advise a young man to accept employment as a baseball player. In that case, however, and so long as the rule against summer baseball holds, he ought to give up all thought of playing on his college team. To accept a place on the team under those circumstances is reprehensible in the extreme.

Conditions justify the existence of the rule against summer baseball. As long as those conditions prevail I approve of the rule. The excuse that it is easily broken is not sufficient to lead to its abolition. The athletic situation in the colleges to-day is certainly better than it was before the adoption of the rule, and undoubtedly the existence of the rule has been a strong contributing cause. . . .

What the rule against summer baseball seeks to do is to drive out professionalism, not the occasional professional who really desires an education. But as long as student opinion favors victory at any cost it is impractical to try to observe the distinction. Allow me to repeat that while the rule against summer baseball continues in force a student who finds it necessary to earn money by playing ball ought not to play upon a college team. No man with a nice sense of honor will violate this rule. A student who will deliberately state or countenance the statement or by indirection permit it to be believed that he has not violated the rule when in fact he has, ought not to be permitted to remain in college.

President Schurman, of Cornell, says:

Students who play summer baseball for money cannot thereafter represent Cornell University on the baseball team. This has long been the rule at Cornell. And I think the Faculty was never more strongly persuaded of the wisdom of the regulation than at the present time.

Every one sympathizes with the impecunious student who earns money to continue his studies by playing summer baseball. No one objects to his doing that; but it is an entirely different proposition that is presented when the suggestion is made that the student who has pursued this form of semi-professional athletics shall be admitted into the circle of amateur players who are devoted to sport for sport's sake, and who feel that money-making is alien to the true spirit of the game, whose proper object is either victory or the pleasurable thrill of excitement which accompanies the struggle for victory.

No doubt at the present time there are lapses from this high ideal. But that is no reason for abandoning the ideal itself. Rather should our colleges and universities exercise more strictness in enforcing their eligibility rules.

I believe the relaxation of the present rule in regard to summer baseball playing would lead to a great and rapid deterioration in the character of college athletics. At the present time the competitors in intercollegiate sports meet on a common basis. They are all amateurs. Here and there the rules may be evaded, but the general assumption of amateur standing is what gives peculiar interest and zest to the competition. Destroy that fundamental basis of college athletics and you undermine public interest in the performances. Furthermore, if college athletes may with impunity play summer baseball for money, they will play not only at summer hotels but in semi-professional leagues, and in whatever other positions would yield them the largest experience in the game and the largest financial returns for their services. In the end, athletics in the colleges and universities permitting their players to use the game as a means of making

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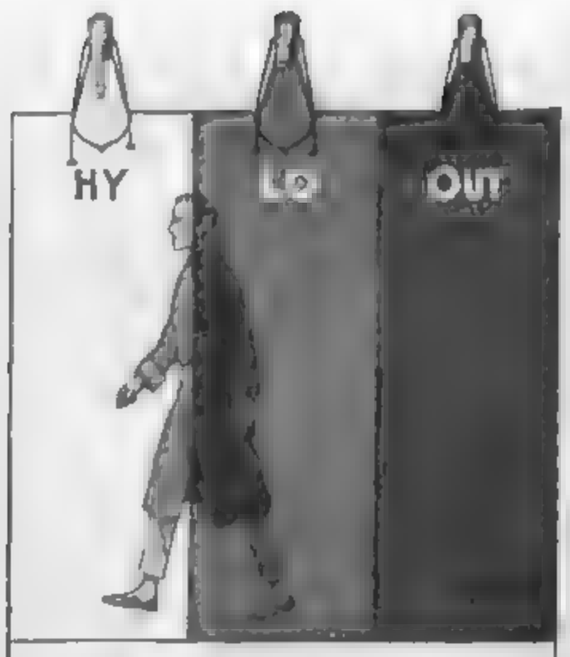

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money would be completely commercialized, demoralized and discredited.

None of us is altogether satisfied with the present condition of intercollegiate athletics, involving as it does undue excitement, interruption of study and unnecessary expense and often extravagance. But the way of reform is to cultivate athletics as natural sports for the great body of students with a complete disregard of gate receipts. Intercollegiate contests would take their place as mere incidents to the domestic system. And the idea of playing summer baseball for money is foreign to the conception of what I consider a sound athletic policy for our colleges and universities.

President Hibben, of Princeton, says:

I am wholly averse to the idea of our undergraduates playing baseball at any time for money. We have been endeavoring for many years to eliminate professionalism of all kinds from our intercollegiate contests, and to allow this phase of professional activity would be in my judgment a decided step backward.

President Judson, of the University of Chicago, says:

The University of Chicago has uniformly discouraged the playing of summer baseball for money by students engaged in amateur college sports. There is no reason in the world why students should not play baseball in the summer for money if they wish. It is a perfectly honorable means of earning a livelihood. But those who obtain money for athletic skill should not then under any circumstances attempt to join in amateur competitions.

President Wheeler, of the University of California, says:

I do not know that anything exists here such as you refer to in your letter. We regard summer baseball for pay as pure professionalism.

Mr. B. R. Briggs, chairman of the Harvard Athletic Committee, answering for President Howell, says:

The Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports never knowingly allows a member of a Harvard team or a candidate for membership in a Harvard team to use summer baseball as a direct or an indirect method of earning money. Professional baseball by students in summer is a legitimate means of paying for a college education, but should debar the man who uses it from competing with amateurs for a place in a college nine. I am convinced that any other ruling is dangerous for the students individually and destructive of amateur sport in college.

Mr. A. W. Goodspeed, chairman of the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Committee, speaking for Provost Smith, says:

The University Committee on Athletics is quite divided in its attitude on summer baseball, a question which has worried us for years. We have always done the best we could to enforce the amateur rule. Our committee is considering the problem again, but as yet has determined upon no definite action. I am inclosing a copy of a letter which we sent out in June, 1912, to all prospective candidates for our 1913 baseball teams and to their managers. The timely issuance of this letter was designed to give all a fair warning of what was to happen the next fall and winter. With the assistance of a member of my committee we actually did examine verbally every member of the baseball squad before any of the games were played the next spring, with the result that we got satisfactory answers to all the questions. We did not think it worth while to repeat the practice this year. You can readily see, therefore, that we are doing all in our power to control professionalism or to control the amateur standing, in the strictest sense, of all our baseball candidates.

The eligibility code as framed by the University Committee on Athletics is as follows: "No student shall be allowed to represent the University in any intercollegiate athletic contest who shall at any time have taught, or engaged in, any athletic sport for a pecuniary or other consideration; or shall at any time have received, for taking part in any athletic sport or contest, any pecuniary gain or emolument whatever, direct or indirect, with the exception that he may have received the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in taking part in such sport or contest exceeded his ordinary expenses." In applying this rule the Committee shall discriminate between the deliberate use of athletic skill as a means of a livelihood and technical unintentional or youthful infractions of the rule.

President Nichols, of Dartmouth, says:

The consistent attitude of the Dartmouth Athletic Council for many years has been that students in college, where the personal need of money required them to do so, might earn money by playing baseball in the summer if they so chose; but it has always been made plain that men who violated the rules of amateur standing by playing summer ball for money, or by playing with or against others who played for money, would not be allowed to play on any college team thereafter. The Council has taken every precaution in its power to enforce this ruling. My personal views on this question are entirely in accord with the foregoing policy of the Athletic Council.

President Mezes, then of the University of Texas, wrote:

We have long been convinced at the University of Texas that college students should not play baseball for money during their vacations, and have passed and enforced reasonable but stringent regulations with a view to abating this abuse, which we consider a serious menace to the wholesomeness of college sport.

Our rule in regard to amateur standing is as follows: "No person shall be allowed to represent the University in intercollegiate athletics who has ever competed for money or under a false or assumed name, or who has ever taught or assisted in teaching athletics for money, or pursued any athletic exercises for money or any valuable consideration. This rule shall not, however, apply to students who played summer baseball for money with an independent team or league below class C previous to October 1, 1911."

I am glad to say that we have little difficulty in enforcing this rule, as the student body of the University is in sympathy with it.

President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, says:

We at the University of Wisconsin are perfectly clear in our position regarding summer baseball. The department of physical education, through its director, Mr. Ehler, has steadily opposed any variation from the present rigid rule which obtains for the Western Conference; and whenever the matter has come before the Wisconsin faculty that body has taken the same position. If a man be permitted to use his athletic skill for gain in vacation, there will soon be no distinction between the amateur and the professional athlete; and this distinction we consider fundamental.

Chancellor Borrow, of the University of Georgia, says:

Under the rules of our Association a student is not allowed to play in the summer for pay; nor is he allowed to play on other than home teams as an amateur. Students are sometimes dropped from college for breaking these regulations.

President Thach, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, says:

In this institution we regard playing for money during the vacation as a very serious menace to amateur sport. An amateur is one who plays a sport for the love of it, the professional for a livelihood. The latter is entirely honorable, but altogether different from the former. In this institution and in the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association playing for money during vacation is not permitted. We are heartily in favor of continuing the rule.

There is still another angle from which the practice of summer baseball can be viewed. It appears to be generally granted that the injection of professionalism into amateur athletics through the medium of the boy who has played for money is highly undesirable. Let us hear some distinguished opinions on the effect of such paid sport on the boy himself.

Mr. Charles W. Eliot says:

I have always been doubtful about the ruling that playing on a summer baseball team ought to make a college boy a professional; but I am clear that it is a very undesirable way for a college student to pass his summer vacation. It makes him live in an undesirable environment, and exposes him to long disuse of his mental powers. Nowadays there are plenty of much better occupations in summer for a student who needs to earn money in the long vacation.

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, says:

I emphatically oppose summer baseball for college students, or any form of professionalism for college men in any part of their college courses. There is no adequate advantage in the money return, as the thing is too exceptional as an opportunity, not one man in a hundred qualifying for a conspicuous place. The spirit of professionalism, the displacing of ideals, the change of the life purpose from high and useful levels, would be at too small a price. We have a sufficient proportion of athletics in the colleges under present plans without running them into the summer vacation.

President Hadley, of Yale, says:

On April 14, 1913, Mr. Edward R. Bushnell called my attention to a plan proposed by Ban Johnson of organizing a semiprofessional college league for playing summer baseball, and at the same time asked my opinion on four specific questions:

"1. Is it possible to prevent such professionalism as 'summer baseball'?

"2. Is it logical to have one amateur rule for baseball and another for track athletics?

"3. Do you approve of college students' earning money for their education by playing ball during the summer and allowing them to represent your institution in amateur athletics the remainder of the year?

"4. If you believe in the strict interpretation of the amateur rule in all branches of college sport, what united movement would you suggest for the correction of its present general violation?"

To this I replied as follows:

"April 16, 1913.

"The plan you outline does not interest me. I do not think that a man who earned money in the way you mention ought to represent Yale in baseball matches. To answer your questions in detail:

"1. It is not possible to prevent such professionalism as summer baseball. It is not always possible for a college to prevent men who have earned money by playing baseball from concealing the fact. But if each college will look out for itself rather than for its neighbors it is possible to reduce this evil to a minimum.

"2. The only amateur rule I ever knew that was of any good is found in the Holy Scriptures: 'Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.' It seems to me that this applies to all branches of sport alike. It is unfortunately more honored in the breach than in the observance.

"3. I do not approve of a Yale man doing it, because we have plenty of boys who play ball for fun who would be crowded out of the game by a semiprofessional element; but if another college wants to play boys of that kind I have no objection, provided they tell what they are doing.

"4. I think that the great trouble under which we suffer to-day, in a great many other matters besides college athletics, is the idea that men cannot be allowed and encouraged to do what they think right without a united effort to bring everybody to a level of uniformity.

"I wish that it were possible for all our intercollegiate associations to pay more attention to playing rules and less to eligibility rules, and let the individual colleges concerned settle both their schedules of games and their questions of eligibility. For, after all, the thing that really counts is not so much the letter of the rule that the college professes to follow as the care with which it lives up to the rules that it has. If you approve of the general standards of your opponent in sport, play with him and let him select such representatives as he pleases. If you do not approve, drop him from your schedules and leave him to seek other opponents whose standards, in your opinion, are more nearly like his own. A man who is suspicious of his opponent violates the principle of amateur sport much more fundamentally than one who plays summer baseball and tells the truth about it."

Of the twenty-one letters I received condemning the practice of summer baseball the three from which I shall now quote see in the present-day tendency toward the professionalizing of college baseball so grave a menace to amateur sport in general that unless college baseball can be kept free from taint they would prefer to see it dropped from the list of intercollegiate games.

Mr. Frank Angell, chairman of the Faculty Athletic Association of Stanford University, speaking for Doctor Jordan, says:

The argument we commonly meet runs as follows: "A student has just as much right to go out in the summer and earn money to pay his way through college by playing ball as by piling lumber; he is no more a professional in one case than the other, and there should be no discrimination in either case in the matter of places on Varsity teams. The best and finest fellows in college will go out and play summer ball and the only effect of trying to apply the strict amateur standard is to make liars of them."

As regards the "best and finest" argument, one is reminded of similar statements in days gone by about cheating in examinations. The "best and finest" cheated, it was said, as a sporting proposition; to "beat out" the professor. But this pleasing delusion for the mentally and morally weak has passed away in many universities, and I imagine the kindred delusion that a man can remain good and fine and at the same time lie about his amateur standing will follow in its wake.

At Stanford University we talk less about professionalizing than about commercializing sport. The layman is apt to become confused in following out the provisions of the amateur rulings, but every one understands what it means to make money out of sports.

So we say here that a student must not play ball for money or its equivalent because:

1. It is not fair that men who make their living (professionals) from playing ball should compete for positions on Varsity teams with men who play for fun (amateurs).

2. If we allow baseball to become commercialized it will be only a question of time when all college sports will be tarred with the same stick.

3. The effects of summer baseball in this part of the country have often been demoralizing. The baseball games of the small towns are usually financed by the saloon interest; if not by that, then by some other tough and "sporty" element. With these people the student must fraternize if he is going to hold his position, and the results have often been lamentable.

The problem is probably simpler here than in the East, as we have but few hotel runs. Perhaps, too, there is less readiness to absolve a man from lying about his amateur standing than where opportunity is

more frequent At any rate it is but a short time since the captain of this Varsity nine said to me that he thought a man should be barred from teams on a "reasonable suspicion" that he had played summer ball.

If, however, we find that there is no cure for the baseball taint, I should favor dropping it from the list of intercollegiate games, and this would be a pity, for, played fairly and *decently*, it is a fine game.

Chancellor Strong, of Kansas University, says:

The pressure toward commercializing or professionalizing all athletics is very strong. Unfortunately just now it is showing itself particularly in connection with summer baseball. It would be a great misfortune to have college baseball assume a commercial or professional aspect, and if baseball must yield to this pressure and if our college baseball must become permanently tinctured with commercialism by reason of the fact that its best players take part in professional games during the summer, then it is very likely to follow that college baseball will be abolished as an intercollegiate sport; in fact, according to the press dispatches, that has already happened in one of the important universities of the Middle West

In many respects baseball is one of the most available of amateur games. Unlike football, anyone can play it without danger of injury, and it is an interesting and valuable game for the unskilled as well as the skilled. What the effect would be to cut baseball out of the list of intercollegiate sports it is difficult to tell. It might lead to the total cessation of baseball in our colleges and universities. That this would affect our great national game there is little doubt. On the other hand, it is possible that it might lead to a revival of the unskilled and nonprofessional baseball between amateur players who no longer have to worry about their positions on an intercollegiate team.

The main trouble with commercializing a sport is that it makes necessary a formal establishment to carry it on. There must be coaches and they must be paid larger and larger salaries. They must win as many games as possible; thus the pressure to get better coaches increases. The pressure to get players who are more and more skilled is very great. Men must be imported if the rules can be evaded, and one is soon in an endless circle that leads to a great overaccentuation of intercollegiate sport. This whole matter raises the question: Is this a tendency in our sports to cause the abolition of all intercollegiate athletics and with it coaches and the whole formal athletic establishment? I fear it, and would seek to avoid it by keeping our athletics on an amateur basis. I would like to see baseball in colleges kept a purely amateur sport, free from all professionalism.

Mr. A. S. Whitney, Chairman of the Board in Control of Athletics at the University of Michigan, speaking for President Hutchins, says:

The tendency to permit boys to play for money or its equivalent during the vacation is certainly a serious menace to the wholesomeness of amateur sport and ought to be prohibited wherever possible. In football and track it is not difficult to maintain such standards, but in baseball it seems practically impossible. This last situation is made much more difficult because of the preponderance of public opinion in favor of boys using their skill in baseball to assist them through college. Any Michigan student who plays for his board or cash during the vacation or in any other way violates our amateur rules is strictly barred from all athletic contests at the University.

We have certain eligibility rules and blanks which we cause every candidate for any athletic games to read and sign, and the statement at the bottom of the eligibility blank which we require. In addition we quiz them concerning their athletic history and determine, so far as we can, their right of admission to contests as amateurs. Our football and track situation is reasonably satisfactory, but our baseball situation is unsatisfactory to the highest degree. Rules that will permit students to sing in glee clubs and to receive pay in church choirs, that will admit them to debating clubs and offer them money for contest, and that will at the same time prohibit them from using their skill in any baseball contests for gain, appeal to them as thoroughly unjust and wrong and hence they do not feel bound by them. Furthermore, students know that this same sentiment prevails over the country east and west, and strictly amateur baseball teams do not obtain in any of our colleges anywhere. Of this they seem to have abundant proof. I may say further that a somewhat exhaustive study by a committee of our board convinces us of the truth of their assertions—namely, that amateur baseball in our colleges and universities is a "joke."

The situation seems to us unendurable and that some solution should be sought by the combined efforts of the colleges. There are practically four courses that might be pursued: To adopt summer baseball, which no one institution can do alone; to enforce amateur rules strictly, which I am satisfied is impossible in the face of present public opinion; to wink at the situation, as some institutions in the East are reputed to be doing, which, in my judgment, is both dishonest and injurious to the character of the boys and to the morals of the university student body in general; to abolish intercollegiate baseball

I am gradually coming to believe that the last course is the only honorable one for institutions to adopt under the present circumstances. I am convinced that if some authoritative body could induce all of the large institutions to investigate the amateur standing of those who have played on the teams during the past ten years they would unhesitatingly find that the present situation is unwholesome, untenable and impossible.

Perhaps all this sounds rather academic to the noncollegiate reader. Possibly he is still asking himself a little vaguely and confusedly where the debauchery of the boys and the lost integrity of the game come in, and is wondering whether all of these objections are not based on far-fetched ethical theories rather than on sound common sense.

In my second article I shall let Presidents Butler, of Columbia, and Faunce, of Brown University, who see no harm in summer baseball, and President Thompson, of Ohio University, who is not in sympathy with the amateur rule, speak for the opposition. And when all the witnesses have been heard, I shall endeavor so to sum up my case as to convince even the laymen in athletics that summer baseball is a real bogyman in the world of sport.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Caspar Whitney on the subject of Summer Baseball The second article will appear in an early issue

Speed by Wireless

A NEW kind of recording apparatus will make it possible to receive wireless telegrams at a very high rate of speed in the great new station that is at the present time being finished in Massachusetts for wireless communication with a station located in Norway.

Wireless telegraph messages ordinarily are caught by the operator in a telephone receiver, the dots and dashes of the message sounding like buzzes or scratches in the telephone. Accordingly the ordinary wireless operator is limited in the speed with which he can receive a message; for he must listen to the message letter by letter, and write it out letter by letter as it comes to him through the receiver. In other words, no operator can take words faster than he can write them.

The great expense of the enormous plants required for transatlantic wireless telegraphy goes on at the same rate whether messages are received fast or slowly, whether the system can take many messages in a minute or whether it is able to take only one in that time. Consequently it is desirable to crowd messages along as fast as possible.

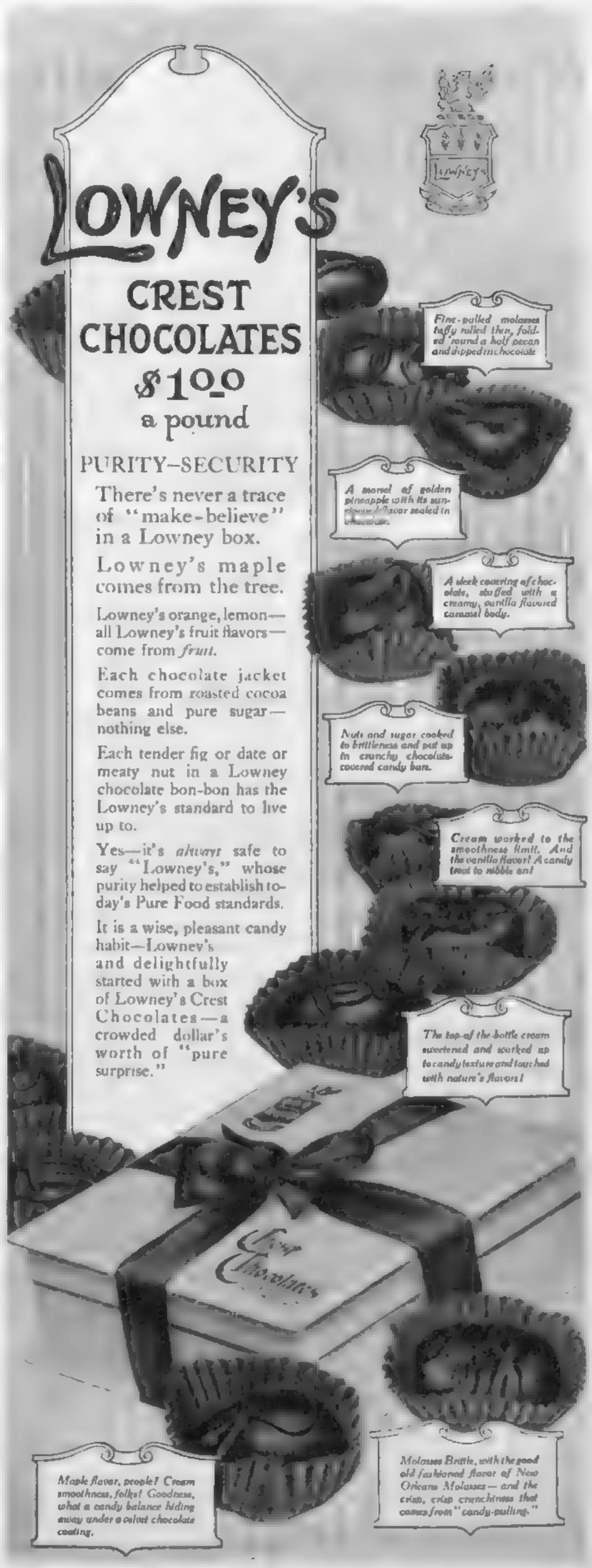
The new apparatus will make it possible to crowd messages along over this new air route. At the receiving station the operator does not catch the messages in a telephone receiver in the ordinary way; but a telephone receiver catches them, and then a machine records them on cylinders revolving at high speed. When a cylinder is filled the operator takes it off and puts on a fresh one.

The finished record is then turned over to another employee; and he takes it to another room, puts it on a talking machine and catches the message at his leisure, writing it out on a typewriter. When the plant is in full operation there will be several of these wireless-typewriter operators, and it is expected that all of them will be busy keeping up with the constant manufacture of the records

At the other station, across the ocean, the messages will have to be hurried through the instruments rapidly, faster than a telegrapher could be expected to pound them out. Employees there will punch dots and dashes in strips of paper to record messages that are to be sent; and another employee will feed these strips of paper into a machine that will send the dots and dashes out as wireless waves.

Another feature of the Massachusetts-Norway wireless station will be the sending and receiving of messages side by side. On each side of the ocean two stations are built, and in both cases these stations are twenty miles apart. One station will receive messages and the other will send them; yet the two wireless lines will not interfere with each other.

Instead of the familiar wireless masts, with a short string of wires from which the wireless is sent out, each station will have a string of wires high in the air, a mile and a half long, pointing to the station across the ocean.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The Letters of William Green

The Tragedy of the Pipe of Peace

MY DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me just had our examination in fizzieology and arithmetick and Hennry said we otto rite and let you know how we came out. It was a pretty hard examination but we both came through. We were examined in our skeliton in fizzieology and had twenty questions of bones witch were pretty hard. The questions were all the way from our skull to our feet witch cuvered a good deel of ground.

Hennry left out part of his skull in one question and I missed part of my backbone and the big bone in my legg but we both remembered enough to pass with and are verry glad we are through with our skellton for good.

A boy out playen does not know he has so menny bones but when he has fizzieology examination all of them come out. It is not supprizen that a boy would miss some of his bones and Hennry and me are glad we did not leeve enny more bones out of our skellton than we did. Hennry remembered leeven out part of his skull as soon as the examination was over but it was too late then but he had put in enough to pass with ennyway.

Examination is a grate releef to you when it is over. You are all reddy with your paper on your desk wunderen what she is goen to rite down on the bored for the furst question and if you know it or not. It is a grate strane on all of you.

Some of the boys know it the furst thing and start to rite down the anser before she hardly gets the furst question on the bored but a good menny of the boys have to wate and think and bite the penholder so as to get it out of thare memmery. And they suffer a grate deel moar than ennybody knows but them.

If you could see them all with thare foreheds rinkuld up and sometimes twisten thare hare for help you would see how mutch sufferen you can get out of onley twenty questions.

Sometimes you do not know the furst anser but you are hoapful for the seckond question but it is not enny better and you would almost give ennything if you could look in the book just for a minnet but it is no use because she is watchen you all the time. And when the boy rite neckst to you is riten down his skull and uther bones as fast as he can and you are sitten there tryen to think of the middul part of your backbone soze you can go on, it is a turble feelen and you are almost desperit but it is no use.

Sometimes you will wissper to the boy in frunt of you over his shoulder soze he will purhappe help you out but he is busy riten soze he does not hear you or else he is afrade to anser for feer of the teecher and you would give almost ennything to look over his shoalder and see what he is riten but she is watchen you agen.

You can heer them scratchen pens all round you wile you are looken on the seelen or the flore or out the windo for the anser but it is not thare. After wile you are so discurridged you could almost cry and you rite down something soze not to leeve the anser blank but you know you are onley gessen.

Hennry and me were both tired on our way home to dinner after fizzieology examination and Hennry said you would never think you could get so menny questions out of our skellton and he was offle glad it was over and we were in our mussels now. But he said he was goen to take his mussels home nites and stundy them after this soze he would not have to wurry so mutch the neckst time.

Hennry and me had some new expeariences the uther day witch will probly be verry valyubul to us in fewchure and Hennry said we mite as well tell you about it berause it would probly come out some time ennyway and you would find out about it so it would be better for us to tel you furst. But it has been kept seacrut so far from everybody except the boys who were in it.

It was a new kind of gaim called Indian Worfare and you play it with a duzen boys or so down in the woods. Furst you go down on the bank of the crick and take off all of your close except pance and hide them till you want them agen. Then you streek yourself all over with diffrunt-cullered mud on your chesat and leggs and your face and put a fether in your hare and then you holler and hoop through the woods with a speer and a wooden tommyhawk killen each uther for Indians. It is verry exsiten hiden behind the trees and then rushen out and killen somebody and you can make it last most all the afternoon.

It was the furst time Hennry and me plade it and after it is over you bild a camfire in the woods and all sit round and smoak the pipe of peace. Billy Gibbs read about it in a book of his and it is the onley way you can be frendly agen after you are in a battul. Billy borrered one of his father's pipes and a pockutful of tobacco.

It was a pipe with a long stemm and a small bole but pretty strong for its sighs. Billy's father smoaked it ever since Billy was a small boy and Billy thought it would be a fine pipe to smoak the pipe of peace with and we would be abul to get it back before supper soze his father would not miss it.

Billy hid it under a dedd logg till the gaim was over and we bilt the camfire and all set round in a serkle like Indians grunten and waten to smoak the pipe of peace and be frends agen. It was a bewtiful Ottum day about fore o'clock and Billy got the pipe from under the dedd logg and filled it with tobacco and then he put a live cole on it out of the camfire and took the furst draw until it was goen pretty good and passed it on.

Then the neckst boy took a big draw and cofft a littul because the smoak went up his nose and passed it on.

Then Hennry took a big draw and said How! verry loud and brave and passed it on.

Then I took a draw and blew out a big lot of smoak and it went all round to Billy Gibbs agen.

It was a grate deel of fun the furst time round and new to all of us. Then it went around the seckond time not quite so fast but all the boys taken thare draw after each uther. By the forth time round some of the boys had enough but they would not say so furst.

When it came back to Billy Gibbs he took his last draw and passed it on and he said he gessed he would go out in the woods and scowt a littul. He was afrade thare mite be savvidges waten to attackt us. He was a littul pale and drops of swet on his forehed but probily from feer.

Pretty soon he disuppeered in the woods and staggurd out of site. Then Hennry lade the pipe down and said it was pretty hot for him clost to the camfire and he gessed he would scowt a little and get some fresh air.

He said some uther boy could have his draws till he came back. He was a littul swetty on his forehed and seamed to be in a hurry to go.

The pipe of peace was out by this time but nobody seamed to care.

By this time my stummick began to be in sevear pane and verry doubtful about stayen down. I thought I would go and see if Hennry needed ennything. I was not sure how long I would be abul to keep my stummick down from the way it felt witch was verry strainge.

In a littul wile I could see Billy Gibbs layen stretcht out on the bank of the crick with his face rite in the edge of the wotter and Hennry was layen beside of him letten the wotter woah his face when it would come up.

Both of them were quite pale and groned a littul. Billy wissepered he thought he was sunstruck from playen so hard in the hot sun. His war paint was all washt off his face and so was Hennry's.

In a minnet I thought I would lay down beside of Billy and Hennry. I thought maybe the cool wotter commen up on my face would help to keep my stummick down.

Pretty soon you could see most of the boys layen on the bank of the crick on all sides of us doen the same as me and Hennry and Billy Gibbs.

Sometimes the boys would grone apart and sometimes they would grone together. It must have been a grate site and none of us expeckted to see home agen.

It was haff an owr before enny of us could stand up agen. It was neerly supper time by then and we mannidged to find the rest of our close and put them on someway but we were not verry petickler.

On the way home we would think about it and shivver but nobody said ennything. Billy Gibbs forgot the pipe witch was still layen by the camfire but he would not go back and get it for ennything because the smell of it would be too mutch for him goen home. Oncet or twicet we tride to give the warhoop on the way home but it was quite feebul and not mutch life to it.

Hennry and me went in the back way and we could smell the supper out of the back dore witch almost made us as bad as before. It was quite a wile before we could go in and face it. When we got in the kitchen we started to shivver agen and Hennry said he gessed he would go home because he thought he was commen down with sumthing. I could heer him quite a ways out of my windo upstares goen home.

Hennry said neckst day it would be the last pipe of peace for him. He almost dide agen after he got home. His muther tride to make him eat some minns pie kept warm from supper and it hardly went down before it was back up agen.

It was a turrible expearience but Hennry said maybe it was good for us and we would never smoak agen. He was offle sorrey about the minns pie because he is afrade the taste of it will go agenst him for a long time.

Hennry and me forgot to tell you about a boy in our class who is tryen to pass all his examinations because one of his aunts promist to give him a silver watch and chane for Christmas. She must be a fine woman—don't you think so?—to encurridge a boy that way. A boy like that will probily grow up to be a grate man from studdyen so hard and will owe it all to her.

Hennry and me lookt at some in the juelry windo for two dollars chane and all but we do not need enny watch to make us pass and if we get enny it would be a grate supprize. Hennry said to ast you not to say ennything about smoaken the pipe of peace because Billy Gibbs is afrade his father mite find out about the pipe witch is out by the camfire yet.

Hennry and me send love.

Your affeckshunate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. The watch in the juelry windo is not a silver watch but made out of the Battulship Mane. But the wurks would probily be the same.—W. G. —*J. W. Foley.*

A Leaky Lake

A QUEER and unexpected result of the operation of the Panama Canal is the making of a salt-water lake high above sea level on the Isthmus. A lake that was pure fresh water last summer is now so salt that the water is not fit to drink, and this in spite of the fact that the bottom of the lake is much above the highest level which the high tides of the Pacific Ocean reach.

Miraflores Lake is eight miles from the Pacific Ocean, on the line of the canal, and was created by the building of the waterway. It is fed by water from the great Gatun Lake, and plans had been adopted prior to the opening of the canal for using the lake as a water supply for a number of small towns. As soon as the canal was placed in operation the water of Miraflores Lake became noticeably salt, and its value as a drinking water supply disappeared.

The salt, of course, comes from the salt water of the Pacific Ocean which works its way up into the lake through the operation of the two locks between the lake and sea level. Every time a boat goes up the locks on the Pacific end a certain amount of salt water goes along with it.

Salt water is heavier than fresh water, and consequently every time the lock gates are opened currents of fresh water and salt water quickly flow, until the lower part of the water in the lock is sea water and the upper layer of water is fresh. The salt water is much diluted before it finally gets into Miraflores Lake; but enough of it gets there to become very noticeable.

THE SILENT SHUFFLE

(Concluded from Page 9)

possible markets for American goods—a situation that is complicated just now by a shortage of wool.

You have heard much about toys; but, to understand the amazing change in the toy trade, you must visit some of the plants. One toy factory in Massachusetts took over the entire force of a suspended machine shop, two hundred and fifty men, and even than had to work day and night. The toy trade is with us to stay. Germany will never recover more than a small proportion of the American patronage it has lost. We have found out we can make the goods here.

You have heard much, also, about aniline colors. There is little so far that is tangible; yet several plants in the United States which had been shut down or partly dismantled are now running. Also, systematic efforts are being made to bring about a color-making industry in this country. We have a new vision on colors, as we have on other things.

Other people abroad have undergone abrupt changes of viewpoint too. One day, not long after the beginning of the war, a young Englishman, minus his monocle, came down the gangplank of an ocean liner at New York. No sooner had he landed than he sent out a big batch of letters worded something like this:

"I am in the United States to make arrangements for my jobbing house, in London, to handle American goods, such arrangement to become effective immediately on the cessation of hostilities. We have bought largely in Germany and Austria, but we shall not resume Made in Germany goods if we can make satisfactory purchases here in America."

This is not a fairy story. Since that first Englishman came over this sort of thing has been duplicated time and again. From almost every civilized nation men have come to New York and other American cities to lay their wires for the new game. It is a game that is literally forced on them. They must play it or quit.

A Chinese merchant came from Hong-Kong and spent weeks here arranging for goods to substitute for those he had bought in Germany. Most of all he wanted fancy goods and articles that he could use as souvenirs; and these souvenirs he hopes to sell back, in part, to Americans touring China! He arranged with American manufacturers to make him lines of nice Chinese articles.

From Montreal came a merchant who wanted hardware specialties. A wholesale druggist in Italy came after druggists' supplies. Glass buyers from Belgium, South America and Honolulu have been in Pittsburgh. A mail-order man came down from Newfoundland, ready to take almost anything he could get that was suitable. From Portugal came a merchant after perfumery, stationery, office supplies and various foodstuffs. A man from Spain wanted gold leaf; and another buyer from England—England repeats very often—wanted fobs and imitation bronze statuettes!

The mails have carried a tremendous volume of such inquiries too. Thus you get some idea of the shuffle.

And then, just now, there are the war orders. For example, one large American harness manufactory got a contract for twelve hundred thousand harnesses and sixty thousand saddles, to be delivered at the rate of one thousand sets, of six harnesses each, every week. This order was far in excess of its own capacity, so it sublet the bulk of the contract to fourteen other harness factories.

Another big concern captured a contract for sixty thousand harnesses, and sublet much of the work in Chicago, Louisville, Oklahoma City, Houston, Dallas, and other cities.

So far American shoe factories have received orders for between one and two million pairs of army shoes. A million blankets are being made in this country for the foreign armies; also, large quantities of sweaters, stacks of underwear, and so on indefinitely. The steel mills and shipbuilders are reported to have contracts for war vessels and submarines. Automobile-truck makers are working three shifts.

Of course, however, all this does not prove that the United States is booming—not yet! We must count the losses as well as the gains. Shoedealers, for instance, will tell you that people are wearing their old shoes. The farm-implement makers are not happy because they are not selling any goods in Europe. The piano business is bad and many lines of business are suffering.

Yet if these individual glimpses show us anything they show that strange and new and vast opportunities are hovering over this land to-day.

THE CROWN PRINCE IN INDIA

(Continued from Page 11)

They were planning to give the Prince his first shot at a tiger that day, and the so-called sport was the usual cut-and-dried performance staged for distinguished visitors in that part of the world. Shooting had been suspended over a huge area of jungle for two or three months, and every night for some weeks goats and bullocks had been tethered at certain of the more easily accessible points to act as lures.

As a consequence every tiger and leopard, to say nothing of jackals, panthers, wildcats, and the like, from a wide area had been attracted to the section to be hunted, where, gorged to repletion on the tethered animals, they had become as fat and listless as household tabbies and, unless wounded, scarcely more dangerous. The prime object was not a sporting kill but rather, eliminating the element of risk absolutely, to allow the guest of honor to slaughter a record number of beasts in a single day.

Practically every member of the big party, two to each elephant, carried guns; but it was generally understood that the Prince was to be allowed the first chance at everything scared up, and that the others were not to shoot except to prevent the escape of game, the mauling of a beater, or the injury of an elephant—the latter coming usually from clawed eyes.

The Prince, of course, was no stranger to this form of hunting, his illustrious progenitor being the holder of all indiscriminate slaughter records for Europe, if not the whole world. There was no doubt of the fact that the restraint of the thing was irksome to him, however; in fact, it was said he had been importuning the Maharajah to let him go out after a tiger on foot, following the practice made famous by the lion-hearted old Maharana of Udaipur.

This being, for many reasons, entirely out of the question, the young firebrand curbed his impatience as best he could, but stubbornly drew the line at firing at anything but running game. He shot like a flash and with rare judgment; but, as he persisted in aiming his first shots wide in order to force the skulking quarry to a run, the latter was, not infrequently, only wounded, or even missed, as it darted away through the dense jungle grass.

Several leopards, a tiger or two, and a small rhinoceros had fallen to the Prince's rifle in the morning's shooting; and, with that particular stretch of jungle apparently completely swept by the lines of beaters, the Maharajah was about to give the word for the hunt to make for the tiffin rendezvous when a hulking male leopard broke cover and came slinking along, looking for an opening in our line of elephants. When the big cat came opposite the Prince's elephant the Maharajah, at the request of the former, let drive a quick shot into the grass at its feet.

As the uptossed particles of earth stung his tawny side the surprised beast, snarling savagely and snapping in the direction of the shot, rose straight into the air. The quick-shooting Prince raked the furry ball of kinetic energy with a very clever shot before it struck the ground; but a second shot—evidently a narrow miss—did not stop its rush for cover, which it found in a thick clump of tufted elephant grass directly in front of Frederick William's steady old pachyderm. Here, with only a strong musklike smell indicating his presence, he persisted in skulking, and no amount of shouting and shooting could bring him out.

Frederick William leaned over the edge of his howdah for two or three minutes, a gathering impatience showing in his puckered brows; and then, before his shooting

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companion, the Maharajah, could protest, he clambered quickly over and slid to the ground. He dropped his rifle as he went down on all fours from the impact of the ten-foot fall, but regained it an instant later and started full-tilt into the tangle of giant grass that concealed his quarry.

The latter, seeing, scenting or sensing the new enemy on the ground, started out to offer battle; but what might have been a very pretty little encounter was spoiled by a veritable fusillade from the ring of elephants, which was responsible for turning the skin of the largest leopard that was shot in India that season into something not unsuggestive of an overworked porous plaster.

The Prince was reported "pouty" for some time on account of having his duel spoiled by his solicitous hosts; but some lively sport in the afternoon put him in good temper again, and when the Maharajah sent for me to join them at tea on our return to camp he was bubbling over with spirits. At the moment I joined them, indeed, he was uproarious over having mixed some paprika and chutney with the marmalade, on which one of the officers of his suite started to indulge a very healthy appetite, but became serious and thoughtful at once when, in response to his queries regarding Kiao-chau, I said I thought there was no question that Japan considered Tsingtau a bar to its ambition for attaining Far Eastern hegemony, both political and commercial.

We retired to reclining chairs after tea and talked until it was time for the Prince to change his attire for eight-o'clock dinner. To be more exact, I talked, and Frederick William questioned and prompted. At first I endeavored to confine my comments to the many admirable features of German colonial theory and practice, which I frankly believed in and regarding which I could speak with unfeigned enthusiasm; but when I became noncommittal, or even positively mendacious concerning other things I felt to be less admirable, he brought me up short at once.

"Please give me the—how do you Yankees put it?—the straight of it," he cut in once. "I know there are many things well done in our colonies, but I am also aware that there are other things which some—yourself, for instance—would think were done better in the colonies of Great Britain or the Netherlands. Let us talk of those."

At the end of half an hour I found myself speaking as freely, and also as plainly, as to one of my own countrymen. From my own standpoint, of course, it would have been infinitely more interesting if my questioner could have been drawn into discussion. For the most part, however, he simply turned over the pages of my observations as he might have turned the pages of an annual colonial report—pleased at this, disappointed in that, interested in all; and yet with a preconceived notion that everything was so well-grounded at the bottom that the intelligence was really of little moment after all.

A Straight Talk About Germany

It was this attitude—sensed rather than realized through any direct expression—which doubtless made it easy for Frederick William to take so good-naturedly my by no means mildly spoken strictures on the stern, repressive military rule of the Germans in Southwest Africa, as well as on a number of other things that I felt and feel—are done much better in British, Dutch and American colonies than in those of the Fatherland. The Prince, as I have intimated, adroitly avoided entering into any discussion, refraining especially from comment of a political nature. Twice or thrice, however, he skated near the edge, and I found each instance worth pondering.

In speaking of the Samoas I had mentioned meeting there, in the course of a South Seas yachting cruise in 1904, the able and amiable Doctor Solf, lately I later to be appointed German Colonial Secretary. A hundred times since I had tried to puzzle out Germany's purpose in keeping so able a man in so comparatively unimportant a post. Suddenly the thought flashed through my mind that the Prince might be led to say something on the subject; and, heedless of the impropriety of the query, I blurted out:

"I have often wondered, Your Imperial Highness, why, with German Samoa of but a fraction of the commercial importance of the British and French colonies in the Pacific, your country should have kept there for years a man who is in ability head and shoulders above the colonial governors in Papéiti, Suva and Nouméa."

A little nettled, I have always thought, at my assumption of the insignificance of German Samoa, the Prince was moved to instant and somewhat unguarded reply.

"German Samoa is more important to us than any other of our South Pacific possessions," he said, with some heat; "more important to us, perhaps, than the Societys to France or the Fijis to Britain." Then, with a note of regret in his voice: "But Pago Pago, which fell into the lap of your country without an effort from Washington, would have served our purpose far better than Apia." It was, of course, the ideal naval station, made possible by American control of the incomparable Pago Pago Harbor, to which Frederick William referred.

The Prince was on thin ice again for a moment when, in speaking of Asiatic Turkey and the great Mesopotamian reclamation project, I told him that, on leaving India, I planned to go by the Persian Gulf to Bassora, up the Tigris to Bagdad and Mosul, and thence by caravan to Deyr and Aleppo.

"I envy you from the bottom of my heart," he said earnestly, and the rather unpleasantly staring glance, with which he had kept me fixed as he fired his questions, turned for a space to the darkening northwest, the eager eyes softening as they visioned—who knows what?

An Example of Royal Nerve

Was it Babylon, Nineveh, Hitt, and the ebb and flow of the hosts of Alexander, Xenophon, Cyrus—pictures of the past? Or was it the vital, vivid present, with the dams and laterals of the great Willcocks reclamation scheme, turning the desert back to Eden, and the German-built Bagdad Railroad, reaching out steel tentacles to bind it to the Fatherland? Or was it a picture of the future, with red-white-and-black flags snapping defiantly in the desert wind from station, steamer and barracks, with the desert sun glinting on serried rows of spiked helmets, and with industrious German colonies growing fat on the stored wealth of the Tigro-Euphrates silt?

For a minute, or two or three, the Prince was lost in a reverie. Then, drawing himself up in his chair, he repeated:

"I envy you from the bottom of my heart. Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine—it is the most interesting region in the world to me," he went on more briskly—"interesting not only on account of what it has been, but also because of what it still may be. You will doubtless meet my father's protégés of the *Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft* at Babylon and Assur. They are doing remarkable work, especially Doctor Koldeway, at Babylon; but I myself am rather more interested in that of Meissner Pasha, who should be in Bagdad by the time you arrive. He is a German, but has spent the last twenty-eight years in railroad work in Asiatic Turkey. He built the Pilgrims' Railroad to Medina and is now pushing the Bagdad line.

"You may also encounter Baron O—— somewhere along your caravan route. If you do, tell him some of the things you have told me this evening. He will be interested. He is one of the cleverest men in Germany and also one of the most likable. Doubtless you have heard of him. He was a member of the German Railroad Commission that visited America a few years ago."

It chanced that I had not, at the time, heard of Baron O——; and so it was not unnatural that I should inquire whether he, like Meissner Pasha, was also working in connection with the Bagdad Railroad.

"O—— is nominally a member of our diplomatic corps," was the reply; "but his work is in special rather than regular channels. Wherever the need of a very clever man develops he is thrown into the breach."

My quick look of interest was inopportune; for the Prince—doubtless realizing that a very natural question for an inquisitive person to ask at this juncture would be regarding Germany's need of a very clever man in the middle of the Mesopotamian Desert in that year of grace—began volubly explaining that Baron O——'s interest in Asiatic Turkey was purely archæological; adding that his discovery of a colossal Hittite statue near Mardin, in 1911, had been acclaimed the find of the year.

In subsequent conversations I vainly endeavored to draw the Prince into expressing himself on India in general, and especially on the Indian and Anglo-Indian soldier. His answers were always in the form of polite generalities. Only once do I recall his venturing a comment which might have been taken to indicate that his approval was any less sweeping than he would have one believe. This was when, speaking of a brilliant feat of pig sticking by one of the Britishers, I expressed my admiration for the cleverness of both Indian and Anglo-Indian officers at the more vigorous forms of out-door sport.

"They are, indeed, clever," admitted the Prince; "but pig sticking, tent pegging, *shikar* and polo are not the whole of a soldier's training."

"Most of their frontier wars have been won by the men who could shoot and ride, however," I said; "and so was the South African War."

"True," was the reply; "but the Japanese won their war against the Russians with their commissariat and hospital service; and these—and many other things, in fact, besides shooting and riding—will figure heavily in the wars of the future."

This was becoming interesting; but, though I tried to keep the talk on the same track by asserting that none of these things appeared to be seriously neglected in the British army, Frederick William sheered off and began one of his characteristic bombardments of questions, this time on the comparative showings of the German, British and Dutch New Guinea holdings.

For sheer sang-froid nothing that I saw of the Crown Prince quite equaled his behavior on the morning of one of the cheetah hunts arranged for him by the Maharajah of P——. It was just before breakfast when one of those remarkable, half doglike, half catlike hunting leopards, slipping away from its keeper, climbed stealthily into a big banyan tree, under which the Prince's tent was pitched, and, in a fit of sheer playfulness, precipitated itself into the midst of a group of officers to whom Frederick William was holding forth on the joys of student dueling.

The fact that, judging from the sounds, there had been high revel at headquarters up to the wee sma' hours may have had something to do with the nerves of most of the higher-ups of the party being a bit out of hand that morning. At any rate, without waiting long enough to see that the beast was a tame one, and muzzled at that, all but one of the party bolted as precipitately as though scattered by a bomb. The Prince—it was he who stood fast—with a nonchalant shift of his favorite slope-shouldered stance, coolly proceeded to explain to a rather nonplused cheetah, in lieu of other listeners, the intricacies of smallsword practice, punctuating his speech with expository passes with his cigarette in the empty air.

The Mettle of the Crown Prince

From the foregoing it will readily be seen that it is but a jumbled lot of diverse, even conflicting, impressions which were formed as a consequence of my brief contact, in India, with the future ruler of the German Empire, and that nothing approaching a clean-cut characterization is possible from them. I have heard many—even Germans—in all parts of the world say that the Crown Prince was rattle-headed and impetuous; that he cared more for sport and a good time than for the welfare of his country.

That he has been impetuous, even rattle-headed in his impetuosity, there is no doubt; but that he weighs anything—even everything—in the world against his country's welfare is absurd. Those who would damn with faint praise say that Frederick William will never be the man his father is, which is probably a fairly safe assertion. The Kaiser is one of the outstanding figures of his generation, and the Crown Prince has yet to show that he is a character of even unusual forcefulness; but there is good stuff, sterling stuff, in him—make no mistake about that.

There is iron behind that devil-may-care, something-doing-all-the-time manner—aye, and there is blood flowing in that jauntily carried body. It may not be the blood and iron of his famous progenitor, Frederick the Great; or the blood and iron of his grandfather, William the Great; or yet the blood and iron of his father, whom some men are also calling William the Great. The Crown Prince, who bears the name of all these, is cast in a lesser mold, both mentally and physically, than any of them; but, for all of that, let no one believe that, in the great fire through which Frederick William is passing, the blood of him will not prove red or the iron of him not ring true.

SOME BEES IN A HURRY

(Continued from Page 4)

the chances are that none of these would have been put on the list, with the possible exception of Representative Mann, from Illinois. They are the real beneficiaries at present. They are the men who have cashed in on the Republican rejuvenation; but whether the Republicans will cash in with them remains to be seen. Whitman won a good victory in New York. Willis won a good victory in Ohio. Herrick excited admiration by his efficient work during the first days of the European war, as Ambassador to France.

Mann had displayed much legislative talent and considerable strength in conducting the affairs of a small Republican minority in the National House of Representatives. The party had displayed vitality. These were vital men and vigorous, and in the eye of the public. Naturally they were given each his bee. Naturally, also, they had no objections.

Of the lot, Mann had proved up and Herrick had a sentimental value. Whitman and Willis were and are merely young chaps who came in on the tide and who have their proving up to do. It will be a year, at least, before the acid test is applied to these and the others. Many things may happen in a year. Not one of the lot may be considered a year from now; but they are strutting their little struts to-day, and are interesting features of a non-interesting season, and as such to be considered.

James R. Mann is the Republican leader of the House of Representatives, and in all probability will continue to be the leader in the Sixty-fourth Congress, which, unless it is called into extra session, will begin its legislative work in December, 1915. Mann, in the present Congress, has had but one hundred and twenty-odd Republicans, out of a total membership of four hundred and thirty-five, under his leadership; but in the next Congress his followers will be increased in number, for the Democrats, instead of having a majority of almost one hundred and fifty, will not have in the coming Congress a majority to exceed thirty.

That will make Mann's job harder, for there has been not much for him to do with those great odds against him but hold his forces steady and make his protests as forceful and as resonant as he could. It will be different with a hundred or so more men behind him and a margin so much narrower between him and control. However, it will be different for the Democrats, also, and there need be no speculation on those phases.

An American Nominated in Paris

Mann was elected first to the Fifty-fifth Congress, from Chicago, and has been sent back regularly ever since. He is a square-jawed, square-toed, square-headed citizen, with a serious mind, a serious conception of his duties, a flaming partisanship, and a spirit of fair play. He has a reputation as a worker and as a student. There is nothing frivolous or incidental about him. He fights hard, fights fairly and fights continuously. It is his opinion that a Democratic measure, *per se*, is not a patriotic measure, and he belabors everything Democratic unceasingly and vigorously.

At the same time there is nothing petty or narrow-minded about his partisanship. He plays the game from his angle and plays it with an adequate conception of the rules. He seeks every advantage, but he seeks no unfair advantage. His opponents like him and so do his followers. He is an able parliamentarian, has a wide knowledge of the mechanics of government, talks well, and can compromise when compromise is necessary.

There is nothing magnetic about Mann, nor much to appeal to the popular imagination. He is a citizen with a set of whiskers streaked with gray, a rather cold eye and a sense of responsibility; but there is no getting away from the fact that he is capable, courageous and consistent. He has been regular in all his political doings. He stood by in the flurry of 1912 and he is standing by yet. The basic principles of the Republican faith are firmly rooted in him.

If after piloting his minority through this present session of Congress he shows well in the opening months of the next Congress, which will take him over to 1916, when the elimination tests will begin, there might be active consideration of Mann—might be. Maybe there will not be; but it seems to me he contains considerable of the raw material needed for the construction of a Republican candidate—provided, of course, there are any leads and dips in that raw material tending toward the newer sort of Republicanism which will be essential if the Republican comeback is to be a real comeback and not a mere spasm.

Myron T. Herrick has had political ambitions for a good many years. Some of these have been gratified and some have not. Quite modestly, when he arrived from France a short time ago, with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor decorating his bosom the same conferred outside the three-mile limit in order to comply with certain constitutional limitations for such decorations—quite modestly Mr. Herrick disclaimed any presidential ambitions and said such talk was nonsense, or words to that deprecatory effect.

However, he cannot escape. He has already been nominated for president by a Paris newspaper, and the day is probably not far distant when some American newspaper will nominate M. Jusserand, the French ambassador to this country, for President of France, thus preserving and cementing the international amenities.

The Best Looking of the Bees

Moreover, there has been much definite talk about Herrick in the columns of various organs of opinion—opinion of the editors—and there is no doubt there is a sort of Herrick sentiment—not political, perhaps, but based on the excellent performance of his trying duties in France during the early days of the war. Politics has been a sort of side line with Herrick, though he has dipped into that side line quite extensively. His real occupation is business. He is a banker of considerable note and is identified with many large business concerns.

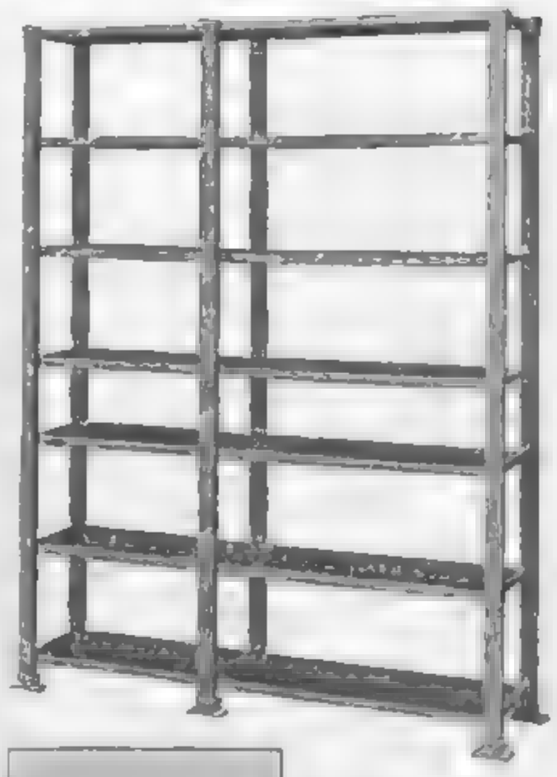
The secret of the sudden flaming into popularity of Herrick is that, though ambassadorial in all his relations to his own country and to France, he was also the expert business man in his dealings with the people. He is a suave, cultivated, polished man of affairs, and he applied high-class business methods to his position in Paris. The result was that his organization handled the multitude of pressing problems—for each individual had an individual problem—in a skillful and expeditious manner; and Herrick secured and held a large applause.

Inasmuch as he is a Republican, and a steadfast one, it was quite natural that returning tourists who had come under the spell of his efficiencies, and newspapers here and correspondents there, thinking of something nice to say about him, said the nicest thing that could be said, and spoke of his perfect—to them—eligibility for the presidential nomination in 1916.

Of course Herrick and his performances will be somewhat historical by the time candidates are seriously considered; but, aside from his excellencies as an ambassador, he has a good political record from a Republican viewpoint. He was governor of Ohio for one term and has been in the limelight politically in that state for some time. His friends had hopes for him when Taft became President—hopes hinging on the Secretaryship of the Treasury; but, instead of taking the banker from Cleveland, Mr. Taft selected the wholesale grocer from Chicago for that position.

Undeniably Herrick is the handsomest of all those thus early proposed for the nomination at this time, and the best groomed. He really is quite a figure of a man. He was of the Hanna contingent in Ohio, which may or may not militate against him; but if he takes this thing seriously it is quite probable there will be ample publicity provided for him, describing in detail both his affiliations and his achievements, for he is rich—quite rich.

So far, his place in the sun is due to his momentary prominence as an actor in the tremendous theater of war. If certain complications had not arisen in connection with the filling of the ambassadorship to France with a Democrat, thus giving Herrick his chance to remain in Paris, there would not have been much to the Herrick boom—or any boom at all, it is likely; but as ambassador he excited the admiration of the people and showed excellent capabilities in a series of trying and delicate situations. What there will be to Herrick



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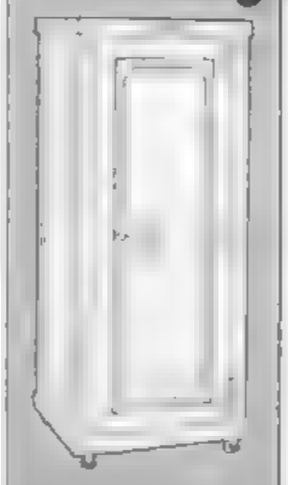

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in 1916 depends on how much Herrick is kept before the public; and that seems to be up to him and his friends.

When Charles S. Whitman won as the Republican candidate for governor of New York so spectacularly and so decisively last November, there came an immediate chorus of: "Whitman for president in 1916!"

That was another case of the bee being biggest when it was born, for the only thing that will make Whitman a nominee in 1916 is not the fact that he was elected governor so decisively, but what he does after he becomes governor. He is a bright young man, who owes his victory to a number of causes, some of them of his own making and some of them not.

He was a magistrate in the city of New York, gained a reputation as an exponent of law and order, and was elected district attorney. Fortunately for him, so far as his career goes, a gambler named Rosenthal was murdered one night on a street near Broadway in a highly sensational manner. A police captain named Becker and some hired assassins were connected with the murder. The story is a sordid one of graft, corruption, bribery, hired killers, and has many other underworld trimmings. Whitman, as district attorney, convicted four gunmen, and they were electrocuted. Moreover, he convicted the police captain twice, who is now in Sing Sing awaiting the result of an appeal.

This squalid story stirred New York. Whitman got his own celebration out of it and was nominated for governor in the primaries. His election was due to a variety of causes—some political, some religious, and some otherwise. His affiliations are held to be with Boss Barnes. Wherefore, it is exclusively up to him to show what metal is in him. If he is a courageous and independent governor he may be in a position to demand consideration. Those who know him best say he will be both courageous and independent. That remains to be seen, for he will have plenty of opportunities to be both of these things or neither.

Whitman is a clean-cut young chap, in his forties, who has no aversion at all to the spotlight. He will be in a position, during the early days of his term, to hold the center of the stage for quite a time, with the spot on him. His future seems to be exclusively up to him; and he has the advantage of precedent, for men elected governors of New York in a spectacular manner are always held to be presidential timber. A few of them have been. It is quite safe to say that every effort of Whitman will be to prove he is just that.

Frank B. Willis, who won as governor in Ohio, is serving his second term in Congress. There were murmurs about Willis after he won. He is a big man, with a big voice; and his principal claim to political fame, as the story goes, is that he made his campaign for Congress in 1912, speaking frequently, and never once told whether he was for Taft or for Roosevelt. Any citizen who has equilibristic qualities of that amazing character surely is entitled to consideration for a nomination which is to come from a party that is seeking to compose—or not to excite—old differences.

These are the active bee possessors—or, rather, the possessors of the active bees. There will always be plenty of talk about Colonel Roosevelt being a candidate of the new Republican party, and brash statements about what the Colonel would do in a primary which might show the choice of the people. Also, now and then remarks are heard about the nomination of Mr. Taft. These two we seem to have with us permanently.

What the Republicans must do, if they want to win or to make a show of winning, is to name a man who sees to the front and not to the rear. They will do that too; for they are mighty eager to get back into power; and, to them, any means will justify that highly desirable end.

CAMPHOR, LTD.

(Concluded from Page 7)

Neither did he seem moved by the knowledge that he had been tricked into sinking one hundred thousand dollars in a swindling stock-jobbing operation. The fact is the money was the least of Hoppy's troubles. That morning, filled with uneasiness and his mind stirred by certain growing qualms of conscience, he had made an abrupt call on Mr. Lombard, the banker. It was, in short, the reception he had met that even yet filled him with dejection.

"What!" roared Lombard; "my daughter?—You!"

"I wish you'd please not raise your voice," Hoppy begged him; but he might better have saved his breath.

"Why! Why!" said Lombard, and hunted for a word. "Why, you—you ——"

But why dwell on it? Hoppy's mission now was even more painful. Just before he left Broad Street he had been telephoned that Mr. Lombard wished to see him that afternoon. Would Mr. Deane please call at Mr. Lombard's house? Yes; Mr. Deane had said he would. And Mr. Deane knew, too, just what would happen when he did. There would be another row of course. What was more, it would be a worse row even than the first. They would lose their tempers and say things. Then it would be all over. It would all be up with him.

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Hoppy as he rang the Lombard doorbell.

The Lombard limousine, leaving Wall Street early, had brought uptown not only Mr. Lombard but Mr. Truax as well. In the library, once the butler had taken his coat, Mr. Truax began pacing to and fro. Across the room his host, Mr. Lombard, sat watching him. He was grinding a long fat Havana between his teeth; and, like his guest, Mr. Lombard, too, looked moist and just a bit uncomfortable. Perhaps it was not without a reason.

In the brief interval since the market's close the two gentlemen had gathered in a great deal of rather astonishing information regarding the day's transactions in Camphor. To Mr. Truax, however, the most interesting item of all was the discovery of who controlled the forty-nine thousand shares of Camphor held originally by that swindler, the German. Hoppy Deane held them, it appeared. His brokers had, in fact, shown Mr. Truax' own secretary the certificates. At the same time they had also proffered to the secretary, as Mr. Truax' agent, a certified check for thirty-nine thousand dollars, thereby closing the option Mr. Truax had given Hopkins Deane on twenty thousand shares of Camphor.

The secretary, however, had declined to accept the check. This was due to the fact that neither he nor Mr. Truax had twenty thousand shares to deliver. Briefly, they had only 18,990, Rooker, Burke and Company's outside man, having sold to Hoppy's brokers a thousand shares at four-twenty-five, ten shares more going to somebody else at eighty cents. The situation was, therefore, this: Hoppy, having control of eighty-one thousand shares of Camphor, and the entire issue being only one hundred thousand, if Mr. Truax made good that missing thousand shares he would have to buy them from Hoppy.

Mr. Lombard, from his chair, spoke presently:

"It looks bad, Truax—bad!"

"Well, don't I know it?" snapped Truax. "What's the use of telling me that?" He shot a savage glance at his host. "What I'd like to know," he growled, "is who put that boob up to the game. You can't make me believe he doped it out himself!"

Mr. Lombard said nothing. Rather curiously, however, his eye wandered evasively about the room.

"Yes; a dub—a college boob like him!" Mr. Truax was grunting, when all at once he paused. The library door had opened. The dub, the boob, himself, stood there!

A momentary silence followed; and then Mr. Truax rose swiftly to the occasion. Both hands outstretched he darted across the room.

"Why, my dear Hopkins!" he ejaculated. "My dear fellow!"

But Hoppy, somehow, did not see the outstretched hands.

"Pardon me," said Hoppy clearly, "but I am not your dear Hopkins, and I never have been. However," he added quietly, "I didn't come here to see you, Mr. Truax; I came to see Mr. Lombard." He was, in fact, turning his back on him when Mr. Truax exclaimed aghast:

"Why, Hopkins! What are you saying? There must be some mistake!"

Hoppy smiled.

"I agree with you, Mr. Truax. The mistake was when you gave me that option for twenty thousand shares."

"You don't mean you intend to take it up!" gasped Truax.

"Certainly," smiled Hoppy. "I most certainly do'"

Then Mr. Truax forgot himself.

"You talk like an ass, Hopkins! You can't hold me to that option!" Then he gave a laugh, a sneer. "The stock's worthless! It isn't worth the paper it's printed on! What's more, my boy, it's a fraud!"

"Yes; I know it's a fraud," said Hoppy. "I knew it the night I went to your house to dinner. You knew it, too, Mr. Truax! Yes; and that's why I laid for you! I knew the stock was worthless, a fraud; but I didn't do as you tried to do. I didn't hand it on to somebody else. I made up my mind I'd hand it back to you." Then he smiled again. "Well, you've got it," said Hoppy; "I've handed it back to you! To-morrow you can step up to the window and settle!"

Mr. Truax was quite beside himself. Again he averred it was a fraud, a swindle. Again he declared his intentions. Let the matter be brought into court, if that was the plan; he would fight it to the end. He had, in fact, begun to wave his arms indignantly when all at once Lombard spoke.

"Shut up, Truax!" he directed briefly; then he turned to Hoppy. "Well, young man," said Lombard grimly, "you seem to have us on the hip. It isn't often, of course, that happens to yours truly; but when it does I'm man enough to sit up and face the music. I won't say, either, I'm sorry that it's happened. Wall Street ways kind of warp a man's judgment in things; and though trimming your neighbor is Wall Street's regular business, I'm an old man and I begin to get a different look at it. This deal, I shouldn't wonder, was pretty raw, whatever way you looked at it; so, that being the case—come now, let's settle. That's what I'm here for, young man!"

"To settle! What you're here for!"

At Hoppy's sudden exclamation Mr. Lombard peered at him, apparently much surprised.

"Why, yes! Why not?"

A faint pink for a moment spread over Hoppy's face.

"I didn't know that was why you sent for me. I supposed it was—why—— Well, you know; what I saw you about this morning."

"That?" Mr. Lombard gave him a savage scowl. "Young man, I'm not here now to talk about that! How much are you going to milk us for?"

"I'm not going to milk you for anything," said Hoppy; "you only owe me one hundred thousand dollars."

Truax gave vent to an angry exclamation.

"A hundred thousand dollars! What's that?"

"Yes—shut up!" said Lombard shortly. "That's exactly the amount you trimmed out of him. If you say anything more he may double it."

Mr. Truax said no more; and opening his desk Mr. Lombard drew out his check book.

"The drawing room," said Mr. Lombard, "is on the floor above."

"Huh?" inquired Hoppy.

"You can wait there," said Mr. Lombard, "until I send you the receipt to sign."

Then Hoppy seemed to comprehend. Again intelligence dawned in his wondering eyes; and slamming the library door behind him he went up the stairway to the floor above, two stairs at a time. Miss Lombard was waiting there—— But never mind about that. As Hoppy slammed the library door behind him Truax gave vent to another sneer.

"Kind of easy," he remarked, "the way you let that boob take the money away from you!"

Mr. Lombard smiled dryly as he finished signing the check.

"Well," he observed as he carefully put the check book away, "I shouldn't wonder a bit if the money was kept in the family anyway."

Truax glanced at him swiftly.

"Huh?" he grunted.

But Old Man Lombard only smiled.

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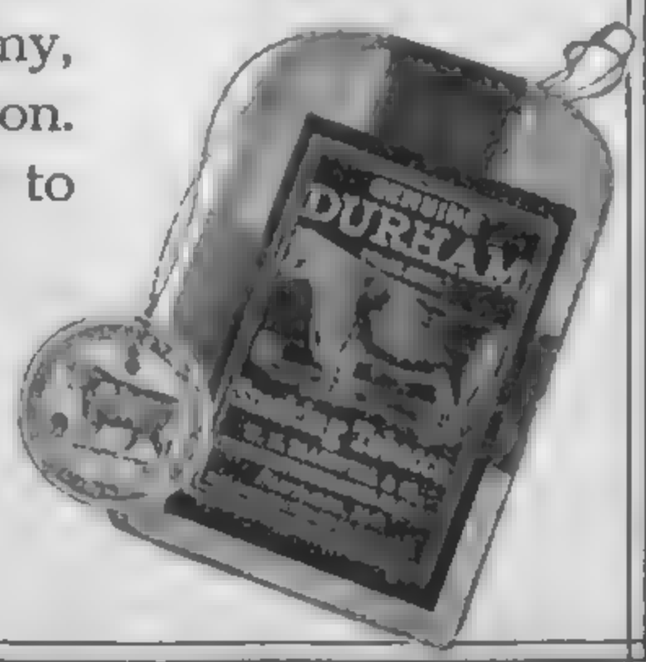

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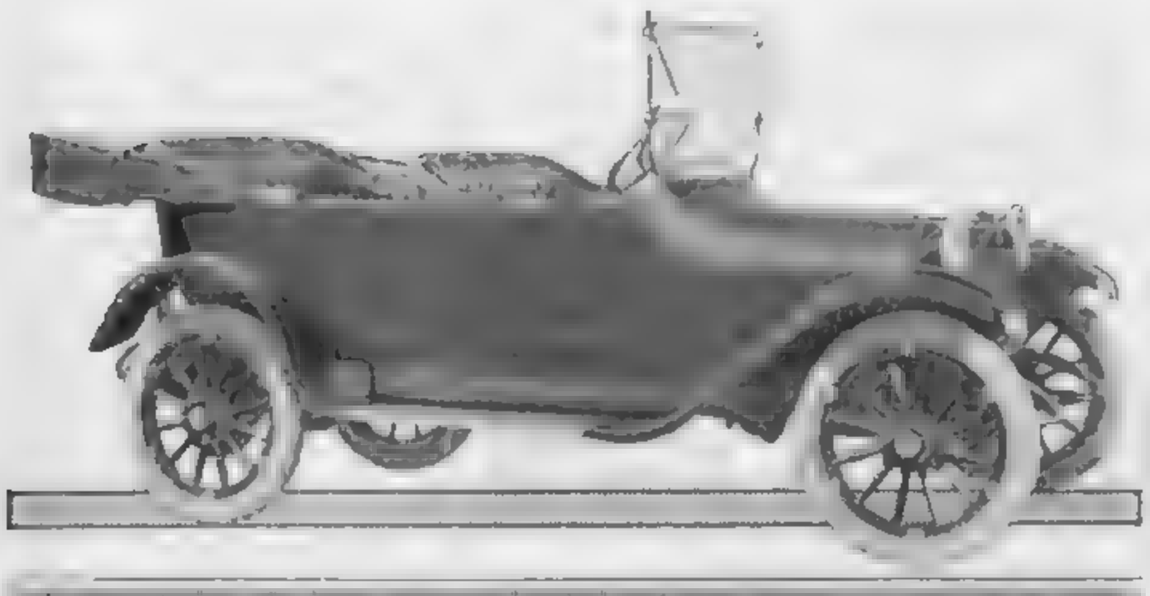

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MISS FANNY

(Continued from Page 13)

Not another word did she say, even to her mother; but she gazed queerly at Mrs. Haley all through the noonday meal, and later, when Mrs. Taber tried clumsily to console her, Fanny did not seem to hear.

"We'll start at eight in the morning," Haley announced, "which ought to put us in Oklahoma City by noon. Doctor Spivy tells me the roads are in fine shape."

His wife acquiesced by silence. It was a habit of hers to let others do the talking while she watched every one. Neither did Fanny utter a syllable; but just before closing time she appeared at the bank and there, to the stupefaction of Cashier Sanders, drew out seven hundred dollars of Joyce's savings.

And when the moon rose blood red back of the hospital that night Fanny trudged out of town along the road to the Junction, carrying the sleeping child in her arms.

They discovered her absence about six in the morning, when Mrs. Taber, calling to her that it was time to get up and cook breakfast, received no response. She promptly woke Haley, who was slow to grasp the situation, but made up for that by noise when he did.

For two and a half years he had hardly given a thought to Joyce, leaving the details of financial provision for her to his stenographer; but now he bellowed like an injured calf. In a towering rage he ordered the car and went whirring into the country, scouring every road for the fugitive.

Mrs. Taber telephoned the railroad station and, ascertaining that Fanny had not boarded the passenger train that went through Ringer between sunset and dawn, sat down resignedly, secure in the conviction that mortal ingenuity could do no more.

Of course we all heard of it before dinner, and the entire town was soon engaged in the search. The majority participated out of curiosity and their sympathy all ran one way, which may account for the fact that Haley was delayed three hours by tire trouble. As for the new wife, she kept out of the excitement, remaining calm and cool and watchful.

"Can't find a trace of her," declared the father, returning hot and hungry in the late afternoon. "I've been over every foot of road for twenty miles round, and she isn't there. And nobody has seen her. If I thought anybody was hiding them out I'd ——"

It was a relief to Mrs. Taber when Launcelot Sanders telephoned to say that Fanny was well provided with funds.

"Of course, it's strictly none of my business," he said; "but I thought it might ease your mind. Do you reckon it's necessary to tell Mr. Haley? Good! That's the way I look at it too."

Every clew led Haley on cold trails. The city marshal reported that he had "hunted high and low without finding hide or hair of 'em"; and the father himself was unable to dig up any reliable information.

"Of course not!" his wife remarked. "How could you expect it? They're all against you here."

He glanced at her quickly.

"That's so," he agreed; "they are. I believe you're right, Eva. Whenever I talk to anybody about those two they act queer and get away as fast as they can. But what'll we do? I can't let the child go."

"Why don't you get a detective?—a real one. The police here don't know the Civil War's over."

It struck Haley as sound advice, and accordingly they packed their bags and spurned the dust of Ringer behind them. In Oklahoma City he set a detective agency on Fanny's trail, and informed the newspapers that he would pay five hundred dollars reward for information leading to the recovery of the child.

Nothing talks louder than money, and the hue and cry was raised from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. People who had nothing else to do kept an eye out for a woman of thirty; tall; weight one hundred and seventeen pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; sallow complexion; accompanied by a baby girl two and a half years old; curly golden hair; blue eyes; one front tooth missing.

They arrested her in Temple, Texas, and that same day lodged her in jail in Mason City, Iowa. She was reported in Terre Haute, Indiana, and positively identified, by a former resident of Ringer, in Beaver, Utah, working in a laundry.

For a full month Fanny evaded the police dragnet of a continent. We were all jubilant. Legal rights never cut much of a figure where our sympathies were stirred, and our juries were accustomed to listen to bench expositions and arguments of counsel because they had to, then retire and vote the way they felt. To a man, Ringer hoped she would get away with Joyce and keep her. They talked of nothing else in the town and some hard things were said of Haley and his wife.

Chancing to overhear a fragment of this talk one night in the square, Launcelot Sanders stopped at the group and rebuked them. He did it temperately, as he did everything, and nobody took offense.

"Mr. Haley is perfectly within his rights. The child is his own and he has a right to possession of her," he reminded them. "Consequently ——"

"Oh, shucks, Lance! What've rights got to do with it when Miss Fanny ——"

"But," the cashier went on, "I will take off my hat to Miss Fanny. She is, in my opinion, gentlemen, the finest lady in the county."

The next day the Ringer Booster came out with a dispatch that set the town buzzing like a hive:

MISSING CHILD FOUND

LITTLE JOYCE HALEY AND MISS FANNY TABER ARE BEING DETAINED IN TULSA.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA, September first. Miss Fanny Taber, the missing Ringer woman, with Joyce Haley, two-year-old daughter of Thomas Haley, wealthy shirt manufacturer, was found by the police here to-day at a local rooming house, where she had been living for a week. The woman admitted her identity. She said she came here from Dallas. She and the child are being held pending instructions from Mr. Haley, who is conducting a search round El Paso.

Miss Taber would not talk or tell how she got here when police were watching every train. But for the fact that the baby got sick and she had to send for a doctor, it is likely she would not have been caught.

The Booster ran the item without elaboration of any sort. It was doubtless a splendid opportunity to play up the local end of the sensation, but that was not the way the editor and his readers looked at the matter. Instead, we nursed a grudge against the Tulsa police, and the doctor who attended Joyce would have had a fight on his hands on every yard of the courthouse square.

The afternoon following the Booster had another surprise to serve up:

TRIES TO ESCAPE FROM TRAIN

MISS TABER APPREHENDED TRYING TO MAKE OFF WITH LITTLE JOYCE HALEY.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI, September second. Miss Fanny Taber, who was being brought from Tulsa, Oklahoma, with two-year-old Joyce Haley, with whom she disappeared from Ringer over a month ago, attempted to escape from an O. H. train on which she was being transported to Mr. Haley's home town. The attempt was made at two A. M. to-day, when the train reached Carthage. One of the train crew saw a child lowered from the window of a sleeping car by a sheet tied round its body. Then he saw a woman climb out of the window, take the child in her arms and flee in the darkness.

The trainman notified Cicero Boone, attorney for the child's father, who, with the father and a detective, was on the train, and Boone and the detective set out in pursuit. They found the woman and the baby in a wheat field a quarter of a mile from the station.

Miss Taber and the child were taken back to the train and later brought to Sedalia, where Miss Taber was locked up. She told the police she did not care what became of her, as she would rather die than be separated from the child.

Thomas Haley, wealthy shirt manufacturer, father of the child, has not decided whether he will prosecute the woman. It is reported that in her flight she took a large sum of money belonging to Mr. Haley.

We skimmed through the first paragraph and exulted; we raced through the second and began to seethe; and when we read

how Fanny said she would rather die than lose the baby we fairly foamed at the mouth. What! Miss Fanny in jail! It was inconceivable, monstrous! Prosecute her? We should like to see them try it; we dared them to make a single move in that direction—to wiggle so much as a finger.

Ringer rose up on its hind legs. It hired the ablest lawyer of the state to go to Sedalia and attend to Miss Fanny's interests. The bank guaranteed his fee and expenses, and about the time he went Launcelot Sanders was missed from the cashier's cage. The president informed curious customers that Lance was sick. The result of our efforts was that, four days later, Fanny came home, minus the baby. Half the town was at the depot to welcome her.

"I wish they had—left me there in jail," she sobbed, her nose red and her eyes swollen. "I might just as well be. What does she want with Joyce anyhow? She's my baby! I—raised her and—gave her all my heart and soul. Huh? I don't care what the old law is. It may be legal, but they have no moral right to take her away from me. Oh! Oh! I wish I was dead!"

"There, there, honey!" said fat old Reb Randall, patting her back. "It's all right! We're your friends. We're for you, Miss Fanny." He glared belligerently round the crowd. "Just let somebody start something again, honey, and I'll go get me a gun."

She did not have long to pine; a letter came for Fanny a fortnight after her return. Mrs. Taber put it on her knee as she sat staring listlessly out of the window, her hands folded in her lap. The spot that focused her gaze was a small sand pile under the chinaberry tree on the lawn.

"Best to read it, Fanny," her mother suggested diffidently. "It's postmarked."

Fanny opened it with inert fingers, and then sank back weakly, pale as a sheet. Next she began to cry. In another minute she was laughing in a silly, high-pitched giggle, and her hysteria attained such retching intensity that it required a bottle of smelling salts and the combined efforts of her mother and three neighbors to soothe her into anything like a rational state.

My dear Miss Fanny: After all that has happened you will probably not be interested in hearing from me; but perhaps your affection for Joyce will outweigh your resentment for what I was obliged to do. I just had to act as I did, Miss Fanny; for you were in the wrong.

Miss Fanny, do you want little Joyce back? That question will surprise you and it surely surprises me to write it, but circumstances have arisen which make it very inconvenient for me to keep Joyce just now; in fact, the situation is so unsettled that there is no saying when I can give her the care she needs.

I love my daughter, Miss Fanny, and would like to keep her with me; but I realize that at her age she requires closer attention than I can devote to her or could possibly buy anywhere. Therefore, I am appealing to you—not that you owe me anything but anger, but because of your affection for my dead wife and little Joyce.

As for Mrs. Haley and myself, things are all wrong, Miss Fanny. But perhaps I had better not talk about it. Too much has been said already.

Very truly yours,
THOMAS HALEY.

P. S. If you want Joyce back just wire and I will bring her. And I will give you custody of her in writing for ten—10—years if you insist, and will pay the old rate for her keep.

Thus did Fanny regain her charge. And Ringer forgave Haley. Indeed, we made rather a fuss over him when he carried Joyce from the train; and the home-coming developed into a public progress.

"Dad gum!" said Reb Randall, moist with enthusiasm. "All I've got to say is, nobody ever done tried to steal me when I was a kid."

With Joyce back in her care Miss Fanny settled down to the old life and appeared to shed a year off her age every week. And the baby lurched and careened about the Taber place, bossing every mortal that came within her zone of activities. As she grew she progressed from tacking at an acute angle to a fairly straight course; and then her ambition and nerve asserted themselves. She had some of both to spare and kept Fanny on pins and needles by her sorties into the street, and even across the road, whenever her guardian's back was turned for a second.

To make her schedule work out, it was Miss Fanny's custom to take her bath in late afternoon, while her mother watched over Joyce, refreshed by a long midday sleep. The bathroom was in the front of the house, and by craning her neck Fanny could command a partial view of the lawn and see the whole of the yard opposite.

On a late October day she glanced out above the tub on hearing the toot of an automobile horn. It was Mr. Launcelot, in his roadster, proceeding decorously homeward, and Fanny quickly slid down under the water. When next she looked the street was empty and Joyce was toddling about the lawn in pursuit of the Kincaid pup.

"Mamma!" cried Fanny in alarm. "Go bring her back!"

There was no response and she stood up to see where the baby was now. Joyce was crossing the road a yard behind her victim, which was heading for sanctuary in its own barn. Through the gate they went and Fanny turned weak with horror—there was a well in the Kincaid yard with the lid off!

"Mamma!" she shrilled at the top of her lungs, and again: "Mamma!"

Standing there helpless, she saw Joyce follow the pup as far as the well and pause in curiosity. A moment of indecision and she abandoned her elusive playmate in favor of this new mystery. With her wide, uncertain steps, she approached the edge to peer down. And while Fanny still gaped in frozen quiet, the pup shoved his nose abruptly beside Joyce's face. The child shrank away from him, wavered a moment and disappeared.

Out of the bathtub came Miss Fanny, the water cascading from her on to the floor. Out of the room and down the stairs she ran, past her mother, nodding in a rocker on the porch, and across the lawn. With a prayer on her lips she darted across the street into the Kincaid place and grabbed a ladder that had been left leaning against the wall of the house by the yardman, who had been patching the well.

The Episcopal rector, musing on the mutable nature of earthly things as he strolled down the avenue with his hands behind his back, just got out of the way in time. Fanny flashed by him without being conscious of his existence; and he blinked, adjusted his glasses to confirm the vision, and then hurried on in a panic of conjecture.

Dave Hughes, breaking all speed laws in an effort to reach the post office before five o'clock, glimpsed Fanny as she was lowering the ladder, and was one hour and twenty minutes late for the mail.

"Keep back, men!" bellowed Reb Randall to the crowd that gathered from nowhere in forty winks. "Yes; I mean it. If you don't step lively there I'll just naturally bust somebody in a minute. Now one of you hold the kid. That's the boy, Lance—only you got her upside down."

Joyce was handed up from the well covered with oily black mud, but unharmed. And then there was a pause. The voice of Mr. Randall was raised again in stentorian exhortation.

"Keep back there! Move on now! And you, Rush, hustle across to Miz Taber's and tell her to get a move on with that wrapper."

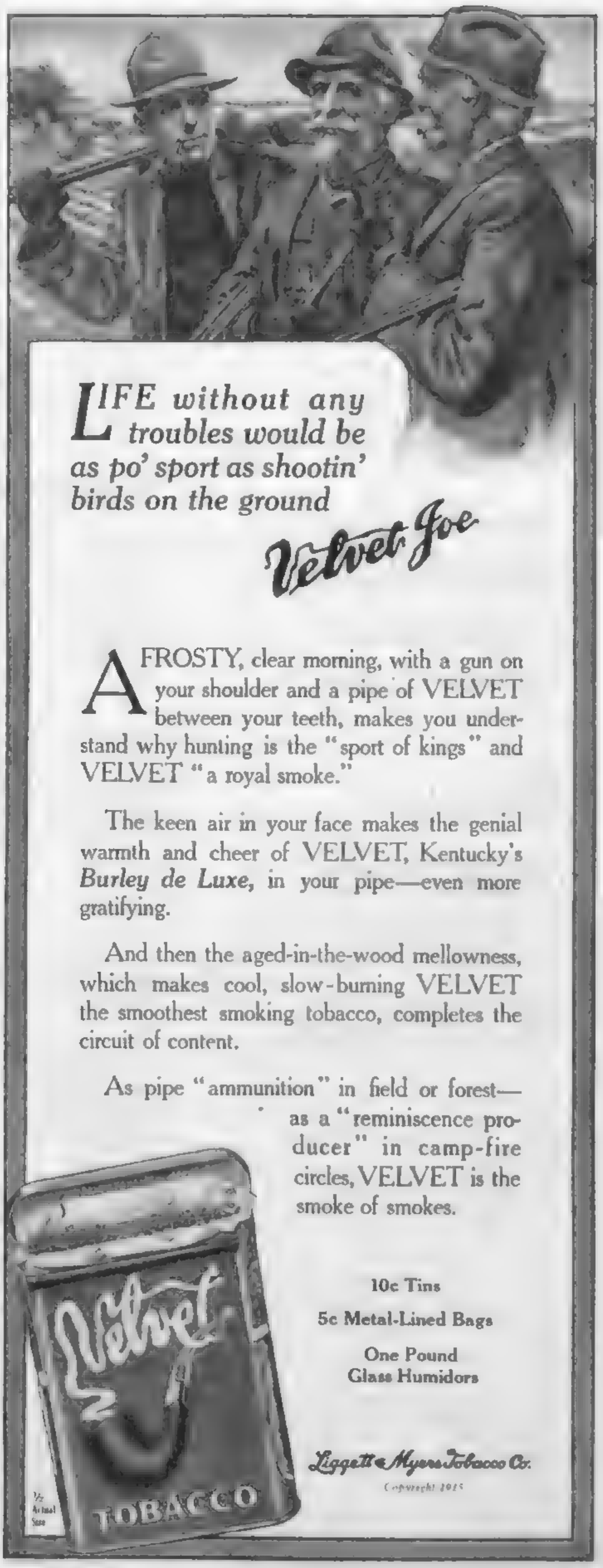
"And my shoes and stockings, Mr. Reb!" came a voice from the well.

Willie May Spivy, in recounting the occurrence to her family that night, paused to take a breath and ended:

"And not one step out of there would she come till her mother fetched her things and a shawl, and Reb Randall and Lance Sanders made the crowd go away. She just stayed at the bottom till they did."

The affair was a nine days' wonder for Ringer. And on the tenth, which chanced to be a Sunday—the day the girls in our town receive their sweethearts at home by immemorial custom—a roadster moved down Tony Avenue with much dignity and drew up in front of the Taber home.

Mr. Launcelot Sanders stepped out. In one hand he carried his gloves; in the other a pound box of candy.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When We Started We Had Nothing Now We Are Doing Well

Another case where a husband let go and a wife got an idea, and without a cent they put the idea on its feet, and now the husband has a business of his own, whereas the best he could do for himself was to be a stenographer and a traveling salesman, and he failed at those.

A COMMUNIQUE

(Continued from Page 15)

One of the last things I saw in France was a dozen Red Cross orderlies and nurses having their breakfast in a comfortable hotel. Just inside the door of this room three children stood regarding them with hungry eyes. They were in rags. Their faces were emaciated and they were trembling with cold. They were orphans. Their father had been killed in Alsace-Lorraine. They were not begging; they had not learned how yet. They were just learning how to be hungry and patient. Besides the "cannon fodder" which war makes of men it makes gutter straw of innocent children.

When you read the White Papers of England and France, when you see troops going by, hear martial music, listen to patriotic speeches, you think this war is justified. You are proud of Anglo-Saxon courage and of French courage. You are glad to be living in an age that proves the mettle of men stronger than steel. But when you see the suffering of women, their defeats which are never published, when you compute their losses which nothing will ever compensate, when you look into the confiding eyes of fatherless children and know that these little ones must pay the enormous debts contracted by their nations in this struggle, you know that nothing does or can justify war.

The question which the women of the future must decide is how far they are justified to their children and to themselves in practicing their devastating fidelity. I do not think they will ever be equal to the decision, for they are really devoted to men more than they are to their children or to themselves. The present situation affords abundant proof of that. They are serving war offices in a domestic capacity, to the injury of every other duty and without hope of reward. Strange fanaticism! Pathetic evidence that they are made to obey, not to think of or to save themselves. They are the vestals of love to whom Nature seems to deny strength of mind or will to determine their own fate.

After Paris, with her serious crowds and limping soldiers, her continual procession of military funerals, her shop windows filled with mourning garments, her fashionable cafés changed into public soup kitchens, her populous churches and closed theaters, London looks like a city in another world, rich, comfortable and prosperous—darker than ever at night, but with a darkness which no longer appals the imagination of the people.

A Silly Woman's Protest

While much was going on in England in the name of charity Parliament was having the mischief of a time trying to make up its mind whether or not the guardians of the Poor Law children should deprive them of "an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning—as an object lesson on the horrors of war!" You understand that the Poor Law children are responsible for the horrors of this war and should be made to feel it! Naturally they will. They will be paying the war debt of England when the ashes of Churchill and Kitchener are reposing sublimely in St. Paul's or in Westminster Abbey.

A very disagreeable thing has happened at the Front. A regiment of London Scottish after being under fire seven days and nights charged the enemy and routed him with such signal courage that the London papers made the mistake of praising them almost with American headlines. Of the thousand men in this regiment only two hundred and eighty survived. Now these same papers are filled with protests from people who want to know why the London Scottish should have so many laurels inked on their brows. The Scottish reply by calling attention to the fact that every town and village of Scotland has furnished volunteers for this war, and they want to know why they should not get credit for courage in action.

The fashionable folk are suffering some from the vulgar aspect of things incident to the war. It seems that the men are not so particular about putting on their evening clothes when they dine. Lady Somebody has entered a solemn protest in the Agony Column of the Times calling attention to this. She adds, referring to a certain fashionable café, that it "looks like an American restaurant at the dinner hour because the men are so awfully dressed!"

And I must say that it does give one a start to see at the next table an officer of a Highland regiment, clad in a khaki coat and terrifyingly short kilts, with his legs bare very far up and very far down. But, when you put your whole reasonable mind upon it, why should not a man show his mighty legs in a room filled with women who are exposing their shoulders behind down nearly to the waistline? Besides, that Highlander looks more the part of what a man should be here now than the perfumed English Lord Dandy at the next table, with his receding chin, his womanish hands, and his pink face that has never been exposed to the disgusting grime of powder smoke. A woman must hate war; but my idea is that if a nation makes up its mind to fight it should have conscription for the gentlemen dandies, and it should hold in reserve these better, bare-legged, long-chinned men for the sake of preserving the breed in the next generation.

Boring the High-Brows

All the theaters are open. An effort is being made to arouse the people by putting on patriotic plays. They are the most advertised and the least popular. The Dynasts, an epic drama by Thomas Hardy, has been abridged and produced by Granville Barker at Kingsway Theater. It is an attempt to dramatize ten years of the Napoleonic wars, beginning with the death of Nelson at Trafalgar and ending with the Battle of Waterloo. But there is no scenery and no battles. Mr. Barker, seated below the awful gray stage, reads most of the lines. And he is assisted by two terrible-looking sibyls seated on each side in front of the stage who chant after the manner of the Greek chorus. The effect is dull but none the less impressive.

Kingsway Theater is the playhouse for "cultured people," but Mr. Barker has given them more than they bargained for this time. On the second night, after every daily in London had published extravagant notices of The Dynasts, the house was not more than half filled. The one ray of light in the gloomy scene was not on the stage, where Nelson and one great general after another were dying with frightfully realistic contortions, but it was in the box directly above, where Mr. Bernard Shaw leaned over and watched the performance with devilish composure. Parliament had just noticed Mr. Shaw by saying it would take no notice of his offensive pamphlet, Common Sense and the War.

The most apparent change in England during the past month is in the cordial spirit of the Press to the French Army. In September and October one might have supposed that the British were the only troops fighting in France. The papers were filled with their exploits to the exclusion of the French, who outnumber them eight to one. Now every morning we have a long list of deeds of valor translated from the French.

The critics of England—who are never Frenchmen!—claim that this enlightenment of the English Press came when the Germans took Antwerp and Ostend. These English people are so conscious of their own valor that it has taken three months of terrific fighting on the part of the French Army to draw their attention. Now that they do see we may be sure that they will make it a point of honor to recognize the brilliant achievements of the French troops. The English people are naturally insufferable where it is a question of manners, of nice courtesies to other people. But when it comes to what they recognize as justice and honor, they are not to be surpassed by any other people in this world.

The government is still appealing for recruits. The apathy of certain classes may be due to the firm conviction entertained by the common man that "war is a gentleman's trade." There is something in this. It is a gentleman's trade, where, as in other trades, the common man who is not a gentleman does the work. The artisans and valets and flunkeys and roustabouts may even be deficient in the military branch of patriotism. Certainly the common working man is saying less than anyone else in England. But he is probably doing more thinking of his own than he ever has done before. Who started this racket anyhow? Not he. Who will be benefited by it? Not he. Who will suffer

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Welsh Rarebit: Pour ½ cup of ale or beer into small saucepan, add one tablespoon LEA & PERRINS' Sauce and saltspoon red pepper, bring to boiling point, add 1 lb. of finely chopped American cheese and stir until thoroughly melted. Pour over freshly prepared slices of toast and serve at once.

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most from it? He will. Therefore he will at least save his life.

The fearlessness with which Paris accepted the German Taubes has done much to deliver London from anxiety. These people are actually becoming impatient, like an audience in a darkened house waiting for the curtain to rise and for something to happen. "We are tired of waiting for those Zeppelins," a woman said to me. "It is ridiculous having to stay here in the dark for months like rats in a hole. And they never come. Some of us prefer to be delivered from suspense even if it is with a bomb!"

Such is the aspect and the spirit of this place and this people at the present moment. One might suppose that the Germans were a thousand miles distant, that no men are fighting and dying in Flanders, that no women and children are suffering for food and clothes. The attitude of the government to these latter victims may be inferred from a recent discussion in Parliament. Mr. Barnes asked for an increase in the pensions for soldiers' widows, urging that they should be kept out of the labor market.

Mr. Asquith was sympathetic in his reply. He was willing that the officers' widows should be kept out of the labor market, but he thought there were objections to making a common soldier's widow independent. "We all have work to do, or at least we ought all to work in our different spheres and different degrees," was the way he put it. What he meant was that all the working classes ought to work for their living. Still, if anyone has earned the right of choice in her mode of living as is conferred by a pension that will maintain her, it is surely the woman who has made the greatest sacrifice that the state can ask, whether she is the widow of an officer or of a private! Complications must arise, by the way, from the enlisting of so many gentlemen as privates. Their widows will receive only the pension of the widow whose husband belonged to the "working class"!

Meanwhile there is the other aspect of this situation. The Women's Army of Defense in England is growing every day in numbers and in efficiency. The time is not distant when they will far outnumber, if they do not already, those finicky idle women who cannot bear to see a man eat his dinner in a sack coat.

English Guns That Speak German

"What is the most hopeful evidence of progress you have made during the last month?" I asked an officer of the Women's Emergency Corps.

"Well, we are doing more work because we are learning how to work," she replied. "When you were here before we boasted of being able to feed three hundred refugees for a week. Last week we fed eighteen hundred. And we are teaching over a thousand recruits French and German."

"German!" I interrupted.

"Of course we must take Berlin. When they invade that country they will need to know German," she explained calmly, as if it were a foregone conclusion that the Allies will march on Berlin.

"But we find it so difficult to teach them. They do not want to learn. They say they know a better way to speak German—gun-gutturals!" she added, laughing.

She led the way into the exhibition room of the toy workers.

"This industry, you see, is flourishing. A hundred girls in our shop here, another shop in the suburbs of London, and twenty more branches in different parts of England."

It would be too tedious to enumerate the different toys on exhibition in that very large room literally filled with samples. But they were all original, designed by the workers. The children of Great Britain had a delightful surprise in store for them this Christmas. For they received literally new playthings which have never before been seen, even by Santa Claus.

Few capitalists with all the experience of commercialism could have established in the short space of three months a business with twenty-one branches even in prosperous times. But these women have done that. They have paid the workers regular Labor Exchange wages and they have cleared all other expenses. The making of toys is a great and lucrative industry. These women are in a fair way to get the greater part of it. As we left the shop the officer referred again to my first question.

"But I do not think the success of this work, or the feeding of so many refugees, or the finding of positions for so many other women, is after all the most hopeful sign of progress we have made," she said thoughtfully.

"What is, then?" I asked.

"The decline of parochial cattiness in England!" she replied.

"What on earth is parochial cattiness?" I exclaimed.

"Social service with us has been limited. Each woman or clique of women did what they did in their own parish or small community. No system, no coöperation. Often there were jealousies, antagonisms, methods which pauperize and only add to the general distress. Now we are getting beyond that. We are working together intelligently, from one end of this kingdom to the other, as one woman for all women. We are overcoming the very real iniquities of charity. We are trying to provide employment, create opportunities for women, develop their capacities and their energies, and above all their self-respect."

That is the plan upon which they are actually working, not writing or lecturing. But "It's a long, long way to Tipperary!" If they are very successful generation after generation they may realize it in a couple of hundred years. But here and now the women and children are suffering as much from the Allied Armies as they are from the Germans. They are being "licked," with no possible means of defense.

In the Midst of Life

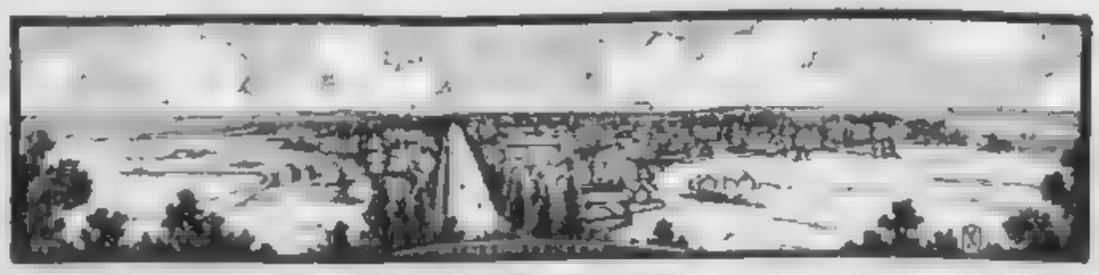
And that is not all. The bravest, strongest, best men of England, France and Germany are being "licked" too. For when a man dies in battle he is defeated. If he returns home maimed he is worse than defeated. The loss is not only to the army; he is a far greater loss to his country in the future. And does anyone doubt that it is the best men these nations are losing? The others are holding back, at least this is the case in England. They are not furnishing their proportion of the "cannon fodder."

At the headquarters of the French Army in Boulogne I saw more than a hundred officers of both armies. And I have never seen anywhere more splendid-looking men. Lean old generals, broad-shouldered colonels, all wearing the very countenance of victory. One would have said that nothing could defeat such men. Yet I shuddered as I watched them. Every single man in that room was facing death as if it were a crown he coveted.

Once the door was flung open. A man covered with snow and mud hurried in. He was a messenger with news from the Front. Instantly there was a stir. A tall young British officer, with a face as keen as a sword, seized his great coat, saluted and went out.

The next day the eleven o'clock boat upon which I came to Folkestone carried his body back to England. That is what happens every hour of every day and every night. And it happens like that. This moment he is a man filled with all hopes and all courage, more significant and more mysterious than the stars above his head. The next moment he is less than the dust he trod. The part that was hope, courage and mystery is gone. What remains is so horrible that even love makes haste to hide it in the earth.

War seems to me the most hideous delusion of which men are capable. And it is a delusion peculiar to them. If all the people were women there could never be such a thing as war. We are not cowards, but we shed our blood to bring life, not death.



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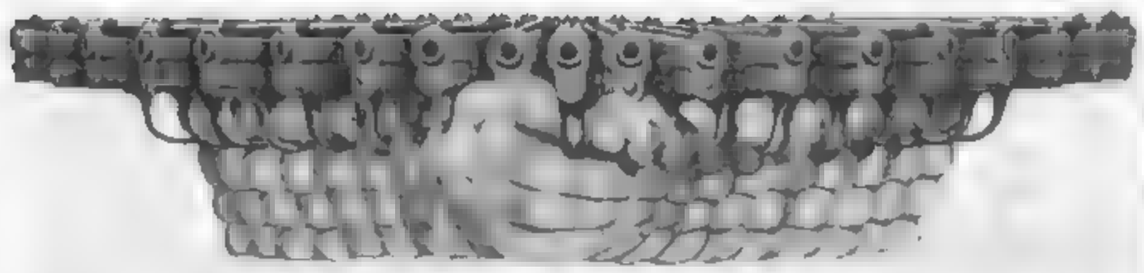

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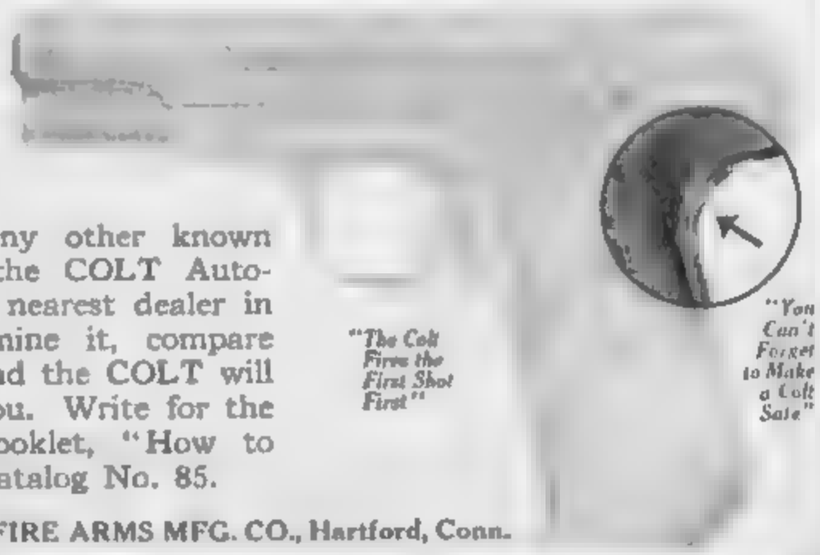

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THE PRAIRIE WIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

I explained that my husband had, and he still stood squinting out through the doorway as I poked about and found Dinky-Dunk's hammerless ejector. He was a very authoritative and self-assured young man. He took the rifle from me, examined the magazine, and made sure it was loaded. Then he handed it back.

"I've got to search those buildings and stacks," he told me. "And I can only be in one place at once. If you see a man break from under cover anywhere, when I'm inside, be so good as to shoot him!"

He started off without another word, with his big army revolver in his hand. My teeth began to do a little fox-trot all by themselves.

"Wait! Stop!" I shouted after him. "Don't go away!"

He stopped and asked me what was wrong.

"I—I don't want to shoot a man! I don't want to shoot any man!" I tried to explain to him.

"You probably won't have to," was his cool response. "But it's better to do that than have him shoot you, isn't it?"

Whereupon Mr. Redcoat made straight for the haystacks, and I stood in the doorway with Dinky-Dunk's rifle in my hands and with my knees shaking a little. I watched him as he beat about the haystacks. Then I got tired of holding the heavy weapon and leaned it against the shack wall. I watched the "Mounty" go in through the stable door, and felt vaguely dismayed at the thought that my protector was now quite out of sight. Then my heart stopped beating. For out of a pile of straw, which Olie had dumped not a hundred feet away from the house to line a pit for our winter vegetables, a man suddenly erupted. He seemed to come up out of the very earth, like a mushroom. He was the most repulsive-looking man I ever had the pleasure of casting eyes on. His clothes were ragged and torn and stained with mud. His face was covered with stubble and his cheeks were hollow, and his skin was just about the color of a new saddle. I could see the whites of his eyes as he ran for the shack, looking over his shoulder toward the stable door as he came. He had a revolver in his hand. I noticed that, but it didn't seem to trouble me much. I suppose I'd already been frightened as much as mortal flesh could be frightened. In fact, I was thinking quite clearly what to do, and didn't hesitate for a moment.

"Put that silly thing down," I told him as he ran up to me with his head lowered and that indescribably desperate look in his big frightened eyes. "If you're not a fool I can get you hidden," I told him. It reassured me to see that his knees were shaking much more than mine as he stood there in the center of the shack. I stooped over the trapdoor and lifted it up. "Get down there quick! He's searched that cellar and won't go through it again. Stay there until I say he's gone!"

He slipped over to the trapdoor and went slowly down the steps, with his eyes narrowed and his revolver held up in front of him as though he still half expected to find some one there to confront him with a blunderbuss. Then I promptly shut the trapdoor. But there was no way of locking it. I had my murderer there, trapped, but the question was to keep him there. Your little Chaddie didn't give up many precious moments to reverie. I tiptoed into the bedroom and lifted the mattress, bedding and all, off the bedstead. I tugged it out and put it silently down over the trapdoor. Then, without making a sound, I turned the table over on it. But he could still lift that table I knew, even with me sitting on top of it. So I started piling things on the overturned table until it looked like a moving-van ready for a May-day migration. Then I sat on top of that pile of household goods, reached for Dinky-Dunk's repeater, and fired a shot up through the open door. I sat there, studying my pile, feeling sure a revolver bullet couldn't possibly come up through all that stuff. But before I had much time to think about this my corporal of the R. N. W. M. P.—which means, Matilda Anne, the Royal North-West Mounted Police—came through the door on the run. He looked relieved when he saw me triumphantly astride that overturned table loaded up with about all my household junk.

"I've got him for you," I announced.

"You've got what?" he said, apparently thinking I'd gone mad.

"I've got your man for you," I repeated. "He's down there in my cellar." And in one minute I'd explained just what had happened. There was no parley, no deliberation, no hesitation.

"Hadn't you better go outside?" he suggested as he started piling the things off the trapdoor.

I walked over and got Dinky-Dunk's repeater. Then I crossed to the far side of the shack with the rifle in my hands.

"I'm going to stay," I announced.

"All right," was the officer's unconcerned answer as he tossed the mattress to one side and with one quick pull threw up the trapdoor.

A shot rang out from below as the door swung back against the wall. But it was not repeated, for the man in the red coat jumped bodily, heels first, into that black hole. He didn't seem to count on the risk, nor on what might be ahead of him. He just jumped, spurs down, on that other man with the revolver in his hand. I could hear little grunts and wheezes, and a thud or two against the cellar steps. Then there was silence, except for one double click-click that I could not understand. Oh, Matilda Anne, how I watched that cellar opening! And I saw a buck with a red coat on it slowly rise up out of the hole. He—the man who owned the back of course—was dragging the other man bodily up the narrow little stairs.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to take one of your horses for a day or two," was all my R. N. W. M. P. hero condescended to say to me as he poked an arm through his prisoner's and helped him out through the door.

"What—what will they do with him?" I called out after the corporal.

"Hang him of course," was the curt answer.

Then I sat down to think things over, and, like an old maid with the vapors, decided I wouldn't be any the worse for a cup of good strong tea. And by the time I'd had my tea and straightened things up I heard the rumble of the wagon and knew that Olie and Dinky-Dunk were back. And I drew a long breath of relief, for with all their drawbacks men are not bad things to have about now and then!

Friday, the seventeenth. It was early Wednesday morning that Dinky-Dunk firmly announced that he and I were going off on a three-day shooting trip. I hadn't slept well the night before, for my nerves were still rather upset, and Dinky-Dunk said I needed a picnic. So we got guns and cartridges and blankets and slickers and cooking things, and stowed them away in the wagon box.

Then off we started across the prairie, after duly instructing Olie as to feeding the chickens and taking care of the cream and finishing up the pit for the winter vegetables. Olie thought we were both a little mad, I believe, for we had no more idea where we were going than the man in the moon. But there was something glorious in the thought of gypsying across the autumn prairie like that, without a thought or worry as to where we must stop or what trail we must take. It made every day's movement a great adventure. And the weather was divine. We slept at night under the wagon box, with a tarpaulin along one side to keep out the wind and a fire flickering in our faces on the other side, and the horses tethered out, and the stars wheeling overhead, and the peace of God in our hearts. How good every meal tasted! And how that razor-edged air made snuggling down under a couple of Hudson Bay four-point blankets a luxury to be spoken of only in the most reverent of whispers! And there was a time when I used to take medicine to make me sleep! But here it is so different! To get leg-weary in the open air tramping about the sedgy slough sides after mallard and canvasback, to smell coffee and bacon and frying grouse in the cool of the evening across a thin veil of campfire smoke, to see the tired world turn over on its shoulder and go to sleep—it's all a sort of monumental lullaby.

The prairie wind seems to seek you out and make a bet with the Great Dipper that he'll have you off in forty winks, and the orchestra of the spheres whispers through its million strings and sings your soul to rest. For I tell you here and now, Matilda

Anne, I—poor, puny, good-for-nothing, insignificant I—have heard that music of the spheres as clearly as you ever heard Funiculi Funicula on that little Naples steamer that used to take you to Capri. And when I'd crawl out from under that old wagon box, like a gopher out of his hole, in the first delicate rosiness of dawn, I'd feel unutterably grateful to be alive, to hear the cantatas of health singing deep in my soul, to know that whatever life might do to me I'd snatched my share of happiness from the pantry of the gods! And the endless change of color—from the tawny foxglove on the lighter land, the pale yellow of a lion's skin in the slanting autumn sun, to the quavering, shimmering glories of the Northern Lights that dance in the north, that fling out their banners of ruby and gold and green, and tremble and merge and pulse until I feel that I can hear the clash of invisible cymbals. I wonder if you can understand my feeling when I pulled the hatpin out of my old gray stetson yesterday, uncovered my head, and looked straight up into the blue firmament above me. Then I said, "Thank you, God, for such a beautiful day!" Dinky-Dunk promptly said that I was blasphemous—he's so strict and solemn! But as I stared up into the depths of that intense opaline light, so clear, so pure, I realized how air, just air and nothing else, could leave a scatterbrained lady like me half-seas over. Only it's a champagne that never leaves you with a headache the next day!

Saturday, the eighteenth. Dinky-Dunk, who seems intent on keeping my mind occupied, brought me home a bundle of old magazines to-night. They were so frayed and thumbed over that many of the pages reminded me of well-worn banknotes. I've been reading some of the stories, and they all seem silly. Everybody appears to be in love with somebody else's wife. Then the people are all divided so strictly into two classes, the good and the bad! As for the other man's wife, prairie-life would soon knock that nonsense out of people. There isn't much room for the "triangle" in a two-by-four shack. Not that Dinky-Dunk and I are so goody-goody! We're just healthy and human, that's all, and I feel very sure we'd never do for erotic fiction.

After meals we push away the dishes and sit side by side, with our arms across each other's shoulders, full of the joy of life, satisfied, happy, healthy-minded. We don't seem ashamed of the human streak in us. And neither of us is bad at heart. And I know we're not like those magazine characters, who all seem to have Florida water instead of red blood in their veins, and are so far, far away from real life. In sheer and sudden disgust I flung that whole bunch of borrowed reading matter into the fuel box, to keep company with its distinguished and overgarrulous friend, Mr. Robert Browning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 18)

my glance. The beast then approached me, sniffed at my boots inquiringly, then at my hands with increasing animation, and at last leaped into my lap and had licked my face before I could prevent it.

I need hardly say that this attention was embarrassing and most distasteful, since I have never held with dogs. They are doubtless well enough in their place, but there is a vast deal of sentiment about them that is silly, and outside the hunting field the most finely bred of them are too apt to be noisy nuisances. When I say that the beast in question was quite an American dog, obviously of no breeding whatever, my dismay will be readily imagined. Rather impulsively, I confess, I threw him to the floor with a stern "Begone, sir!" Whereat he merely crawled to my feet and whimpered, looking up into my eyes with a most horrid and sickening air of devotion. Hereupon, to my surprise, my hostess gayly called out:

"Why, look at Mr. Barker—he's actually taken up with you right away, and him usually so suspicious of strangers. Only yesterday he bit an agent that was calling with silver polish to sell—bit him in the leg so I had to buy some from the poor fellow—and now see! He's as friendly with you as you could wish. They do say that dogs know when people are all right. Please look at him trying to get into your lap again."

And, indeed, the beast was again fawning upon me in the most abject manner, licking my hands and seeming to express for me some hideous admiration. Seeing that I repulsed his advances none too gently, his owner called to him.

"Down, Mr. Barker, down sir. Get out," she continued, seeing that he paid her no attention; and then she thoughtfully seized him by the collar and dragged him to a safe distance, where she held him, he nevertheless continuing to regard me with the most servile affection.

"Ruggums—Ruggums—Ruggums," exploded the child at this, excitedly waving the crust of its bread.

"Behave, Mr. Barker!" called his owner again. "The gentleman probably doesn't want you climbing all over him."

The remainder of my visit was somewhat marred by the determination of Mr. Barker—as he was indeed quite seriously called—to force his monstrous affections upon me, and by the well-meant but often careless efforts of his mistress to restrain him. She, indeed, appeared to believe that I would feel immensely pleased at these tokens of his liking.

As I took my leave after sincere expressions of my pleasure in the call the child, with its face one fearful smear of jam, again waved its crust and shouted "Ruggums," while the dog was plainly bent on departing with me. Not until he had been secured by a rope to one of the porch stanchions could I safely leave, and as I went he howled dismally after violent efforts to chew the detaining rope apart.

I finished my stroll with the greatest satisfaction, for during the entire hour I had been enabled to forget the manifold cares of my position. Again it seemed to me that the portrait in the little parlor was not that of a man who had been entirely suited to this worthy and energetic young woman. Highly deserving she seemed, and when I should know her better—as I made no doubt I should—I resolved to instruct her in the matter of a more suitable diet for her offspring, the present one, as I have said, carrying quite too large a preponderance of animal fats. Also I mused upon the extraordinary tolerance she accorded to the sad-faced but too demonstrative Mr. Barker. He had been named, I fancied, by some one with a primitive sense of humor. I mean to say he might have been facetiously called Barker because he actually barked a bit, though adding the Mister to it seemed to be rather forcing the poor drollery. At any rate I was glad to believe I should see little of him in his free state.

And yet it was precisely the curious fondness of this brute for myself that now added to my embarrassments. On two succeeding days I paused briefly at Mrs. Judson's in my afternoon strolls, finding the lady as wholesomely reposeful as ever in her effect upon my nature, but finding the unspeakable dog each time more lavish of his disgusting affection for me.

Then, one day, when I had made back to the town, and was in fact traversing the main commercial thoroughfare in a dignified manner, I was made aware that the brute had broken away to follow me. Close at my heels he skulked. Strong words hissed under my breath would not repulse him and to blows I durst not proceed, for I suddenly divined that his juxtaposition to me was exciting amused comment among certain of the natives who observed us. The fellow, Hobbs, in the doorway of his bakeshop was especially offensive, bursting into a shout of boorish laughter and directing to me the attention of a near-by group of loungers, who likewise professed to become entertained. So situated, I was, of course, obliged to affect unconsciousness of the awful beast, and he was presently running joyously at my side as if secure in my approval, or perhaps his brute intelligence divined that for the moment I durst not turn upon him with blows.

Nor did the true perversity of the situation at once occur to me. Not until we had gained one of the residence avenues did I realize the significance of the ill-concealed merriment we had aroused. It was not that I had been followed by a random cur, but by one known to be the dog of the lady I had called upon. I mean to say the creature had advertised my acquaintance with

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NEVERLEEK
TOP MATERIAL

Roll of Honor
The names shown below represent some of the users of Detroit Springs

Pleasure Cars
Cole — Lyons-Knight
Dodge Brothers
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Trucks
Denby — Republic
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Guaranteed for *Two* Years

DETROIT Springs are built to such a high standard that we are able to guarantee them for TWO years. They are designed and built for the particular car upon which they are to be used.

They are built for more than safety, that is—Emergency Shocks

They are built for lasting Comfort—for Car Protection—minimum wear on mechanism and tires.

In addition to the Two-Year Guarantee, and all the quality that implies, is the Self-Lubricating feature.

Near the end of each leaf is a small saucer-like depression filled with a long-lived lubricant, which spreads between the leaves as they move over one another.

By this simple device, Detroit Springs always operate smoothly and silently.

Write for free book, "From the Ore to the Motor Car," telling how springs are made.

Detroit Steel Products Company
2200 East Grand Blvd.
Detroit, Mich.

Detroit Springs
SELF LUBRICATING

his owner in a way that would lead base minds to misconstrue its extent.

Thoroughly maddened by this thought, and being now safely beyond close observers, I turned upon the animal to give it a hearty drubbing with my stick; but it drew quickly off, as if divining my intention, and when I hurled the stick at it, retrieved it and brought it to me quite as if it realized my hostility and forgave it. Discovering at length that this method not only availed nothing but was bringing faces to neighboring windows, and that it did not the slightest good to speak strongly to the beast, I had perforce to accompany it to its home, where I had the satisfaction of seeing its owner once more secure it firmly with the rope.

Thus far a trivial annoyance one might say, but when the next day the creature bounded up to me as I escorted homeward two ladies from the Onwards and Upwards Club, leaping upon me with extravagant manifestations of delight and trailing a length of gnawed rope, it will be seen that the thing was little short of serious.

"It's Mr. Barker," exclaimed the ladies, regarding me brightly.

At a cutlery shop I then bought a stout chain, escorted the brute to his home and saw him tethered. The thing was rather getting on me. The following morning he waited for me at the Floud door and was beside himself with rapture when I appeared. He had slipped his collar. And once more I saw him moored. Each time I had apologized to Mrs. Judson for seeming to attract her pet from home, for I could not bring myself to say that the beast was highly repugnant to me, and least of all could I intimate that his public devotion to me would be seized upon by the coarser village wits to her disadvantage.

"I never saw him so fascinated with anyone before," explained the lady as she once more adjusted his leash. But that afternoon, as I waited in the trap before the post office for Belknap-Jackson, the beast seemed to appear from out the earth to leap into the trap beside me. After a rather undignified struggle I ejected him, whereupon he followed the trap madly to the country club and made a farce of my golf game by retrieving the ball after every drive. This time, I learned, the child had released him.

It is enough to add that for those remaining days until the present the unspeakable creature's mad infatuation for me had made my life well-nigh a torment, to say nothing of its being a matter of low public jesting. Hardly did I dare show myself in the business centers, for as surely as I did the animal found me and crawled to fawn upon me, effecting his release each day in some novel manner. Each morning I looked abroad from my window on arising, more than likely detecting his outstretched form on the walk below, patiently awaiting my appearance. And each night I was liable to dreams of his coming upon me, a monstrous creature, sad-faced but eager, tireless, resolute, determined to have me for his own.

Musing desperately over this impossible state of affairs, I was surprised one morning to receive a letter from the wretched Cousin Egbert, sent by the hand of the Tuttle person. It was written in pencil on ruled sheets apparently torn from a cheap notebook—quite as if proper pens and decent stationery were not to be had—and ran as follows:

Dear Friend Bill: Well, Bill, I know God hates a quitter, but I guess I got a streak of yellow in me wider than the Comstock lode. I was kicking at my stirrups even before I seen that bunch of whiskers, and when I took a flash of them and seen he was intending I should go out before folks without any regular pants on, I says I can be pushed just so far. Well, Bill, I beat it like a bat out of Hell as I guess you know by this time and I would like to seen them catch me as I had a good bronc. If you know whose bronc it was tell him I will make it all O. K. The bronc will be all right when he rests up some. Well, Bill, I am here on the ranche where everything is nice and I would never come back unless certain parties agree to do what is right. I would not speak pieces that way for the President of the U. S. if he ask me to on his bended knees. Well, Bill, I wish you would come out here yourself where everything is nice. You can't tell what that bunch of crazies would be wanting you to do next thing with false whiskers and no right pants. I would tell them that I can be pushed just so far and now I will go out to the ranche with Sour-Dough for sometime where things are nice. Well, Bill, if you will come out Jeff Tuttle will bring you Wensday when he comes with more grub, and you will find everything nice. I have told Jeff to bring you, so no more at present, with kind regards and hoping to see you here soon.

Your true friend,
E. G. FLOUD.

P. S. Mrs. Effie said she would broaden me out. Maybe she did because I felt pretty flat. Ha, ha!

Truth to tell, this wild suggestion at once appealed to me. I had an impulse to withdraw for a season from the social whirl, to seek repose among the glens and gorges of the cattle plantation, and there try to adjust myself more intelligently to this strange new environment. In the meantime, I hoped something might happen to the dog of Mrs. Judson; or he might, perhaps, in my absence outlive his curious mania for me.

Mrs. Effie, whom I now consulted, after reading the letter of Cousin Egbert proved to be in favor of my going to him to make one last appeal to his higher nature.

"If only he'd stick out there in the brush where he belongs, I'd let him stay," she explained. "But he won't stick; he gets tired after a while and drops in perhaps on the very night when we're entertaining some of the very best people at dinner, and of course we're obliged to have him, though he's dropped whatever manners I've taught him and picked up his old rough talk and he eats until you wonder how he can. It's awful. Sometimes I've wondered if it couldn't be adenoids—there's a lot of talk about those just now—some very select people have them, and perhaps they're what have kept him back and made him seem so hopelessly low in his taste, but I just know he'd never go to a doctor about them. For heaven's sake, use what influence you have to get him back here and to take his rightful place in society."

I had a profound conviction that he would never take his rightful place in society, be it the fault of adenoids or whatever; that low passion of his for being pally with all sorts made it seem that his sense of values must be irreparably at fault, and yet I could not bring myself to abandon him utterly, for, as I have intimated, something in the fellow's nature appealed to me. I accordingly murmured my sympathy discreetly and set about preparations for my journey.

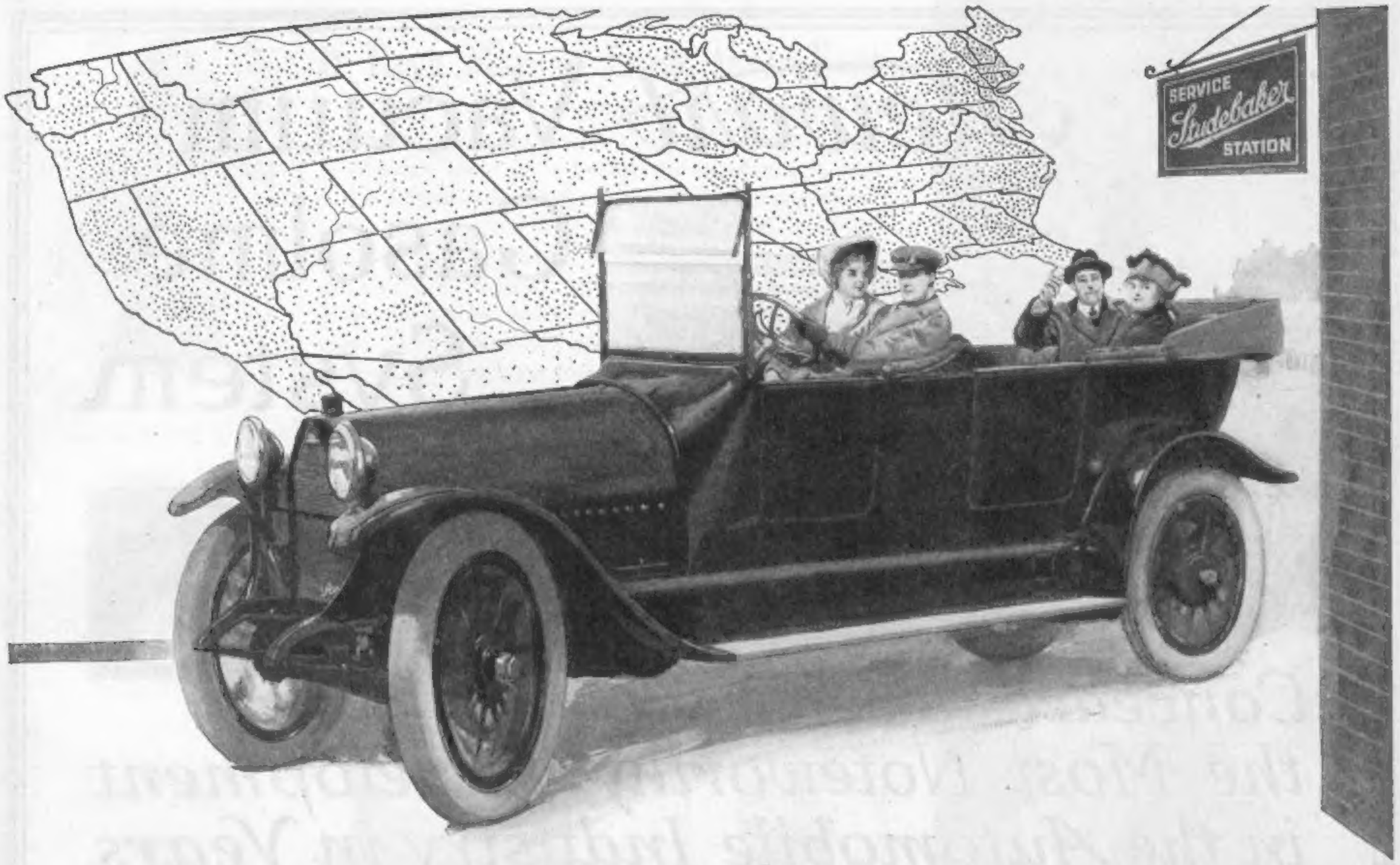
Feeling instinctively that Cousin Egbert would not now be dressing for dinner, I omitted evening clothes from my box, including only a morning suit and one of form-fitting tweeds which I fancied would do me well enough. But no sooner was my box packed than the Tuttle person informed me that I could take no box whatever. It appeared that all luggage would be strapped to the backs of animals and thus transported. Even so, when I had reduced myself to one park riding suit and a small bundle of necessary adjuncts I was told that the golf sticks must be left behind. It appeared there would be no golf.

And so quite early one morning I started on this curious pilgrimage from what was called a feed corral in a low part of the town. Here the Tuttle person had assembled a goods train of a half dozen animals, the luggage being adjusted to their backs by himself and two assistants, all using language of the most disgraceful character throughout the process. The Indian, Tuttle, I had half expected to appear gurbed in his native dress—Mrs. Effie had once more referred to that Indian, Jeff Tuttle—but he wore instead, as did his two assistants, the outing or lounge suit of the western desperado; nor, though I listened closely, could I hear him exclaim "Ugh! Ugh!" in moments of emotional stress, as my reading had informed me that the Indian frequently does.

The two assistants, solemn-faced, ill-groomed fellows, bore the curious American names of Hank and Buck and furiously chewed the tobacco plant at all times. After betraying a momentary interest in my smart riding suit they paid me little attention, at which I was well pleased, for their manners were often repellent and their abrupt, direct fashion of speech quite disconcerting.

The Tuttle person welcomed me heartily and himself adjusted the saddle to my mount, expressing the hope that I would get my fill of scenery and volunteering the information that my destination was one sleep away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



—never more than a town away from Studebaker Service

It's simply this: that Studebaker MAKES SURE.

—and makes sure not only in the manufacturing that goes on in the gigantic plants at Detroit, but also in the running of the car on the roads AFTER it is in your hands.

For example, you may never need a front axle forging so strong that it can be TWISTED 3 TIMES without even showing signs of fracture. But if the emergency ever arises, it is there in the car. For Studebaker has MADE SURE.

And so, although you may never need Studebaker Service outside the town or, at most, of the State you live in—Studebaker makes sure that it is there if you want it.

For it is Studebaker's ideal not only to manufacture a car as GOOD as any car possibly CAN be—but also to insure that car's giving to its owner EVERY-day service and freedom from expense and full money's worth of pleasure for every dollar of the price.

And so Studebaker MAKES SURE of Service—and day by day is dotting the country with new Service Stations—building up a National Service organization of Studebaker Branches and Studebaker Dealers and Studebaker Service Stations so COMPLETE that wherever you drive you are "never more than a town away from Studebaker Service."

And the reason for it all is simply "—because it's a Studebaker"—because this car carries a name that for 63 years has stood for the highest achievements in vehicles of every nature—a name that has come to be a PROMISE to the buyer of honesty of manufacture AND day-after-day service.

And so not only in this matter of giving Service to Studebaker owners, but in every little detail of manufacturing, you find this Studebaker policy of MAKING SURE the buyer gets FULL money's worth

Studebaker Features

Electric Lighting and Starting—FULL Floating Rear Axle—Timken Bearings—Safety Tread Rear Tires—One-man Type Top.

	Price in U.S.A.	Price in Canada
Studebaker ROADSTER, . .	$985	$1250
Studebaker FOUR, ...	985	1250
Studebaker LIGHT SIX, . .	1385	1750
Studebaker SIX (7-passenger),	1450	1825

F. O. B. Detroit

—because it's a

Studebaker

And it is this that makes the Studebaker

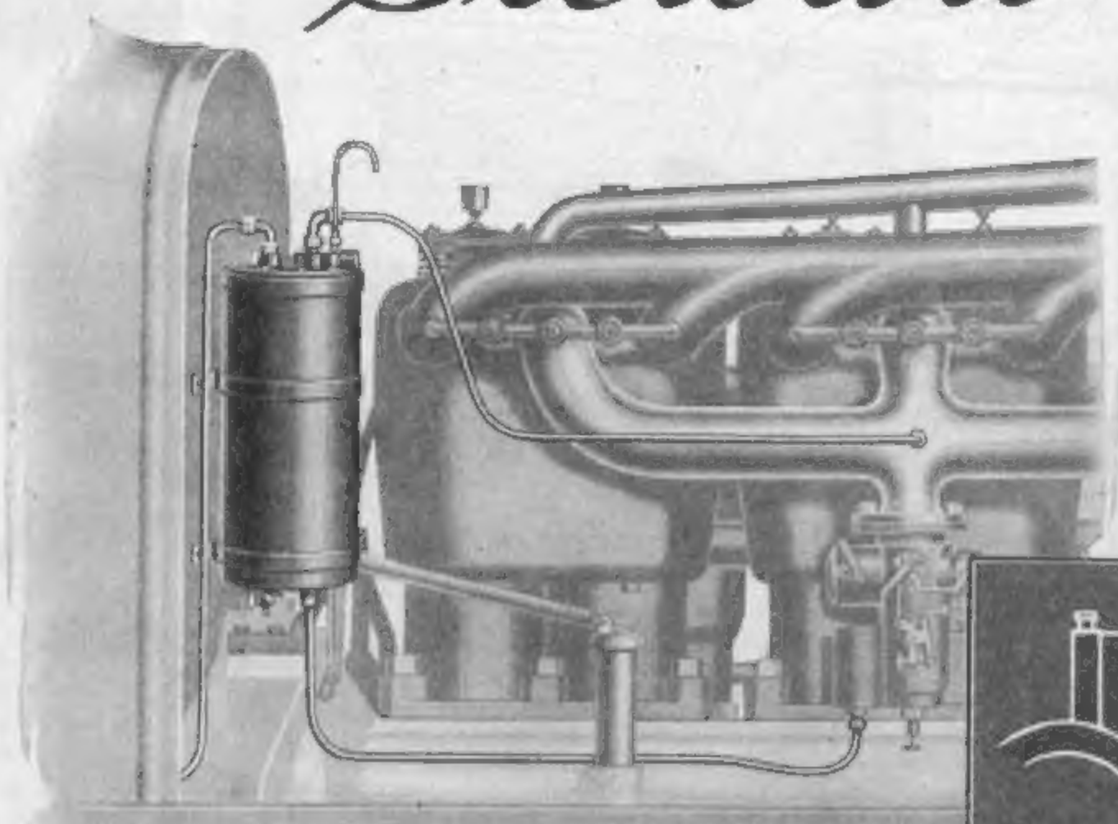
LIGHT SIX, $1385

for example, a most delightful car to drive—but a LESS EXPENSIVE car to run. For Studebaker engineers, seeking to make sure of the car's safety, have disregarded expense and used drop forgings so freely that while the SIX is far stronger, it is also much LIGHTER in weight—and so, LOWER in upkeep cost.

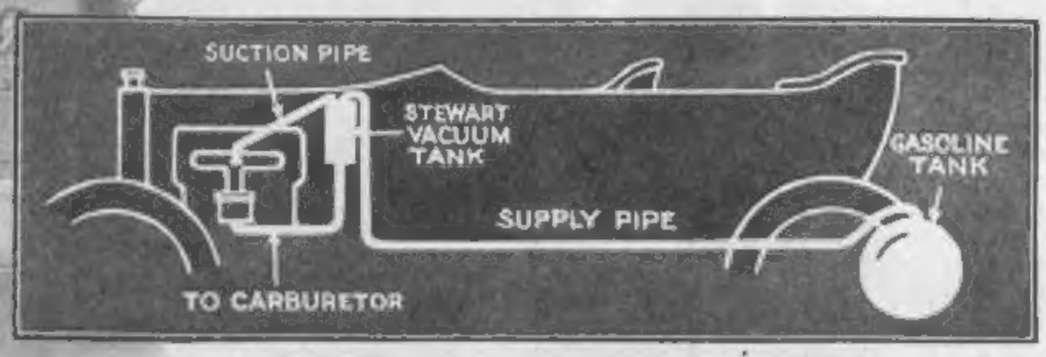
BUT the only thing to do is to see this SIX at your local Studebaker dealer's, and see with your own eyes what Studebaker, with its wealth of experience and resources and ideals of manufacture, has been able to put into this SIX at $1385. And today, too, write for "The Story of Studebaker."

STUDEBAKER, DETROIT — Canadian Factories, Walkerville, Ont.

Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System



Made in U. S. A.



Can be installed in an hour's time on any car—Old or New.

Conceded to be the Most Noteworthy Development in the Automobile Industry in Years.

Reasons Why:

1–Unheard of a year ago, it is now regular equipment adopted by over 25% of car manufacturers.
2–10% to 15% saving of gasoline.
3–Positive flow of heated gasoline to carburetor.
4–No preliminary hand pumping to start your car—gasoline always there.
5–Does away with pressure feed.
6–No hand pump, no power pump, no air gauge, no air lines to keep tight, no pressure required.
7–Permits raising carburetor, locating it close to the motor where it is easily gotten at, and where it gets the heat of the motor.
8–Permits removal of reservoir from under the seat or out of the cowl back to the rear of the car—conceded to be the proper location for gasoline reservoir.
9–Permits car manufacturers to use low stream line body designs.

$10

THE Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System is self-contained (tank size diameter 4½ inches; height 9 inches). It is installed under the hood on the dash or motor, connected to the manifold, carburetor and gasoline reservoir.

The suction of the engine through the manifold draws the gasoline from the reservoir through the Stewart System to carburetor.

Can be installed in an hour's time on any car—old or new—at any garage, or at any of our Branches or Service Stations.

Tests That Prove:

1–In a test sanctioned and made by the A. A. A. on the Indianapolis speedway December 3 and 4, a Buick Model 55-C, equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, showed an increase of 12.75% mileage per gallon of gasoline.
2–In a test sanctioned and made by the A. A. A. on the Indianapolis speedway, a Cole car showed an increase of over 15% mileage per gallon of gasoline.
3–In the phenomenal run of the Mitchell Reliability car, which made 7518 miles in thirty days, the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System was used. Locked under the sealed bonnet, it was never looked at during this entire run.
4–The Marmon "41," made a run of 1030 miles on the Indianapolis speedway, testing a new fuel. The distance was covered in about 18½ hours, averaging 56 miles an hour. No better test could be made as to the efficiency of this system under most trying conditions.
5–A Haynes car, equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, beat all its previous records, making with this system its greatest mileage per gallon of gasoline.
6–A Marmon "41," equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, climbed to the top of Mt. Hamilton on high gear. This is one of the longest and most difficult grades in California.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Executive Offices: 1998 Diversey Blvd., Chicago
Factories: Chicago and Beloit, U. S. A.
17 Branches. 70 Service Stations, in all cities and large towns.

Stewart Products are fully guaranteed, and sold with the distinct understanding if not satisfactory after 30 days' Trial, purchase money will be refunded

"Always on the Job"

90% of car manufacturers who equip their cars use the famous magnetic

Stewart Speedometer

The Magnetic Type Speedometer is the selection of most car manufacturers on any car indicates the building on a quality basis. Be sure that the car you select is equipped with a Stewart Speedometer.

$5 No Need to Pay More

The handsome Stewart hand-operated Warning Signal is the easiest operated signal—quick as a push button—saves battery.

Stewart Warning Signal

Clear, loud, long, penetrating warning, straight ahead, at slightest touch of hand or elbow. Highest grade construction and materials throughout. Highly finished in black enamel and nickel, or black and brass. An ornament on the highest priced cars. No better signal made at any price.

Let the Stewart Do Your Hard Work

Tire Pump

The Stewart Tire Pump, installed in an hour's time at any garage or at any of our branches or service stations, will save you 90% of your tire troubles. It also saves you the dirtiest and most laborious work about an automobile. Fills any size tire in a few moments. It is not possible to build a better or more efficient tire pump. Price complete, with 15 feet of highest grade rubber hose, accurate air gauge with bracket and gears.

$15

It Pays Men to Look their Best

It is said the late J. P. Morgan chose his partners partly for their appearance, because a clean-cut, wholesome look spells health and character as well as the attractive personality that all "business getters" need. Men in the lead are making their toilet include a facial massage several times a week. They are using Pompeian to secure that fine, athletic glow that has opened the door of success to so many men. They know they must *look* as well as be clean. To get the most, look your best always. A Pompeian massage takes only a few moments, but the results are lasting. Get a trial package and the 1915 F. Earle Christy Art Panel. Clip coupon now.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

Don't Envy, use Pompeian

50,000 Dealers Sell It

50c, 75c and $1

A New Product

It overcomes, while you sleep, the damage done daily to your skin by weather, climate and hard water. Pompeian Night Cream is soft, white, fragrant and creamy. Soothes, softens and beautifies while you sleep. At your dealer's. No samples sent.

Hold Your Youth with 6 Fingers

No need for expensive beauty treatments to retain your youthful good looks. Nature gives you your tools. Rubbing Pompeian in and out with 6 finger tips stimulates the blood and brings out the rosy, healthy color. It makes the skin completely clean and clear by rolling out the dust, soot and grime that clog the pores and injure the skin. A Pompeian massage also exercises and refreshes the face, smoothing out the tired lines. A clear, fresh, youthful complexion must follow. That is why youthful beauty lingers longest in faces faithfully massaged with Pompeian. Begin today to make Pompeian Massage Cream and 6 fingers hold your youthful beauty. Get a trial package and a 1915 F. Earle Christy Art Panel. Clip coupon now.

Get Trial Package & F. Earle Christy Art Panel

An art store would have to charge at least 50c for anything as well executed as F. Earle Christy's "The Witching Hour." We let you have it for almost nothing, in order to make you feel friendly toward Pompeian Massage Cream. No advertising on front. Size, 7¼ by 28 inches.

To get a trial package of Pompeian and this beautiful 1915 Panel, clip the coupon now and enclose 10c.

Warning!

No ordinary cream can do what Pompeian does. There is a peculiar and individual value in this rubbing-in-and-out massage cream. Pompeian has made complexions fine and clear for 12 years. Ask for Pompeian and get it.

Cut off, sign and send. Stamps accepted, but coin preferred.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—I enclose 10c for a trial package of the famous Pompeian Massage Cream and F. Earle Christy's 1915 Art Panel, "The Witching Hour," 7¼ by 28 inches.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"The Witching Hour"
by F. Earle Christy
1915 "Pompeian Beauty" Calendar

By thinking of
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

And reading of
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

And hearing of
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

You will
EVENTUALLY
come to having
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-

With much satis-
faction and
economy to your-
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WHY NOT NOW ?

AT ALL GROCERS